

*ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.*

By JOHN W. FORNEY.

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II.

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The illustrious Everett looked the character he was. Gentle, courteous, kind, with a musical voice, a face of singular benevolence, a figure erect and graceful, and an air of high yet modest culture, his conversation was exceedingly fascinating. He seemed anxious to hear what I had to say, and possessed the secret of listening, so rare among public men, who often dogmatize in their colloquies, and seem impatient while others are talking. This was nearly two years before the war, and we compared views freely. Mr. Everett was naturally conservative. His school was that of Robert C. Winthrop, Abbott Lawrence, William H. Graham, John Bell, and John J. Crittenden—never extreme or “loud,” but instinctively moderate and well-poised. He loved his country, and therefore opposed human slavery; but he hated war as a resort to be avoided at every hazard but honor. He was in no sense an enthusiast or a partisan, but all his convictions and impulses were for the Union. I was then engaged in a severe conflict with Mr. Buchanan’s Administration. He sympathized with me, but he pleaded for wisdom and toleration, and evidently recoiled from a conflict between the sections. It was in this spirit that his gorgeous oration on “The Character of Washington” was composed and repeated as a tribute and a warning. All who heard it, plain citizen or captious critic, surrendered to its magnificent comparisons and invocations.

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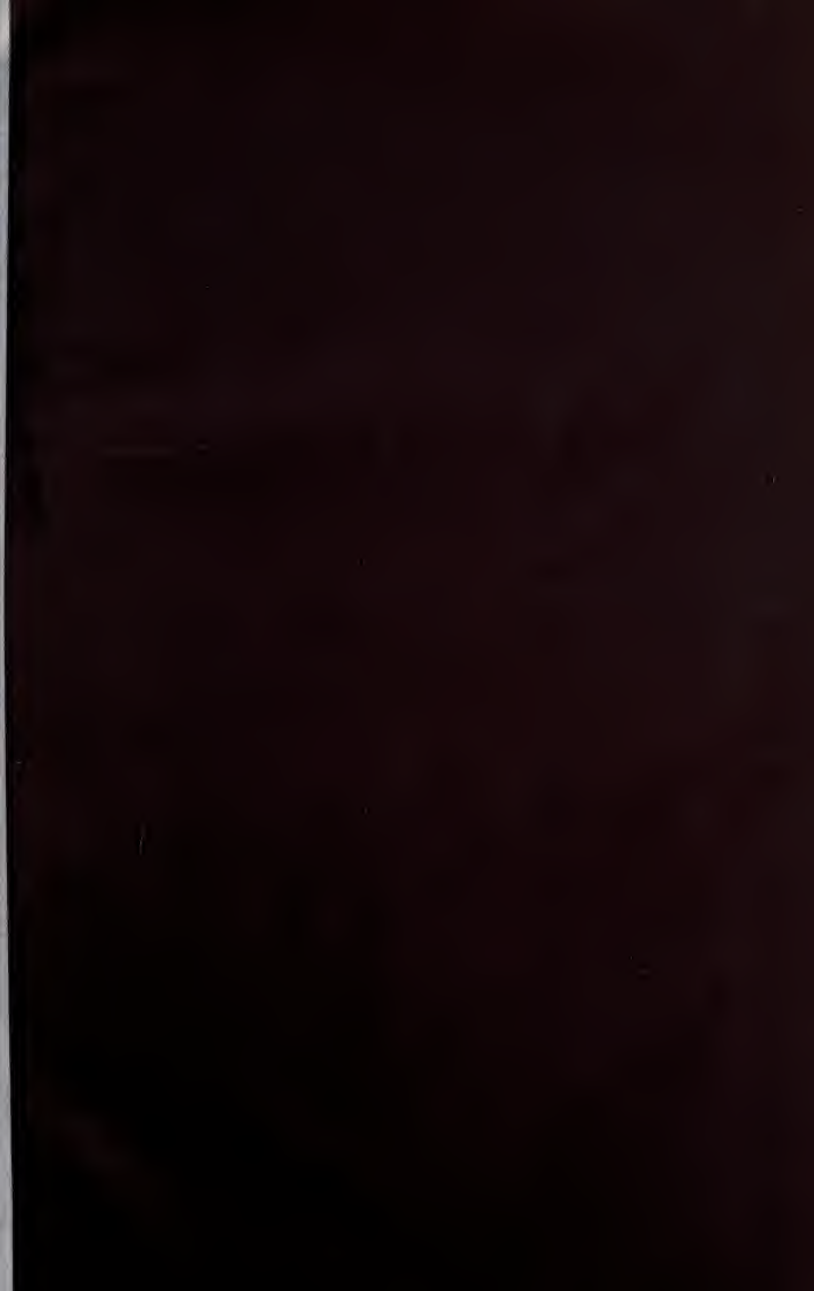
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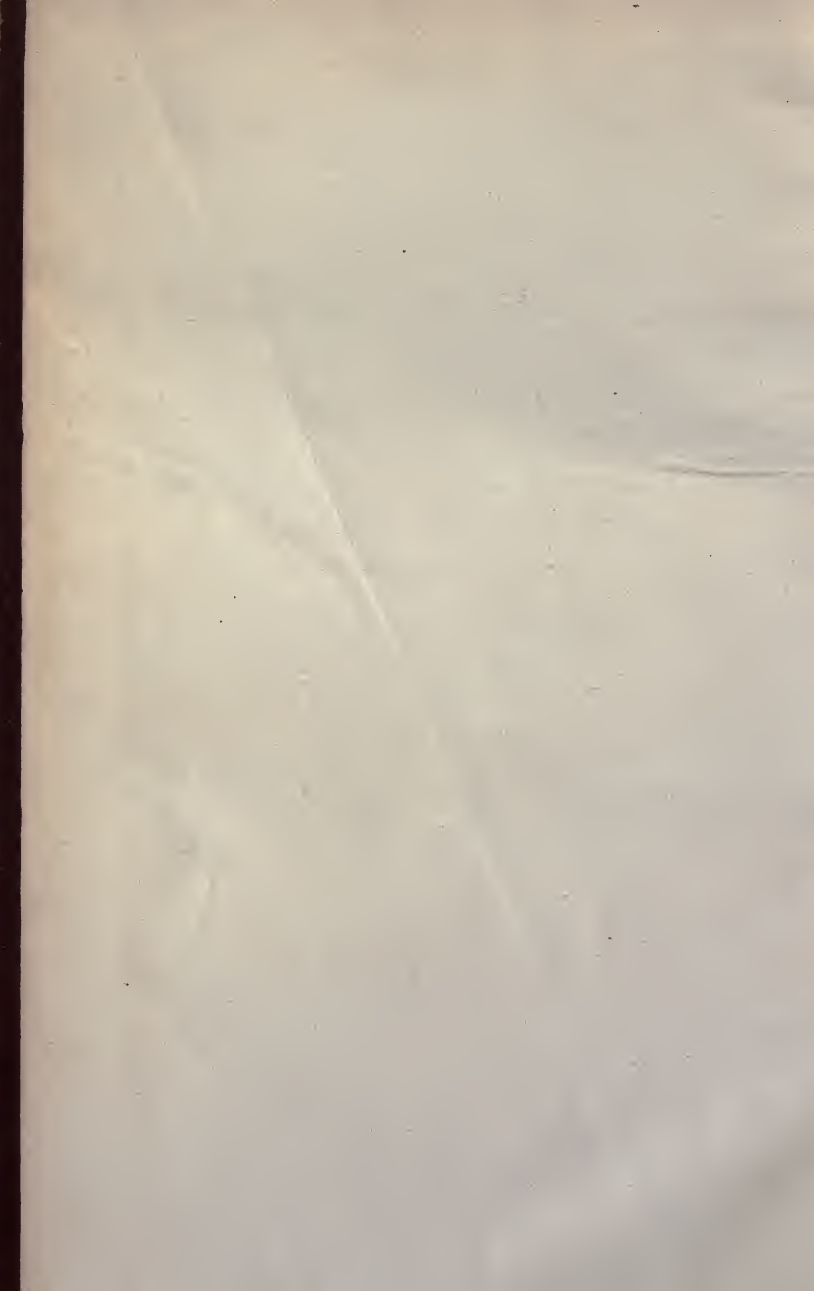
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ANECDOTES  
OF  
PUBLIC MEN

BY

JOHN W. FORNEY

WHILE HE WAS

CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

SECRETARY OF THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

EDITOR OF THE ORGAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY (THE WASHINGTON DAILY UNION)  
FROM 1851 TO 1855

AND EDITOR OF THE ORGAN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY  
(THE WASHINGTON DAILY CHRONICLE)  
FROM 1862 TO 1868

Volume II.



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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

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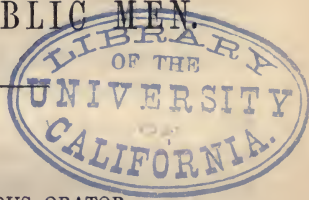
THE immense success of the first volume of my "Anecdotes of Public Men" encouraged the preparation of the new series now presented to the public ; and the reader will find, I hope, in this large variety of characters and scenes, the same kindly spirit to the living and the dead. Written in the turmoil of great excitement at Washington, while I was in a high official position, and in Philadelphia after I had voluntarily resigned all office, and in a foreign country when I was acting as the American Commissioner to promote the success of the Centennial Exhibition, between the years 1874 and 1876, I claim the indulgence of the press for all mistakes and omissions.

This second volume appears after an exciting political campaign, in which I supported the Democratic candidate for President, on the plea of sincere devotion to the conciliation of the sections. It was that which led me to vote for General Hancock ; and it is my hope that his victorious competitor may keep the same aim before him all through his administration. I am rather proud of the fact that there is not a page in this book inconsistent with my own earnest desire to do justice to the motives of all men, of whatever rank, religion, party, or country. Published at a time when the passions of a great presidential struggle are slowly dying, and when all our people are looking forward to a new era of production and prosperity, I feel that this volume will be read with pleasure, and perhaps with profit, in all the states.

J. W. F.



# ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.



## I.

### JAMES W. NYE, THE HUMOROUS ORATOR.

WHEN James W. Nye was a very young man, not more than thirty, he was appointed one of the Common Pleas judges for his native county of Madison, N. Y., and gave great satisfaction by his popular manners, personal courage, and large humanities. Nye was always a favorite with the old Democratic leaders of the Empire State, especially with Martin Van Buren and William L. Marcy. Although an extreme Democratic partisan, his ready humor and instinctive generosity made him the chief of a considerable following. Few men surpassed him in private conversation or public speaking, as those who enjoyed his society and heard his speeches during the war need not be reminded. But to the incident I intended to relate: When he became Judge of the Madison courts, he one day visited the county prison in the character of an inspector, and was surprised to find among the inmates a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, sent there to await his trial on a charge of theft. Struck by his youthful appearance, he asked him whether he was guilty of the charge laid against him, to which the boy at once replied in the affirmative. He said his father and mother were miserably poor, and that, in desperation, he had broken into a corn-crib and supplied the family with corn. Believing, from the lad's manner, that he was worthy of

being reclaimed, he called on a neighbor and had him bailed out to make his appearance at court. At the opening of the sessions the lad and his surety were on hand, and the young judge appealed to the District Attorney to enter a *nol. pros.*, which that officer sternly declined, on the ground that the accused had confessed his guilt, and that the ends of justice must be vindicated. "Well, then," said Judge Nye, "I will state the facts to the jury and take the responsibility." The jury was empanelled, and the case came on, and the District Attorney presented the facts with much feeling, after which the judge said that he would simply state what he knew of the case without calling counsel for the defence. After relating what he had heard in the jail from the lips of the boy (and you may be sure he did his best to correct the emphatic presentation by the officer of the law), he turned to the jury-box and declared that he did not believe there was a man of the twelve that would coolly vote to send this young creature with a blasted reputation out upon a cold and heartless world.

It is needless to say that an instantaneous acquittal followed. After the adjournment of the court, the judge sent for the boy and found that he and his parents were very destitute, but that he was naturally bright and intelligent, ambitious to learn, in good health, and had previously borne an excellent character. Governor Marcy was at that time Secretary of War under President James K. Polk. To him, therefore, as one of his closest friends, whose lead he had followed in the Democratic party from his first vote, Judge Nye wrote a letter relating the story as I have tried to tell it, and asking him to secure for the lad the appointment of cadet at the Military Academy. In answer, Governor Marcy said that he regretted his inability to comply with this request; that the possible vacancies at West Point had been filled in advance both by the Congressmen and the President from his list at large, but that he had it in his power to send him to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The lad

was accordingly entered among the acolytes of that admirable institution, and, by good conduct and close application, rose rapidly in the service. During the war he was one of the ablest of Admiral Farragut's captains; and it was always very agreeable to sit by and hear Nye, who himself grew rapidly in the esteem and confidence of his country, relate this simple story, and especially the success which had crowned his efforts to save his *protégé* from a life of shame, and set him forward in the path of honorable distinction. The rescued boy became in after-years a brave and brilliant seaman, and Nye grew from a county judge to be Governor of Nevada in 1861, and then a Senator in Congress when the Territory became a State, beginning his term in 1865 and closing it in 1873. So that it may be said that in his case, at least, the best way to help one's self is to help our fellow-creatures. James W. Nye was born in Madison County, New York, June 10, 1815, and died December 25, 1876.

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## II.

### EDWARD EVERETT, THE CLASSIC ORATOR.

EDWARD EVERETT, of Massachusetts, was the ideal of public and private virtue. He was placid, cool, exact, and conscientious, yet always imaginative, and sometimes impassioned. Daniel Webster, who was in most things a highly contrasted character, summarized his friend and biographer as follows:

"We all remember him—some of us personally; myself, certainly, with great interest—in his deliberations in the Congress of the United States, to which he brought such a degree of learning and ability and eloquence as few equalled and none surpassed. He administered afterwards, satisfactorily to his fellow-citizens, the duties of the chair of the Commonwealth. He then, to the great advantage of his country, went abroad.



He was deputed to represent his Government at the most important court of Europe; and he carried thither many qualities, most of them essential, and all of them ornamental and useful, to fill that high station. He had education and scholarship. He had a reputation at home and abroad. More than all, he had an acquaintance with the politics of the world, with the laws of this country and of nations, with the history and policy of the countries of Europe. And how well these qualities enabled him to reflect honor upon the literature and character of his native land, not we only, but all the country and all the world, know. He has performed this career, and is yet at such a period of life that I may venture something upon the character and privilege of my countrymen when I predict that those who have known him long and know him now, those who have seen him and see him now, those who have heard him and hear him now, are very likely to think that his country has demands upon him for future efforts in its service."

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Edward Everett was educated as a Unitarian clergyman, and at nineteen was accounted one of the most eloquent

preachers in Boston. As early as 1819, when Washington city was a wild desert of a place, and when a journey from New England took longer than a journey to Russia to-day, he pronounced a sermon in the Capitol which literally took the scholars and statesmen by storm. James Madison was President, with John Quincy Adams Secretary of State. Joseph Story was on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and was much attracted by the young divine, then only twenty-six. He wrote that "the sermon was truly splendid, and was heard with a breathless silence. The audience was very large, and being in that magnificent apartment of the House of Representatives, it had vast effect. I saw Mr. King, of New York, and Mr. Otis, of Massachusetts, there. They were both very much affected with Mr. Everett's sermon, and Mr. Otis wept bitterly. There were some very touching appeals to our most delicate feelings on the loss of our friends. Mr. Everett was almost universally admired as the most eloquent of preachers."

Seated at Mr. Everett's side forty years after this, I could only regret that what he said could not have been transferred to paper. He spoke as one inspired, and with a fulness, completeness, and simplicity I had never noticed in any other public man. Perhaps no better insight into his nature could be desired than his own account of the numerous repetitions of his great Washington discourse. As we read that diary, and then turn to the discourse itself, and study the long roll of his other works, we shall feel the truth of the tributes of Daniel Webster and Joseph Story; we shall echo what Mr. Hayward said of him in the *London Quarterly Review* for December, 1840: "Edward Everett is one of the most remarkable men living;" what Jared Sparks, his successor in the presidency of Harvard College, said of him in the *North American Review* for April, 1825: "Professor Everett's recapitulatory remarks and closing reflections are uttered in a style of uncommon brilliancy and richness, and constitute altogether a rare specimen

of eloquence and fine writing ;” what Professor Édouard René Laboulaye wrote in the *Journal des Debats* in October, 1853 : “ It is curious to follow the public life of such a man, and that is easy to do in the two volumes before us. Here, as in all of his literary works and political harangues, as well as in all the discourses pronounced by Mr. Everett for the last thirty years, he is found *en rapport* with his fellow-citizens. The subjects are naturally very various, but the thought is always the same, and returns to one point, intellectual education, the morality and the patriotism of the people. This unity is in the word as well as in the life of the author ;” what George Stillman Hillard said in the *North American Review* for January, 1837 : “ His knowledge is so extensive and the field of his allusions so wide, the most familiar views in passing through his hands gather such a halo of luminous illustrations that their likeness seems transformed, and we entertain doubts of their identity ;” what Henry T. Tuckerman wrote : “ If Webster is the Michael Angelo of American oratory, Everett is the Raphael.” Justice Story, in 1840, repeated his glowing praise of twenty years before when he declared, “ What I desire is that, in addition to the many beautiful—ay, exquisitely beautiful—specimens of your genius which we have had upon occasional topics, you would now meditate some great work for posterity which shall make you known and felt through all time as we, your contemporaries, now know and esteem you. This should be the crowning future purpose of your life. If I should live to see it, I should hail it with the highest pleasure ; if I am dead, pray remember that it was one of the thoughts which clung most closely to me to the very last.”

Perhaps Mr. Webster’s condensation of the career of Edward Everett, printed above, gives a sufficient idea of the events crowded into it. He was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, on the 11th of April, 1794, and died at Boston on the 16th of January, 1865, literally in harness, just after he had returned from the

delivery of an oration at Savannah for the relief of its suffering inhabitants. He may be said to have lived in the service of religion, literature, and public affairs at least fifty-three years, for he was ordained a Unitarian pastor when he was not nineteen, and from that to his final hour labored incessantly, and with a loving heart, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He spoke an address of welcome to Lafayette in 1824; was a Representative in Congress ten years, from 1825 to 1835; Governor of Massachusetts four years, from 1836 to 1840; Minister to England from 1841 to 1845; President of Harvard University from 1846 to 1849; Secretary of State, as the successor of Daniel Webster, from November, 1852, to March, 1853; and United States Senator from that time until his retirement, on account of ill-health, in 1854. He ran as Vice-President with John Bell on the Conservative ticket in 1860. But it would require more space than I can give to enumerate his various writings on every subject—scientific, literary, political, and patriotic. These treasures lie before me in the four volumes of his orations, published by Little & Brown, of Boston, and I could fill columns with their jewels—their apostrophes to liberty, to Christianity, to poetry, to patriotism; to art, whether of painting or of sculpture; to nature in all her varied forms; and to every conceivable object entering into the pleasures, sufferings, and necessities of our common kind.

But the rebellion made a great change in Mr. Everett. After all his efforts for peace, after all his sacrifices on the Conservative side, his separation from political friends, and especially his labors to impress upon the people of the South the necessity for obedience to the laws, everything that was aggressive and resentful in his nature—if, indeed, he ever indulged such feelings—was roused when the dreadful fact was revealed that the slaveholders had resolved to attack the Government. On the 19th of April, 1861 (the very day the Massachusetts troops were fired upon in Baltimore), he made his first speech against



the rebellion, in Chester Square, Boston, concluding as follows : " All hail to the flag of the Union ! Courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted. May it ever wave in unsullied honor over the dome of the Capitol ; from the country's strongholds, on the tented field, on the wave-rocked topmast. It was originally displayed on the 1st of January, 1776, from the headquarters of Washington, whose lines of circumvallation around beleaguered Boston traversed the fair spot where we now stand ; and as it was first given to the breeze within the limits of our beloved State, so may the last spot where it shall cease to float in honor and triumph be the soil of our own Massachusetts."

Then came other invocations and appeals on the same subject, varied by exquisite literary essays, some in the interest of the farmers, some in honor of the venerated dead, some for the education of the poor, until we come down to what deserves to be called the crowning act of his life—the address at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, on the 19th of November, 1863. This was the last time I ever saw Edward Everett ; and if I lived a thousand years, the scene, with all its incidents, would remain deep and vivid in my memory, only surpassed in intensity and endurance by the tragedy of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln was seated between Edward Everett and William H. Seward, on the main stand, and around them were the other members of the Cabinet, and the great War Governors—Curtin of Pennsylvania, Morton of Indiana, Parker of New Jersey, Todd of Ohio, John Brough, the Governor-elect, and ex-Governor Dennison, of the same State. General Meade could not attend, because he was detained at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, was kept in Washington by official duties. The procession and crowd were immense, and included men of all parties and conditions. It was a cold and gloomy day, in sympathy, perhaps, with the mourn-

ful occasion, and with the hearts of the living mass throbbing for the thousands of heroes who slept beneath the sod. On all sides stretched the battle-field; and from Cemetery Hill the eloquent words of Everett were spoken, followed by the more brief and more immortal sentences of Abraham Lincoln. As I recur to that day, it is mournful to recall the many who honored it that have since been summoned to their final account: Lincoln, Everett, Seward, Meade, Chase, Todd, Brough, Caleb N. Smith, Edwin M. Stanton, and many, many more.

It was on this occasion that Edward Everett proclaimed the great thought that, however the passions of the conflict might rage, the time must come when all would be forgiven and forgotten. And even as he spoke, the issue was not decided—sixteen months of wounds, death, tears, and sorrow were yet to come. The haughty crest of the rebellion was bowed, but not broken. The great captain, Grant, had not yet taken the tiger by the throat, nor laid his conquering sword on Richmond town; Vicksburg had fallen, but the capital of the Confederacy was still the rendezvous of the enemy; the seas were still swept by their corsairs, and thousands in the busy walks of life were soon to be summoned to the fated carnival. It was in that hour that Edward Everett spoke these words, only one of the myriad passages which crowd that unequalled and never-to-be-forgotten tribute, showing that even when the great work had not been completed, when the South was bristling with defiance and revenge, he pleaded for the end of war and the beginning of peace:

“But the hour is coming, and now is, when the power of the leaders of the rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal war for the wretched pretexts by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as one people—a substantial community of origin, language, belief, and law (the four great



ties that hold the societies of men together); common, rational, and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geographical features of the country; mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate, and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products, while the wonder-working arm of the engineer has levelled the mountain-walls which separate the East and the West, compelling your own Alleghanies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot-wheels of traffic and travel: these bonds of union are of perennial force and energy, while the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious, and transient. The heart of the people North and South is for the Union. Indications too plain to be mistaken announce the fact both in the East and the West of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and Arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. When its rifled cannon shall begin to roar, the hosts of treasonable sophistry, the mad delusions of the day, will fly like the rebel army through the passes of yonder mountain. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag again floating upon their capitals, and they sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity, and happiness which they enjoyed under a government whose power was felt only in its blessings. And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remoter States, let me again, as we part, invoke your benediction on these honored graves. You feel, though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country that the men of the East and the West, the men of the nineteen sister States, stood side by side on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union that they shall lie side by side till a clarion

louder than that which marshalled them to the combat shall awaken their slumbers. God bless the Union! It is dearer to us for the blood of the brave men which has been shed in its defence. The spots on which they stood and fell, these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and, while he gave up his own life, assured, by his forethought and self-sacrifice, the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams that wind through the hills, on whose banks in after-times the wondering ploughman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery. Seminary Ridge; Peach Orchard; Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill; Round Top; Little Round Top—honorable names, henceforward dear and famous, no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten! 'The whole earth,' said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war—'the whole earth is a sepulchre of illustrious men.' All time, he might have added, is the millennium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the army and the navy of the United States, their officers and men, to the warmest thanks and richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr-heroes, that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country there will be no brighter page than that which relates to the battle of Gettysburg."

These, as I have said, were glowing words, never to be forgotten. As they fell from Mr. Everett's lips, he looked like a prophet of old, and every heart palpitated Amen. But the

great scene of all was when Abraham Lincoln rose, and, in his plain, unpretending way, spoke that marvellous epic, which will live as long as language, and will be spoken in every country, under every sky, by every people ready to fight and die for their freedom :

“Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war; we are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain. That the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

And so ends this chapter, I fear already too long; but the character of Edward Everett, though much spoken of, is not so completely understood as it ought to be, and in my delineation of it I found it so much more absorbing than I expected that I am sure my readers will be as much interested in its study as I have been.

## III.

## RICHARD RUSH, THE DIPLOMATIST.

RICHARD RUSH, son of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Pennsylvania, and grandson of Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, both signers of the Declaration of Independence, was of the school of Edward Everett, more precise and formal, and far less imaginative. I have been recalling his past residence in Paris, since reading the news from France indicating the efforts to restore the Napoleonic empire under the Prince Imperial. I met Mr. Rush repeatedly during his life, and more than once heard him speak of his relations to public men at home and abroad, and I can see him in my mind's eye, with his careful dress and studied manners, and almost hear his slow and measured accents. He wrote much, and was a pleasant talker. He fairly rounded the circle of politics, and filled many positions. He was appointed Attorney-general of Pennsylvania in January, 1811, and State Treasurer in November of the same year; again Attorney-general of the State from 1814 to 1817; Secretary of State of the United States, under James Madison, in 1816; Minister to England from 1817 to 1825, under both Monroe and John Quincy Adams; Secretary of the Treasury from 1825 to 1829, under the latter; and candidate for Vice-President with John Quincy Adams, in 1828, against General Jackson. His relations with Mr. Adams were most intimate, and affected his whole career. In 1831 he became an anti-Mason, and in 1834 wrote a powerful report against the Bank of the United States, and ever afterwards co-operated with the Democratic party. He was selected Minister to France in 1847-1848, and figured during the reign of Louis Philippe, and saw the beginning of the rule of Louis Napoleon. President Polk had nominated Charles Jared Ingersoll for that position, but the Senate refused to confirm the appointment; and Mr. Rush happening in Washington



as one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution, he called on the Chief Magistrate, who was so much struck by his bearing and his talents that he sent in his name for that high mission. This glance at his career discloses his political sentiments; but nothing in it is so agreeable as the manner in which he disposed of his leisure abroad and at home. His "Residence at the Court of London," from 1817 to 1825, is a diary of surpassing interest, abounding in personal anecdotes and incidents of the British Minister, Lord Castlereagh, who committed suicide in August, 1822, after a most brilliant life; of Wilberforce, the Duke of Wellington, Brougham, George Canning, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Stratford Canning, and hundreds of others of almost equal celebrity. His notes of the numerous diplomatic consultations and social reunions are charmingly written. He was in London when George the Third died; saw the coronation of George the Fourth, July 20, 1821; and was present as a private citizen in London at the death of his successor, William the Fourth, and the accession of Queen Victoria, in 1837. His "Occasional Productions," published in 1860, were not less interesting. Here we find a view of "Washington in Domestic Life," made up from personal letters of Washington to his private secretary, Colonel Lear; also Colonel Lear's account of Washington's conduct when he heard of the treason of Major André, and of his great excitement over St. Clair's defeat by the Indians in 1791; also, the opening of Congress in Philadelphia, in 1794 or 1795, by Washington, as Mr. Rush saw it when he was a boy; and other recollections. There are fine sketches of John C. Calhoun and George Canning; but the chapters entitled "A Glance at the Court and Government of Louis Philippe and the French Revolution of 1848" are of unusual interest for their bearing upon the France of the present day, as we see it in the light of passing events.

There are many yet living in Philadelphia who remember the great meeting in Independence Square in 1848, when Louis

Philippe, "the Citizen King," was driven out of Paris with his family, and the fervid resolutions of sympathy that were adopted, engrossed, signed by the officers and committees, enclosed in a silver case, and sent to Mr. Rush, to be presented to Lamartine, the poetic, imaginative, and kind-hearted President of the Provisional Government which rose upon the ruins of the Orleans dynasty. The demonstration included all parties, and our proffer of sympathy was only part of the chorus that thrilled our own country and convulsed the world. Germany, Italy, Ireland, Hungary, even England, felt the uprising in France. The overthrow of the Mexican arms; the election of General Taylor to the Presidency; the acquisition of California; the fiery speeches of Thomas Francis Meagher; the meteor career of Kossuth, his welcome in America by the people and by the two Houses of Congress; the downfall of Lamartine; the short government of Cavaignac; the revolutions in Paris; the flight of the Pope, and the election of Louis Napoleon as President of France, virtually set the world on fire; and two continents throbbed with a delirium compounded of thirst for gold, for liberty, and for revolution. During most of these scenes, Richard Rush was American Minister at Paris, and wrote the graphic chapters to which I have referred. He was intimate with the family of the amiable French King, Louis Philippe, and met almost daily Guizot, Thiers, and their contemporaries. From the 21st of July, 1847, to the 23d of February, 1848, Mr. Rush enjoyed the delightful society of diplomatists and scholars. He formed the acquaintance of the veteran Humboldt, who had dined with his father, Dr. Rush, in Philadelphia. He conversed with the French King about the triumphs of our arms in Mexico; compared notes with the members of the Academy, maintained a delightful intercourse with Mr. Walsh, the invaluable American Consul in Paris; introduced George Bancroft, then our Minister at London, to the Court circles, and watched the growing conflicts of the hour. At last the storm broke,



February 23, 1848, and in three days the King, Queen, and all the royal family were fugitives. Then came Lamartine and Cavaignac, and then the concerted effort in favor of Louis Napoleon.

The revolution fell like a thunder-clap upon Paris. On the 25th of February the King signed an abdication in favor of the Comte de Paris, the Duchess of Orleans to be Regent. On the same day the royal family were all scattered and gone. Louis Napoleon was then an exile in London, himself and his relatives banished under the law of 1832, but all active in restoring themselves to power at the earliest moment, and ready to seize every advantage. The revolution which displaced the King was followed by the Provisional Government, headed by Lamartine; but he had hardly time to breathe before the Red Republicans began to operate against him. On the 2d of March, 1848, Prince Louis Napoleon returned to Paris from London, and declared his desire to rank himself under the flag of the Republic; and, in the meanwhile, his cousins, Pierre and Prince Jerome Bonaparte (Plonplon), were elected members of the National Assembly. On the 11th of May the Provisional Government was dissolved, and on the 15th another revolution broke out, and was suppressed with difficulty. Louis Napoleon, having returned to London, addressed a letter to the Assembly, dated May 25, in which he demands to know why he alone of all the Bonaparte family has been banished from France, and renews his claim to the rights that belong to him as a French citizen. On the 10th of June cries in favor of Louis Napoleon were heard among the troops, and he was denounced in the Assembly as a Pretender, the cause being that he had just been elected a member of that body by three provinces and by the city of Paris. On the 13th his cousin, the present Prince Napoleon, defended the absent Louis, and demanded "common justice" for him. This scene was followed by renewed cries among the troops outside of *Vive l'Empereur!* An

attempt was made to revive the edict of banishment against Louis Napoleon, which was resisted by both his cousins, Pierre Napoleon and the present Prince Napoleon, and no action was taken upon the motion. On the 14th the Assembly voted by a great majority to admit Louis Napoleon to his seat as representative—a triumph for him and a defeat for the Government. In reply to this action, Louis Napoleon wrote a letter from London, in which he said he would prefer to remain in exile rather than be made the subject of disorder and anarchy. At this moment M. Jules Favre violently denounced him for that passage in his letter in which he hinted at his desire for supreme power, a fact not less significant because he had just supported the admission of Louis Napoleon as a member of the Assembly. On the 17th Louis Napoleon wrote another letter, in which, “in order to maintain the peace of the Republic,” he resigned his seat as a member of the Assembly. On the 23d another revolution broke out in Paris, which caused much bloodshed, and ended in the Assembly making General Cavaignac Dictator for the time being. On the 31st of July Louis Napoleon addressed another letter from London to the Assembly, in which he stated, notwithstanding his former resignation, he had been elected to the Assembly for Corsica, which he again resigned, as he had resigned the others, adding that “he thought he ought not to return to his country until his presence in France could in no manner serve as a pretext to the enemies of the Republic.” On the 19th of September he was again elected by a still larger vote from Paris, receiving more ballots than all the other candidates; and on the 26th of the same month he formally took his seat, making a speech full of devotion to the Republic. On the 10th of October an amendment was proposed that “no member of the families that have reigned in France can be elected President or Vice President of the Republic.” Louis Napoleon ascended the tribune, and said that he “did not come to speak against the amendment, but, in the

name of the three hundred thousand electors who had chosen him, to disavow the appellation of Pretender so constantly brought against him." On the 27th of October Louis Napoleon again addressed the Assembly in the same spirit, and on that very day the 10th of December was fixed for the election for President of the Republic. On the 30th of November Louis Napoleon announced himself as a candidate, and was elected by 5,434,426 votes out of 7,324,682 votes, the opposing candidates being Cavaignac, Ledru-Rollin, Raspail, Lamartine, and General Changarnier. Cavaignac yielded to the decree, and Louis Napoleon ascended the tribune and took the oath in the words following:

"Before God, and in the presence of the French people, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Republic, democratic, one and indivisible; and to fulfil all the duties which the Constitution imposes on me."

Reading through the delightful pages in which these strange events are recorded by Mr. Rush, we trace the gradual steps by which Louis Napoleon began to fulfil his aspirations. Not Julius Cæsar himself, whose biographer he became ten years after, and whom he constantly held up as the original from which Napoleon the First had copied, and the ideal steadily kept before his own eyes, more craftily declined the crown of imperial Rome; and as we ponder his oath in the light of the succeeding twenty-three years, it is simple historic justice to say that no public character ever more deliberately violated a solemn covenant.

As in duty bound, Mr. Rush paid his respects to the new President at an early day, January 1, 1849. He thus records his presentation: "He (Louis Napoleon) spoke a few words to me, as to all, the occasion not leading to much conversation with any. I had seen him before, but only in the Assembly from the diplomatic box, and imperfectly. In stature, below rather than above the medium height, yet robust; a subdued

carriage ; a thoughtful countenance ; a blue eye, in repose rather than vivid ; and darker in complexion than the French generally. This was his appearance to me to-day."

I wish I could transfer the many pleasing incidents now narrated by Mr. Rush under Louis Napoleon's administration, but can only make room for one—alike illustrative of the admirable tact of Chevalier Wikoff, described in my first volume (Anecdote LXXXIV), and the ready recognition of his old friend Louis :

"*March 13, 1849.* Mr. Wikoff, of Philadelphia, called on me a few days ago, to request that I would present him to the Prince President. What need of this, I asked? you have known the President longer than I have. I had read the account of the visit he paid the latter at Ham, when he was a State prisoner, and remembered the predictions it contained. He replied that, having recently come to Paris, he would prefer, as a stranger and an American, to be reintroduced by the Minister of his country. I replied that, although I had not been the first to suggest this, I thought he judged rightly. Accordingly, at the reception at the Palace Élysée this evening, I presented him. In doing it I had to watch the proper moment. The rooms were full. Others were being presented by the foreign ministers, and much of that ceremony was otherwise going on. I advanced nearer and nearer to where the Prince President stood, Mr. Wikoff keeping close to me. At length his turn came, and I was on the eve of doing my part, when the President, seeing who was with me, and directing his eye towards him, exclaimed, before I spoke, and in a tone of cordial recognition, 'Mr. Wikoff!' It thus became unnecessary for me to mention his name first. He then took the latter by the hand and greeted him warmly. Mr. Wikoff bore himself becomingly under a recognition so complimentary, the incident having drawn attention from all near enough to witness it."

And now history is again repeating itself. The Emperor



Louis Napoleon is dead ; his son, the Prince Imperial, is dead ; his widow, a mourner and a fugitive ; his relations feeble pretenders to a throne that never was theirs ; and the French Republic established on foundations that will grow as strong and last as long as that of England, if the French Republicans continue to be as wise as they are to-day. For the first time since the Revolution of 1793, the Old World is gravitating to Liberty. A new spirit moves on the face of the human sea—Peace. The cry for the disarmament of the nations comes even from Germany, and is re-echoed by a sweeping liberal majority in Great Britain, by bold protests against standing armies in Italy, by secret societies against the ambitions of the Czar in Russia, by attempts to kill the King of Spain, and the growing republican strength in France and Switzerland. All these signs are in the direction of amity and progress. The mission begins without kings and against kings ; without armies and against armies ; without ships that are not ships of commerce ; and without churches save the churches of God and the people. It is this outlook which suggested the present tribute to Richard Rush. Let us, as we pause before inscrutable destiny, take heart in our own great mission and avoid the fate which always punishes treachery in the ruler, luxury in the wealthy, and ignorance and crime among the people.

Richard Rush was born in Philadelphia, August 29, 1780, and died in the same city July 30, 1859. His life was honorable, his death peaceful, and his name is preserved by a patriotic and faithful posterity.

## IV.

ROBERT F. STOCKTON, THE SUCCESSFUL SAILOR AND EXPLORER.

ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON, of New Jersey, grandson of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born near Princeton, in that State, in 1796, and died there October 7, 1866. Inheriting many of the qualities of his great ancestor, his career was longer, more varied, and, if possible, more exciting. He began the battle of life early. Leaving Princeton College, he entered the navy at fifteen, was an aid of Commodore Rogers on board the historic frigate *President*, and rose rapidly by his impulsive daring. He remained in the navy till 1849, and ended with the rank of commodore in 1845. Few have achieved a more enduring fame. He was at once sailor, statesman, and diplomatist. As commander of the frigate *Erie*, in 1821, he was instrumental in purchasing from Africa the original site of the Republic of Liberia. During this cruise he captured a number of slavers, and a Portuguese privateer and French sloop engaged in the vile traffic. On his return from this duty, he was ordered to the West Indies, and broke up a nest of pirates that were preying on our commerce. From 1826 to 1838 he remained at home, espoused General Jackson's cause with much activity, and began his labors for internal improvements in New Jersey, which only closed with his death. In 1838 he resumed active service in the navy, and soon distinguished himself by his knowledge of gunnery, steam-engines, and naval architecture generally. The celebrated steam sloop of war *Princeton* was one of the products of his genius, and was superior to any war vessel afloat for speed, sailing qualities, model, and steam motive power. She attracted universal attention. Her armament was two 225-pound wrought-iron guns and twelve 42-pound carronades. After this he was sent to the Pacific coast, and there identified him-

self with the early acquisition of California; and to his dash, courage, and statesmanship, our country is incalculably indebted for the magnificent empire composed of the State of California and its jewelled sisters. In 1845 he carried reinforcements to the Pacific squadron, Commodore Sloat, at Monterey, and shortly after superseded him in the command. With a force of not over fifteen hundred men, six hundred of them sailors from the fleet, and some Californians, he, in six months, conquered the whole of California, and established the authority of the United States there. He returned to the East overland in June, 1847. In June, 1849, he resigned his commission in the navy, and, in 1851, was elected a Senator in Congress from New Jersey for the term ending in 1857, but resigned in 1853, after having been active in several measures, among others the bill abolishing flogging in the navy, which he introduced. But the steamer *Princeton* was not always fortunate. She was the pride of his heart; and, in order to exhibit the efficiency of his "big gun," he carried her into the waters of the Potomac, and on the 28th of February, 1844, invited President Tyler and the gentlemen of his Cabinet, and a number of members of Congress and distinguished persons, to a sumptuous banquet on board, for the purpose of inspecting the ship and witnessing the performances of the iron thunderer. Among the company were President John Tyler; Hon. Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State; Thomas Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy; William Wilkins, Secretary of War; Hon. Thomas H. Benton; Virgil Maxcy; Captain Kennon; Mr. Gardner; Mr. Phelps; Mr. Tyson, Second Assistant Postmaster-general; and a number of ladies. It was a genial and joyous company. The gallant Stockton, with his large wealth, fine manners, high spirits, and love of society, was the beau ideal of a courteous host, and on that day he was unusually happy. All were delighted with the beauty of the ship and her appointments, and especially with the cordial hospitality of the commander. The big gun had been twice suc-

cessfully fired, the guests had just completed a bounteous dinner, when, unfortunately, it was proposed to have another trial of the monster cannon. The company started for the main deck, and President Tyler was about to follow, when he was arrested by a favorite song, and remained to hear it, which probably saved his life. The ship was just approaching her anchorage at Alexandria. Around the big gun a large concourse was assembled, and Mr. Wilkins stepped back, quietly remarking that, though he was Secretary of War, he felt he was too near for safety. The next moment the terrible machine exploded. The massive breech split into two parts, one of which killed Mr. Upshur, Mr. Gilmer, Mr. Maxcy, Captain Kennon, and Mr. Gardner, and the other swept away a portion of the bulwarks and went into the river. Captain Stockton, Mr. Benton, Mr. Phelps, and several more were prostrated, but not severely injured. Seventeen of the crew were hurt, and some of them badly. The scene baffled all description. It shocked the whole country. The President sent a special message to Congress next morning, while all public and private business was suspended, and the honored dead were buried with appropriate ceremonies. Captain Stockton was deeply affected, and his sympathy for the victims was not less sincere than the general feeling which acquitted him of all blame.

These events took place in February of 1844. That was the year of the violent struggle between James K. Polk and Henry Clay, which resulted in the election of the former to the Presidency. In February of 1845 I was the guest of James Buchanan, then Senator in Congress. Captain Stockton and Mr. Buchanan were personal friends, and on the 3d of March of that year, one day before the inauguration of Mr. Polk, he gave a large dinner-party at the National Hotel, Washington, to which, as an inmate of Mr. Buchanan's house and an acquaintance of the Captain, I was invited. It was a superb affair. The company consisted of James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania; William L.



Marcy, of New York; John R. Thomson, of New Jersey; Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi; Cave Johnson, of Tennessee; George Bancroft, of Massachusetts (he subsequently removed to New York); and, I think, William O. Butler, of Kentucky. It was one of those occasions when everything contributed to happiness. The men around me were all in the prime of life. Buchanan was fifty-three; Marcy was fifty-eight; Walker, forty-three; Bancroft, forty-four; Cave Johnson, fifty-one; W. O. Butler, who is still living, about fifty-five; Thomson, forty-four; Stockton, fifty. I was not quite twenty-seven, and I felt myself a minnow among the tritons. The smallest man, physically, was Robert J. Walker; the largest, James Buchanan; the quaintest, W. L. Marcy; the most silent, Cave Johnson; the most genial, John R. Thomson; the most nervous, George Bancroft; and the most talkative, the host, Robert Field Stockton. The latter was in high glee. He was a royal entertainer, had feasted with princes, and on his good ship had given many a gorgeous reception. His home at Princeton was the resort of eminent characters, and he gave freely his generous welcome to the alumni and the acolytes. He knew most of the men who had gone forth from that honored college, now more than ever sought for its thorough and perfect training of the youth of the fortunate classes. Exceedingly susceptible, he had little reverence for great names. He had battled on all sides of parties; loved Jackson, hated Van Buren; was a loud Harrison man in 1840, and one of the Tyler guard in 1841-44. He ardently supported Polk against Clay, and hence, perhaps, his tribute to the Democratic leaders around him. When the desert had passed, he seemed resolved to try their mettle. He had tried to discover who were to be in the new Cabinet, but all his efforts were parried. He fenced skilfully, but they avoided his thrusts, amidst shouts of laughter. Not one of them would admit that he knew anything about the intentions of the President elect; and though I saw Mr. Buchanan every day, he

never even hinted at his possible connection with the incoming Administration. Once I tested him, and he grew as cold as ice, merely adding that I had forgotten General Jackson's story of the man who made his fortune by minding his own business. I never tried it again; and therefore admired Commodore Stockton's persistency in trying to force the casket of which most of them had the key. At last he resolved upon a bold movement, and he offered, in a somewhat bantering tone, to wager a basket of champagne that he would name every member of the Cabinet that was soon to be announced, and that he would write the names and place them in a sealed envelope to be opened after the inauguration. "I take the bet," was the quiet answer of Mr. Buchanan; and the Captain wrote the list and handed it to his friend John R. Thomson, who succeeded him in the United States Senate nine years after. The note was opened after the Cabinet was announced, and the confident Captain lost the wine. He had them all but one; he made William O. Butler Secretary of War in place of William L. Marcy. When I congratulated Mr. Buchanan on his appointment as Secretary of State, the day afterwards, he quietly remarked that he had known that he was to be called into that position several weeks before.

The members of the new Cabinet were James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of State; Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Treasury; George Bancroft, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy; Postmaster-general, Cave Johnson, of Tennessee; Attorney-general, John Y. Mason, of Virginia. All of these are dead, including James K. Polk, President, and George M. Dallas, Vice-President, excepting George Bancroft, now living alternately at Newport and Washington; and as I have already reached my limit, I shall speak of him in my next.

## V.

## GEORGE BANCROFT, THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

Two photographs of George Bancroft—one when I saw him in Washington, June, 1845; the other when I saw him in Paris, July, 1867—marked distinctly by the changes of twenty-two years, and showing a black-haired man of forty-four in the first, and a gray-haired man of sixty-seven in the second, would still leave, despite the touching contrast, the impression of a scholar flavored with a clerical aroma, if pictures, like flowers, may be said to have an aroma. Tall, spare, straight, incisive in speech and style, George Bancroft's appearance indicates deep thought and careful culture. He is a refined bookworm; a mingling of the Oxford professor, the ripe diplomatist, the seasoned man of the world. His tastes make him, in his eightieth year (he was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 31, 1800), a genial philosopher, at peace with the world and himself. He is an early riser, and does his work generally before two o'clock in the afternoon, after which he rides and dines. In the evening he amuses himself among his friends, and is passionately fond of the opera. When he lives in Newport, his house is the welcome resort of people of letters and people of fashion, and it is the same when he moves to his winter residence in Washington City. He is apt to seem absent-minded, but he is really not so. A little abrupt at times, he is exceedingly vivacious and agreeable in his intercourse with others. J. C. Bancroft Davis, the late able Assistant Secretary of State, is the nephew of Mr. Bancroft; his father was the well-known John Davis, of Massachusetts, who, while a Senator in Congress, charged James Buchanan with being in favor of "ten cents a day" as the wages of American labor—a statement which led to a somewhat angry controversy between the two Senators and their adherents. I can easily remember how the

accusation "ten-cent Jimmy," repeated by the Whig papers and partisans thirty years ago, used to gall the statesman of Wheatland and his supporters in 1840-41. But it was soon lost sight of; and when he was the Democratic candidate for President in 1856, it was hardly alluded to. The Aaron's rod of slavery had swallowed all other issues.

George Bancroft was an earnest Democrat down to the rebellion, but ceased to be a partisan as he grew into his great work "The History of the United States." His support of the Government and his ultimate hostility to slavery were the natural fruits of copious reading and severe study. It is significant how men of his stamp caught the inspiration of the war, no matter what their previous politics; and it was natural and logical that a writer who paid such a tribute as the following, taken from his History, to the Puritans of New England should forget all past associations when the chivalry attacked the Republic:

"Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit, the Puritans from fear of God. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusement, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commended the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the grad-



ually increasing weight and knowledge and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, relying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty."

But George Bancroft long remained an active Democrat. Reared for the pulpit, like Everett, the best years of his early life were given to the Democracy. He was appointed Collector of the Port of Boston by President Van Buren in 1838; was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1844, and got a very large vote; was made Secretary of the Navy by President Polk in 1845, and Minister to England in 1846; and many a strong argument he wrote and spoke against the old Whigs. But when he became fully imbued with his "History of the United States," now completed in ten imperial volumes, and in six of a different style, the politician was merged in the student and the philosopher, and little was heard of him till the rebellion called out his sympathies. Of his literary offspring it is useless to speak; his History is his monument. It is a consummate work, and, though sharply criticised, because of its positive tone and magnetic patriotism, has been approved by men of "wisest censure." Edward Everett, W. H. Prescott, Professor Heeren, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster*, the *Athenæum*, and other accepted authorities, at home and abroad, have stamped it with their deliberate approval. He began the History in 1834, and it is now well finished. This splendid work is not only a monument of his genius, but of his love of labor, and his extraordinary freshness in old age. As a specimen of his style, I may be excused for quoting the well-known passage on "The Youth of George Washington:"

"After long years of strife, of repose, and of strife renewed, England and France solemnly agreed to be at peace. The treaties of Aix-la-Chapelle had been negotiated by the ablest statesmen of Europe in the splendid forms of monarchical di-



plomacy. They believed themselves the arbiters of mankind, the pacificators of the world; reconstructing the colonial system on a basis which should endure for ages; confirming the peace of Europe by the nice adjustment of material forces. At the very time of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful George Washington, the son of a widow. Born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland farmer, almost from infancy his lot had been the lot of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college crowned him with its honors; to read, to write, to cipher, these had been his degrees in knowledge. And now, at sixteen years of age—in quest of an honest maintenance encountering intolerable toil; cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, ‘Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles;’ ‘himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip;’ roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies and along the banks of the Shenandoah; alive to nature, and sometimes ‘spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land;’ among skin-clad savages with scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants ‘that would never speak English;’ rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bearskin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place for the night upon a little hay, straw, or fodder; and often camping in the forests, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury—this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strangely with the imperial magnificence of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. And yet God had selected, not Kaunitz nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the House of Hapsburg nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow’s son.”

Writing of Bancroft as a Democrat, I am reminded of one most stirring chapter in the volume of the past—the death of Andrew Jackson, on the 8th of June, 1845, and the homage paid to the iron chief by the party he recreated. James K. Polk was one of the disciples of Jackson, and was a few days over three months President when his idol passed away. The best brains of the Democracy were summoned to the illustration of Jackson's character. Vice-President Dallas, Governor Francis R. Shunk, Rev. G. W. Bethune, Ellis Lewis, Hendrick B. Wright, Wilson McCandless, of Pennsylvania; John Van Buren, of New York; Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia; General B. C. Howard, of Maryland; Dr. Samuel A. Cartwright, of Mississippi, and a host of others, swelled the universal tribute. I specially recollect the quaint effort of the latter, and chiefly because it threw a new light upon the early career of General Jackson. How many of our people ever heard that George Washington appointed Andrew Jackson to the office of United States District Attorney in the year 1791? And yet this fact is stated by the accurate Dr. Cartwright in his Jackson oration, at Natchez, 12th of July, 1845. I use his own words:

“But what brought Jackson to the Cumberland? He visited the place for the first time in 1789, while the people were living in stations to avoid the Indians, the chief station being where Nashville now is. He found among the good and honest people there a club of lawless characters, who had combined together to put down law and order and evade the payment of their just debts. For this purpose they had got the resident lawyer in their interest, and the creditors had no one to appear for them.

“They engaged the young Jonesborough lawyer to undertake their cause. The club of desperadoes, finding that he was not deterred from the undertaking by their threats of vengeance, taunted him with being a non-resident, coming among them only as an itinerant under the protection of the courts.

That taunt, it is said, was the true cause of his leaving Jonesborough and settling at the Nashville station. The lawless characters pitted their bullies against him, yet he maintained his ground against the whole of them. Washington, the very next year after his removal to Nashville, appointed him United States Attorney for the whole district south of the Ohio. As to how far the stand he took in favor of law induced Washington to give him the preference over the older lawyers of the district, history is silent. At length, having made a fortune, he retired to a farm ten miles from Nashville, abandoned the law, and commenced farming and merchandising. Failing in the latter, he sold his farm, paid his debts, and built him a log cabin on the Cumberland, and by economy and industry had again, by the year 1813, accumulated a comfortable independence."

But President Polk had a Jackson man in his Cabinet signally qualified to do justice to the subject, and on the 27th of June, 1845, his new Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft, pronounced his grand eulogy in the city of Washington before an audience that is spoken of to this day. Congress was not in session, but the occasion was full of interest, and every eminent man at the capital was there. The President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Representatives and Senators in the city, and thousands from the adjoining country, gathered to the obsequies. Bancroft's oration is a classic, as a few extracts will prove, and it is simple justice to add that nothing comparable to it can be found in the other discourses :

"At a time when European society was becoming broken in pieces, scattered, disunited, and resolved into its elements, a scene ensued in Tennessee than which nothing more beautifully grand is recorded in the annals of the race.

"The convention came together on the 11th day of January, 1796, and finished its work on the 6th day of February. How had the wisdom of the Old World vainly tasked itself to frame constitutions that could, at least, be the subject of experiment !

The men of Tennessee, in less than twenty-five days, had perfected a fabric which in its essential forms was to last forever. They came together full of faith and reverence, of love to humanity, of confidence in truth. In the simplicity of wisdom, they framed their constitution. Acting under higher influences than they were conscious of,

“They wrought in sad sincerity;  
Themselves from God they could not free;  
They builded better than they knew—  
The conscious stones to beauty grew.”

“In the instrument which they framed they embodied their faith in God, in the immortal nature of man. They gave the right of suffrage to every freeman; they vindicated the sanctity of reason by giving freedom of speech and of the press; they revered the voice of God, as it speaks in the soul of man, by asserting the indefeasible right of man to worship the Infinite according to his conscience; they established the freedom and equality of elections; and they demanded from every future Legislature a solemn oath ‘never to consent to any act or thing whatever that shall have even a tendency to lessen the rights of the people.’”

“The men of Tennessee were now a people, and they were to send forth a man to stand for them in the Congress of the United States—that avenue to glory—that home of eloquence—the citadel of popular power; and, with one consent, they united in selecting the foremost man among their lawgivers—Andrew Jackson. The love of the people of Tennessee followed him to the American Congress; and he had served but a single term when the State of Tennessee made him one of its representatives in the American Senate, where he sat under the auspices of Jefferson.

“People of the District of Columbia, I should fail to do a duty on this occasion if I did not give utterance to your sentiment of gratitude which followed General Jackson into retire-



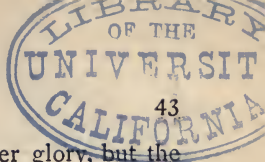
ment. Dwelling among you, he desired your prosperity. This beautiful city, surrounded by heights the most attractive, watered by a river so magnificent, the home of the gentle and the cultivated not less than the seat of political power—this city, whose site Washington had selected, was dear to his affections; and if he won your grateful attachment by adorning it with monuments of useful architecture, by establishing its credit and relieving its burdens, he regretted only that he had not the opportunity to have connected himself still more intimately with your prosperity.

“As he prepared to take his final leave of the District, the mass of the population of this city, and the masses that had gathered from around, followed his carriage in crowds. All in silence stood near him, to wish him adieu; and as the cars started, and he displayed his gray hairs, as he lifted his hat in token of farewell, you stood around with heads uncovered, too full of emotion to speak, in solemn silence gazing on him as he departed, never more to be seen in your midst.

“Behold the warrior and statesman, his work well done, retired to the Hermitage to hold converse with his forests, to cultivate his farm, to gather around his hospitality his friends! Who was like him? He was still the loadstar of the American people. His fervid thoughts, frankly uttered, still spread the flame of patriotism through the American breast; his counsels were still listened to with reverence; and, almost alone among statesmen, he, in his retirement, was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighboring nation to desire to share our institutions; his ear heard the footsteps of the coming millions that are to gladden our Western shores, and his eye discerned in the dim distance the whitening sails that are to enliven the waters of the Pacific with the social sounds of our successful commerce.

“The last moment of his life on earth is at hand. It is the Sabbath of the Lord; the brightness and beauty of summer





clothe the fields around him; Nature is in her glory, but the sublimest spectacle on that day, on earth, was the victory of his unblenching spirit over death itself.

"When he first felt the hand of death upon him, 'May my enemies,' he cried, 'find peace; may the liberties of my country endure forever!'

"History does not describe the man that equalled him in firmness of nerve. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not wide-spread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle-fields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; and when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned the last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and escaped from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.

"His body has its fit resting-place in the great central valley of the Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards in advance the frontier of the Del Norte. The fires of party spirit are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done lives, and will live forever."

No wonder this exquisite production reached the popular heart in every latitude, and that its resistless rhetoric lingers in men's memory like angelic music. Written under the spur of duty, almost without notice, it was spoken with a fervor only surpassed by the eager sympathy with which it was welcomed by all who read or heard it. It is the model of funeral speeches.

I met Mr. Bancroft on his way to enter upon his duties as American Minister at the Prussian Court in July of 1867. Paron Stevens, of Boston, the founder of the Revere House in that city and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, then living in splendor at the French capital as one of the American Commissioners at the French Exposition, invited me to dine with him; and there, together with Bancroft, I met John P. Kennedy, of Maryland; A. T. Stewart, of New York; Paul S. Forbes, of Boston; and several others. The Court was mourning for Maximilian, and the usual festivities were suspended; but there were not many tears shed over that event by our little party. Bancroft was the star of the evening, and delighted us by his joyous spirits, his ready humor, and his treasury of information. He and Paul S. Forbes are living, in fine health; but Paron Stevens, A. T. Stewart, and John P. Kennedy are sleeping with their fathers, and Napoleon the Third, who made Paris almost a Paradise in 1867, has followed them to the mysterious world.

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## VI.

### THE WAR GOVERNORS NORTH AND SOUTH DURING THE REBELLION.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President, March 4, 1861, among the busy men of the nation were the Governors of the thirty-three States of the Union, since increased to thirty-eight by the admission of Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, West Virginia, and Colorado. It was my good fortune to know many of them in both sections.

At the very head of the War Governors of the Southern States history will place Sam Houston, of Texas. Born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, March 2, 1793, and dying July 25, 1863, his life was one wild and varied romance. Henry A.

Wise, in his recent "Life of John Tyler," painted the dark side of his character ; but it was too bitter to be fair. That he had strong enemies is as true as that he had ardent friends (the first are always the proof of the last, and Governor Wise may be a good reflection of the first); but my visit to Texas in June of 1872 proved that Sam Houston is kindly and warmly remembered by thousands, even by many who had opposed him during his life. Such a verdict is more enduring than the harsh judgment of an individual. Kinglake's indictment of Louis Napoleon, like Victor Hugo's maledictions or Rochefort's satires, was in response to a popular prejudice, and is believed to this day ; but there is no echo to a cry against Sam Houston. He is not cherished like Jackson or Lincoln ; but his noble presence, his sly jokes, his winning ways, his roving habits, his battles, his escapades, and his love of the Union, are still the food of fireside gossip and good material for the historian. In my mind's eye, I see him in his broad-brimmed sombrero, his huge cane, his ruffles and his rings, his lofty air, and his extra-politeness to men and women. Even his vanity was a study, and nobody complained of it. He was not a bookish man in any sense, but he was shrewd and sagacious. The boldest recoiled before his quiet sarcasm, and he feared nothing. No ruffian ever threatened him with impunity ; and the secessionists in the South, from Wigfall to Soulé, rarely came within reach of his caustic tongue. He was not a demonstrative speaker, but he disposed of a foe by a sentence that stung like a sting, and passed into universal circulation and memory. His career was a real romance of real life. His father died when he was quite young, and his mother removed with her family, at the close of the last century, to the banks of the Tennessee River, then the limit of civilization. He passed years among the Indians, and when disgusted with civil life would go back to them as to his home. He was clerk to a country trader, kept school, served with distinction under Jackson in

the Creek war, was a lawyer at Nashville, held many offices, among them that of Representative in Congress from Tennessee from 1823 to 1827. In 1829 he became Governor of that State, and resigned and went to live among the Indians, where he remained several years. It was during his Indian life and General Jackson's administration that he visited Washington to expose the frauds committed on the red men by the agents of the Government, and his peculiarities are still spoken of by old inhabitants of the District. About this time he visited Texas, then a State of Mexico, and so impressed the people that he was persuaded to stay. They elected him to their convention to frame their constitution; but Santa Anna, the Mexican President, rejected it, and war ensued and the declaration of Texan independence. Houston was made commander-in-chief of the Texan forces, and, after a campaign of great vigor, whipped the Mexicans at San Jacinto, in April of 1836; in May secured the recognition of Texan independence by Mexico; in October, same year, was elected President of the Republic of Texas; and then, because he could not, under the Constitution, be elected President twice in succession, he went into the Texan Congress. Afterwards he was again made President. He was always in favor of annexing Texas to the United States, which having been accomplished in 1846, he was at once elected to the United States Senate, and held his seat till 1859, when he returned to Texas and was chosen Governor by the people. He was thrown into the very vortex of the Rebellion, and was sorely tested. He never forgot his love for the Union, nor his love for Texas; but the fire-eaters were too much for him, and at last, when the Legislature passed a law that the Governor should take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and he refused, they vacated the office and compelled him to surrender the archives. He labored earnestly to prevent bloodshed, and although he yielded to the decree of a misguided people, we must not forget that he resisted them as long as he could, and,



perhaps, prevented an internal conflict between the Union and disunion elements. Such a conflict would have been inevitable—for there was always a large Union party in Texas, and he was its leader—had he not poured oil upon the waters. The record of his last administration of the government of the State he saved from Mexico and sealed to the nation is in accord with his eventful career, and with his bold, sagacious, and original character.

John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, was in Congress while I was Clerk. A strong partisan, he was honest and useful, and, as a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, was always opposed to corruption. He succeeded Henry A. Wise, who was elected in 1854-55, and remained Governor until 1864. An excellent speaker, strong in his facts, and popular for his quaint stories admirably told, he has worn well in a long career. He opposed secession resolutely at first, but yielded when Virginia cast her lot with the Rebellion. He is still living at Richmond, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Thomas Holliday Hicks, Governor of Maryland up to January, 1862, will be gratefully recollected for his stand against the dissatisfied politicians of that State. Happily for the Government, he was on the right side when the Baltimore mob rose against the Union troops as they passed through that city, April 19, 1861. Had he faltered, the movement by which reinforcements reached the capital, *via* Annapolis, would never have been accomplished. Perhaps the best vindication of this patriotic executive will be found in the speech of Henry Winter Davis at Baltimore on Wednesday evening, October 16, 1861, when he asked, "Did Maryland hesitate when Governor Hicks resolutely, for three decisive months, refused to convene her traitorous Legislature lest they might hurl her into the vortex of rebellion? Did she ever hesitate when cunning politicians pestered him with their importunities, when committees swarmed from every disloyal quarter of the State, when men of



the first position sought him and attempted to browbeat him in his mansion?" He had a most difficult position, and was subsequently criticised for some of his acts by the same rare genius ; but he was so much more true than others that he was rewarded for his services by an election to the Senate of the United States for the term ending 1867. He died in Washington city, February 13, 1865. His successor in the Gubernatorial chair was A. W. Bradford, a moderate Union man, of fine abilities and high personal character.

Isham G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee during most of the Rebellion, was in Congress from 1849 to 1853, and was esteemed for his integrity and ability ; but as he always belonged to the violent men of the South, it is not surprising that he should have heartily co-operated with them during the war. He was born in 1818, and is now, 1880, a Senator in Congress.

But Tennessee was not given up to Mr. Harris and his associates. Andrew Johnson did not follow his colleague, Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, out of the United States Senate in 1861, and he boldly demanded succor for the Union men of his State. Although his term in the Senate did not expire till March, 1863, President Lincoln appointed him Military Governor of Tennessee in 1862 ; and he took possession of the post, while the other Governor, Harris, was flying as a fugitive or following the Confederate army. So Tennessee had two War Governors almost at the same time. And an excellent one Andrew Johnson made for our side. His speeches were sound, his measures bold, his administration a fair success ; and he behaved himself generally so well that, under Mr. Lincoln's inspiration, a goodly number of us left Washington on the 6th of June, 1864, to help nominate him for Vice-President the next day. How little we thought that in turning a State Governor into a Vice-President we were also making a President ! How little that he who carried the Republican flag so bravely through Tennessee in 1864 would be the standard-bearer of

the old Democracy in less than two years, and that, after nearly four years' coquetting with that party, he would live to realize that his conflict with the Republicans was the blunder of his life! Ex-President Johnson was sixty-seven when he died, July 31, 1875, and lived long enough to admit that the best advice ever given to him was by the writer of these lines: Never to abandon the generous party that gave him the utmost measure of its confidence at a time so full of promise for himself and so full of peril to the country.

Francis W. Pickens, one of the fire-eaters of the Calhoun school, was a peculiar character. He was in Congress from 1835 to 1845, was sent Minister to Russia by Buchanan in 1858, and was Governor of South Carolina from 1860 to December, 1862. He was a fair type of the chivalry, a man of fine presence, considerable intelligence, and, like most of the Southern leaders, a good speaker. He met secession more than half-way, and died January 25, 1869. On the 13th of April, 1861, in an address to the people of South Carolina, he spoke his true sentiments, which will always be read with regret by his posterity in the light of impartial history:

"We have," he said, "humbled the flag of the United States; and as long as I have the honor to preside as your chief magistrate, so help me God! there is no power on this earth shall ever lower from the fortress those flags, unless they be lowered and trailed in a sea of blood. I can here say to you it is the first time in the history of the country that the Stars and Stripes have been humbled. They have triumphed for seventy years; but to-day, on the 13th day of April, they have been humbled before the glorious little State of South Carolina. The Stars and Stripes have been lowered before your eyes this day, but there are no flames that shall ever lower the flag of South Carolina while I have the honor to preside as your chief magistrate."

Joseph E. Brown, Governor of Georgia to November, 1861,

although now in hearty accord with the Republican party, gave great assistance to secession ; but it must be remembered that Georgia was the neighbor of the powder-magazine, South Carolina, and that her people could not avoid the explosion when it came. A State with such active and discontented spirits as Toombs, and Crawford, and Iverson, would scarcely tolerate an independent man in the gubernatorial chair, and therefore no one was surprised when Georgia was the first State to follow South Carolina out of the Union, without submitting the question to the people. Joseph E. Brown possesses extraordinary abilities, is a fine lawyer, a persuasive orator, and a thoroughly practical mind. He was a delegate in the last National Republican Convention, and voted for General Grant. At present, I believe, he is largely interested in promoting the internal improvements of the State. He was never a member of either branch of Congress.

Beriah Magoffin, Governor of Kentucky till August, 1863, did his best to preserve the neutrality of that State during the war, and, with his fine capacities as a party manager, seriously embarrassed the Government. It was a most difficult position on both sides ; but there is no doubt now that if Kentucky had followed the fortunes of the Union, she would be infinitely more prosperous than she is to-day. Like Maryland, she remains the victim of reactionary politicians, who retard her progress and leave her fair fields strangers to the intelligent emigration which is making the West to blossom like the rose. Ex-Governor Magoffin is a genuine Kentuckian, social and hospitable, a rare judge of good horses, a personal friend of Breckinridge, and one of the most useful men in his State.

But perhaps no Southern Governor was in more hearty accord with secession than Thomas O. Moore, of Louisiana. He began early. In November of 1860 he convened the Legislature in consequence of the election of Abraham Lincoln, and forced the most violent action. A bold, energetic man, full of

resources, he entered into the contest with his whole heart, and on the 26th of January, 1861, Louisiana was out of the Union. While these events were ripening—while the arms of the United States Government were taken from the United States arsenals, and New Orleans rang with military demonstrations ; while the money in the Mint and the Custom-house was openly seized by the State authorities—a quiet scholar (William Tecumseh Sherman) was modestly discharging his duties as president or superintendent of the Military Academy of Louisiana at Alexandria, on Red River, a post to which he had been called after he abandoned his business in Missouri and California. Tired of the inaction of the army in peace, he had previously resigned his position of major in the regular service, and was heartily engaged in the congenial work of educating the sons of the fortunate families of Louisiana. In no sense a politician, but in every sense a patriot, he was not indifferent to the great struggle that was approaching ; but Governor Moore and his associates, perhaps misled by his indifference to public affairs, cherished a hope that Sherman might be induced to join the South. They were soon undeceived. When the work of secession began to look to force, he resigned his position to the State authorities. Having carefully adjusted his accounts and received a receipt in full, Sherman left for his new field of action. In 1866, after the overthrow of the Rebellion (in a large degree owing to his superhuman genius), he visited Louisiana, on his Southern tour, as Lieutenant-general, and among other places the Military School at Alexandria. He was warmly welcomed by the officers and students. Sherman is now General of the United States forces, and was sixty February 8, 1880.

And now we turn to the War Governors of the free States. I knew most of them personally, and, so knowing them, it will be difficult to discriminate. Let us begin with Ohio, and with the extraordinary fact that she had three great War Governors, all of them eminent men, all energetic and disinterested, and yet not



one was re-elected by the people. William Dennison, Jr., served till January, 1862, and was followed by David Tod, who served until January, 1864, his successor being John Brough, who died before the expiration of his term, in August or September of 1865. This glorious triumvirate, of whom Governor Dennison is the survivor, were brilliantly identified with the efforts that saved the nation. They all shared the confidence of the President, and especially of Edwin M. Stanton, who became Secretary of War January 13, 1862. Himself a citizen and native of Ohio, he relied upon them as personal friends, and especially upon Tod and Brough, who were Governors during his term. Much of the extraordinary vigor they infused into their respective administrations was due to the unreserved trust he placed in their integrity and capacity. A volume might be filled with incidents of their career. Who cannot recall the straight, stately bearing of Dennison, the handsome face and figure of Tod, the heavy form and massive features of Brough? The two latter were Democrats when the war broke out, but they afterwards lived and died Republicans. They gave freely of their fortunes, as of their time, to the country. Like Dennison, neither of them had been in Congress; but, like him, they did not need that honor to add an inch to their stature. They were men of native dignity and native resources, whom neither office nor title could make more conspicuous in the eyes of the people or on the page of history. Brough, from his railroad experience, acquired a sort of disdain of compromise; he was always ready for an emergency; he never quailed before a threat, or feared to take the responsibility. On one occasion when there was difficulty in moving supplies to the relief of the Army of the Tennessee, Stanton telegraphed Brough to go forward and put vigor into the officer of the regular army who had the work in charge. The Governor found a red-tape gentleman in command, who began work at 9 A.M. and closed at 4 P.M., and, when admonished of the necessity of more prompt action, he coolly in-



formed Brough that he was a regular officer and could take no orders from him, and then he deliberately took his own leisurely way. The Governor assured him that if he reported him to headquarters he would be struck by lightning; but the officer smiled and refused to change his habits. The intrepid Governor sent a despatch to the Secretary of War, and a quick answer ordered an officer of equal rank from another post to report immediately to Governor Brough, and directed the delinquent to await the decision of the department. As he took his leave, he grimly admitted that he had no idea that lightning could strike so suddenly. After which the road to Chattanooga was opened, and the Army of the Tennessee duly supplied.

Oliver Perry Morton, who died a Senator in Congress from Indiana, was elected Lieutenant-Governor of his State in 1860, and became Governor in 1861, when the incumbent, Governor H. S. Lane, was chosen to the Senate. Morton, after serving out the term of General Lane, was elected Governor by the people in 1864. Here again the Government was most fortunate. Morton fitted in the place as if born to it. He was ubiquitous; his financial, political, and military responsibilities were incalculable, but he met them with intuitive skill and force. Indiana was the focus of a most active disaffection. The Democratic leaders were crafty, scheming, and full of expedients; but they had more than a match, even a master, in Morton; and the faithful historian will tell not only how he raised troops and money, but how, by his magnetic eloquence, he put heart into the people and the soldiers, confidence into the Government, and despair into his adversaries. And when the war was over, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and took his seat on the 4th of March, 1867, where he soon assumed the first rank, and to the end held it by his wisdom and genius, and especially by his careful avoidance of intrigues with his opponents and intolerance of his friends. He was re-elected to the Senate by the Legislature of Indiana in

January last, for six years from the 4th of March, 1873. Morton was only fifty August 4, 1873.

I saw Governor Sprague for the first time when the Rhode Island regiment, twelve hundred strong, was drawn up in Seventh Street, opposite the Patent-office, in the city of Washington, in April, 1861. How young he looked! What a resemblance to the boyish Ellsworth, shot by Jackson at Alexandria, Virginia, on the 25th of May following! This first regiment was but the avant-courier of thousands more from the same State. The Governor was just thirty-one, and the way he organized the military of his State, the rapidity of their movements, his princely generosity, and his personal intrepidity are titles of enduring honor. The Rhode Island Assembly complimented him for his vigorous conduct in camp and field, and presented him with the cannon belonging to the 2d Rhode Island Battery, and brought away by them from the battle-field of Bull Run. But the State was not satisfied with this. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1862, and remained there till 1875. Born in 1830, he is still living, aged fifty.

Edwin D. Morgan was Governor of New York when the Rebellion broke out, and served until 1863 with uncommon ability and energy, mainly through his large fortune, high personal qualities, and intimate knowledge of financial circles. His successor up to 1865 was Horatio Seymour (Democrat). Discount his administration by the tragic New York riots of 1863, and by his party affiliations, and history will accord to him the credit of having done many patriotic things during the war. His abilities are varied, his character without a blemish; and it stands to his credit that, in his desperate canvass for the Presidency against General Grant in 1868, he displayed uncommon capacity, and received a very large vote, notwithstanding the ruinous theories to which he allowed himself to be committed. Morgan is living, aged sixty-nine, and Seymour at the same age.

Richard Yates was Governor of Illinois from January, 1861, to January, 1865, when he was elected a Senator in Congress, and served until March 4, 1871. Here again the National Government was most fortunate. Illinois entered the field with eager promptitude. She began with characteristic offers of money and of men. On the 12th of April, the day of the first attack on Fort Sumter, Governor Yates called the Legislature in extra session for the 25th. He sent a special message, to the effect that he had taken military possession of Cairo, and garrisoned it with regular troops, to defeat the conspiracy of the enemy. Three million five hundred thousand dollars were immediately appropriated for war purposes, and from that auspicious day Illinois poured her treasure into the cause of the country, stimulated all the time by the genius of her gallant Governor. It was in his office that President Grant received his first distinct recognition; it was Governor Yates who gave him the responsible appointment of mustering-officer of troops for the State, and then made him colonel of the 21st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. The fame of Illinois will glow on the page of history; and among all her sons, civil and military, none brought a purer spirit or a warmer heart to her cause than Richard Yates. He died while a Senator in Congress.

I could dwell through many pages upon the patriotism of Governor Leland Stanford, of California; William A. Buckingham, of Connecticut; Samuel J. Kirkwood and William M. Stone, of Iowa; Israel Washburn, Jr., and Samuel Coney, of Maine; Thomas Carney, of Kansas; Charles S. Olden and Joel Parker, of New Jersey; Ichabod Goodwin, Nathaniel L. Berry, and Joseph A. Gilmore, of New Hampshire; Austin Blair, of Michigan; Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota; Erastus Fairbanks and Frederick Holbrook, of Vermont; Alexander W. Randall, Leonard P. Harvey, and Edward Salomon, of Wisconsin; F. E. Pierpont, of Virginia; A. I. Boreman, of West

Virginia ; but I must close this number with John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts.

All the free States did well for their country ; but there was something sublime in Massachusetts, and something peculiar in John A. Andrew, happily her Governor from January, 1861, to January, 1866. The very air of this great old commonwealth is instinct with patriotism and intelligence. Beginning with the Revolution, and ending with the end of the Rebellion, she has been a leader and a teacher. Unfortunate in a sterile soil and a severe climate, she has been fortunate in her men, fortunate in her traditions, her services, and her sacrifices, and, above all, in the moral and mental seeds she has planted, and the harvest of civilization and freedom she has gathered for herself and dispensed to others. But among all the riches that have fallen to her lot, she can point to no treasure richer than John A. Andrew, who died all too early for himself and his country. He was born at Windham, in the District of Maine, about fifteen miles from Portland, May 31, 1818. His mind, early trained in the right direction, was adapted to the consideration of national issues. Reared to the law, and practising in all the courts, high and low, he was engaged as counsel in the John Brown affair in 1860, and, in the same year, for the notorious slave-yacht *Wanderer* against forfeiture. A Whig and then a Republican, a member of the State Legislature, having subsequently declined a place on the bench in the Superior Court, he came into the gubernatorial office at the moment when he was needed, amply equipped for a long and arduous campaign. It would intensely interest you if we could trace, step by step, the manner in which he prepared Massachusetts for the war and carried her through. He was singularly attractive in personal appearance—a face of magnetic benevolence ; an extraordinary flow of language and beauty of expression ; a manner of winning and holding attention ; and, withal, that consummate coolness in argument which is sometimes



called audacity, and that quickness of retort which is sometimes called repartee. He began by invoking the Governors of all the loyal States to join him in suppressing the Rebellion, and then proceeded to manipulate the Legislature. His speeches before the people, his letters, his messages, his physical exertions, his rapid visits to Washington, proved his energy and zeal. When Sumter fell, Massachusetts was ready. Hers were the first troops that passed through the fiery and leaden hail at Baltimore in defence of the capital. A mere consideration of the incidents of his governorship would fill a volume. Perhaps I cannot better conclude this tribute to one whom I proudly remember as a friend, and from whom I received more than one act of significant kindness, than by quoting his last address to the veteran officers and men who had served against the Rebellion when they presented to him the battle-flags, that they might be preserved in the archives of the commonwealth:

“GENERAL,—This pageant, so full of pathos and of glory, forms the concluding scene in the long series of visible actions and events in which Massachusetts has borne a part for the overthrow of the Rebellion and the vindication of the Union. These banners are returned to the government of the commonwealth through welcome hands. Borne one by one out of this capital, during more than four years of civil war, as the symbols of the nation and the commonwealth under which the battalions of Massachusetts departed to the fields, they come back again, borne hither by surviving representatives of the same heroic regiments and companies to which they were intrusted. At the hands, General, of yourself, the ranking-officer of the volunteers of the commonwealth (one of the earliest who accepted a regimental command under the appointment of the Governor of Massachusetts), and of this grand column of scarred and heroic veterans who guard them home, they are returned with honors becoming relics so venerable, soldiers so brave, and citizens so beloved.



“Proud memories of many fields—sweet memories alike of valor and friendship, and memories of fraternal strife; tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds; grand memories of heroic virtues, sublime by grief; exultant memories of the great and final victories of our country, our Union, and the righteous cause; thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievement of arms; immortal memories with immortal honors blended—twine around these splintered standards, and weave themselves along the warp and woof of these familiar flags, war-worn, begrimed, and baptized with blood.

“Let the brave heart, the trusty heart, the deep, unfathomable heart, in words of more than mortal eloquence, uttered, though unexpressed, speak the emotions of grateful veneration for which these lips of mine are alike too feeble and unworthy.

“General, I accept these relics in behalf of the people of the commonwealth. They will be preserved and cherished amidst all the vicissitudes of the future as mementoes of brave men and noble actions.”

I have now reached the subject which will constitute my seventh anecdote—The Character and Conduct of Andrew Gregg Curtin immediately before and during the Rebellion.

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## VII.

OTHER WAR GOVERNORS DURING THE REBELLION.—THE PROPHECY OF “OCCASIONAL” IN 1860.

ONE notable circumstance deserves record. The War Governors who will be best and longest remembered—John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts; Oliver Perry Morton, of Indiana; William Sprague, of Rhode Island; William Dennison, Jr.,

David Tod, and John Brough, of Ohio; Edwin D. Morgan, of New York; and Andrew Gregg Curtin, of Pennsylvania—had never been in Congress, although Morton, Morgan, and Sprague were subsequently chosen United States Senators, mainly because of their splendid services in that historic interval.

Andrew Gregg Curtin was Secretary of the Commonwealth under Hon. James Pollock, from 1854 to 1857, and retired to private life till he became a candidate for Governor himself in 1860.

General W. F. Packer (Democrat) was chosen Governor Pollock's successor in 1857. And here let me say of Governor Packer, that, however we may have differed during the war, he was a chief magistrate who deserves to be honored among the most honored of the great men who filled that high place. He had the courage to refuse obedience to the fatal policy of President Buchanan; and in his inaugural message of January, 1858, boldly held the National Administration to the solemn pledge upon which alone it was elected in November of 1856. And, not content with this, he appointed John C. Knox, Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, his Attorney-general, and Hon. William M. Hiester, of Berks County, his Secretary of the Commonwealth, both my personal and political friends, and now in full accord with the Republican party. As if still further to mark his sympathy with the independent Anti-Lecompton Democracy, he offered the vacancy on the Supreme Bench, created by the resignation of Justice Knox, to James L. Reynolds, Esq., for years the confidential attorney of Mr. Buchanan (also in hearty co-operation with the protest against the insane dictators of the party), who died greatly respected in Philadelphia in March of 1880. Mr. Reynolds became a thorough and radical Republican; one of that class who separated from their old political associates from the purest motives, and constitute a most important element in every State, North and South. With characteristic modesty, however, he

declined Governor Packer's unsolicited offer, much to the regret of the members of the bar, who knew his rare ability and integrity. Such were the influences that surrounded Governor Packer from 1857 to 1860, called together by himself, in utter contempt of the party managers. He was a true gentleman and a thorough Pennsylvanian. Prompt, generous, of large experience and winning address, a fine writer and speaker, independent in his circumstances and in his character, I am glad of the opportunity to pay this just tribute to his memory. He died of heart-disease, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, September 27, 1870, aged sixty-three.

Andrew G. Curtin's name was first mentioned as a candidate for Governor in 1854, but he did not enter the field till 1860. He was a popular candidate, not because he had been an actor on the national stage, but on account of his high intellectual and social qualities. Born in Bellefonte, Centre County, April 22, 1817, he has ever since regarded it as his residence, and is living there with his family now. His father was a native of Ireland, and a gentleman of considerable culture, and is especially remembered as one of the first founders of iron-works in Middle Pennsylvania. His mother was the daughter of the well-known Andrew Gregg, for several years a Representative in Congress, afterwards a Senator in Congress, and Secretary of the Commonwealth under Governor Hiester. In 1823 he was a candidate for Governor, and was defeated by John Andrew Shultze. What a flood of events is opened by this reminiscence! I was very young, a few months younger than Curtin, when his grandfather ran for Governor; but though many years have elapsed, I still remember how both sides abused each other. My father was for Andrew Gregg for Governor, and Andrew Jackson for President—in fact, both the Federal and Democratic parties were reaching out for Old Hickory, and I suspect I was a noisy urchin on what I believed to be the only right side. It is wholesome to reflect that party

excitements, even the hatreds of civil war, inevitably perish with the generation, and often with the decade, they disturbed. If our tempests are not always in a teapot, they burn out or die out with amazing rapidity. What a fiery time that was when John Quincy Adams was made President by the vote of Kentucky! When Andrew Jackson roared, John Randolph challenged Henry Clay, and George Kremer cried aloud and spared not! Parties dissolved into thin air. Thousands of Federalists went over to the Democrats. Headed by James Buchanan, Pennsylvania wheeled into line in 1828, and gave Andrew Jackson fifty thousand of a majority. John Sergeant, of Philadelphia, ran against Governor Shultze when the latter was a candidate for re-election, in 1826, and got but one thousand votes to about seventy-two thousand for his competitor. There were only three Federal newspapers in Pennsylvania that withstood the Jackson whirlwind—the Philadelphia *United States Gazette*, the West Chester *Village Record*, and the Pittsburgh *Gazette*. The Jackson Federalists were taunted with having turned their coats, and they heartily swore they were not Democrats, only Jackson men. The newspapers bristled with criminations and recriminations. In 1830-32 came the rupture between Jackson and Calhoun, opened after the immortal debate between Webster and Hayne on Foot's resolution. How bitter the conflict was the journals of the day will tell you. Webster was charged with having sold out to the Administration, though he never had any intercourse with it; and it was only when he antagonized Jackson on the Bank question that the impartiality of his former service to the nation was proved. The haughty ability of Calhoun when he defended his theories in favor of Nullification in February, 1833, and the intense, almost agonizing, interest that followed his two days' speech; the alternate dignity and vehemence of his argument; the purity of his private life; the sincerity of his belief in his theories; his bitter attack on Jackson, and the angry retaliation of the latter, even to the



threat of his arrest for disunion—how calmly posterity judges of all these tumultuous scenes! Then the protest of Jackson against the censure of the Senate for the removal of the deposits; who that lived in those days can forget them, and the terrible animosities they aroused? Clay and Calhoun were the leaders of the Opposition; Benton the champion of Jackson; Webster siding with Clay, but refusing to echo his personal resentments. Time passed, and Benton, some years later, offered and carried his resolution to expunge the censure; and the Senate, changed over for Jackson, as it had been against him in his war with the banks, sealed the vindication. All the passions of those angry days are dead and forgotten, at least by the young men of this era, and are only recalled as matters of curiosity and surprise, or as themes for the historical student. It is better so. In ten more years we shall think of the Rebellion as a mistake rather than a crime, and the South will be as willing to forget as the North is already eager to forgive it. Both sides will regard it, as all sides now regard Mr. Calhoun and his followers, with that judicial toleration which springs from the operation of time, and the happy influences of free institutions, under which all are free to speak and write what they think at pleasure, and even to run to extremes in support of their theories.

It was in such a school, in the study of such characters, that Andrew G. Curtin grew to manhood. Inheriting his genial nature and his genuine humor from his Irish father, and his politics from his statesman-grandfather, he was soon a prominent Whig and Republican, but remained a lawyer in Bellefonte until Governor Pollock called him into his Cabinet in 1854, in which capacity he was unconsciously trained for a higher vocation. In 1860 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor against Henry D. Foster.

The Democrats were divided between Douglas and Breckinridge for the Presidency, but there was a very cordial union



upon Foster-against Curtin. It is true the former had to yield to the managers at Washington, who, like all despots, whether in politics or finance, refused to be warned by anything short of an earthquake, and committed him to their wicked policy; but Curtin was a host in himself, and his eloquence and tact won the fight by a majority of thirty-two thousand. On the 10th of October of that year (1860), I wrote as follows from Washington, a good part of which may be useful to the politicians of this day:

“I am writing this letter on a beautiful autumnal morning, in the city of Washington, after having read your telegraph despatch over and over, which has been confirmed by the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Washington Constitution*, and the *National Intelligencer*, announcing the defeat of Henry D. Foster, and the election of Andrew G. Curtin as Governor of Pennsylvania. There is a bright sun shedding its effulgence into my little room; the leaves are still green in their midsummer freshness, and more than one happy bird is sending forth its melodies; while the outside atmosphere is as clear and as rare as if it had been breathed upon us to make men joyous in their brief earthly career. Not only have I heard this startling news, but the town has heard it. The President of the United States (the O. P. F.) and his constitutional advisers have heard it. But I saw no signs of woe in the faces of the friends I met this morning.

“I have moralized sufficiently in this correspondence, and doubtless have tired more than one of my readers, but shall we not profit by this last and most salutary lesson? It has, of course, convinced Mr. Buchanan, obtuse as he and his Cabinet are to the teachings of the ballot-box, that they will soon be out of the way. Their race will presently be ended; but will not the party leaders who have sustained them in their proscriptions be admonished and instructed by the triple verdicts of the people of Pennsylvania—the October verdicts of 1858, 1859, and now of 1860?

"I know how we 'rebels' and 'traitors' and 'revolutionists' and 'disorganizers' have been denounced by the hirelings of the Administration. I know how we have been called 'Black Republicans' because we have refused to sustain candidates pledged to the mistakes and the outrages of faithless public servants. I know, too, how many men in all parts of the country have said of *The Press* and its editor, 'Have you no fault to find with the general approbation? Is our party alone to blame? Are there no errors in those whom, opposing Mr. Buchanan and his Administration, you are indirectly aiding to influence and power?' The reply to these questions, a thousand times put to me, is this—that, having accomplished the complete overthrow of the men who, under the cloak of the Democracy, have attempted to destroy the Democratic party, the independent man in the ranks of that party, whose resolute consistency has awakened the sympathy of thousands in other organizations, will henceforth constitute a watchful and vigilant phalanx, equally determined to expose whatever may be wrong in the Republican organization. Traduced by the parasites of Federal power, and looked upon by the Republican victors as contributors to a Republican triumph, and yet as having no just claim to a share in Republican spoils, they will, in order to make their record good, be as free and fearless in their criticism upon the Republicans as they have been upon their own recreant rulers. The day may come when the independent column which broke up and broke down Mr. Buchanan's Administration will constitute a nucleus around which patriotic Americans of every creed and of every section will rally with enthusiasm."

Curtin was inaugurated in January of 1861. Like every other Governor in the old free States, his inaugural breathed nothing but peace and conciliation. But the Southern leaders would not be conciliated. The election of Mr. Lincoln, forced by themselves in forcing the division of the Democratic party, and then made the pretext for war, was used upon a deluded

people; and, long before the North could believe them in earnest, they were not only prepared to fight, but had actually begun the conflict. The position of Governor Curtin was one of extreme delicacy. He was in authority, and his words were weighty. At his side stood William M. Meredith, his Attorney-general, who died in 1867, and now sleeps with his fathers. Calm and self-poised, he surveyed the gathering storm, advising continued moderation. Such was my course in my "occasional"—and at the time almost daily—letters from Washington. A few extracts, as we approached the crisis, will show the temper of the times :

"WASHINGTON, April 7, 1861.

"I am a man of peace. As I said, I have begged for it in these columns and in this city, as you have begged for it at your homes, almost on my knees. But are there not calamities worse than war? Is not the destruction of our Union by those who have no gratitude for the past, and no respect for the future, worse than any war? Shall we not save it before it is too late? But, how? By committing the case to brave public servants, who, having offered all fair measures of amity and peace, must now be asked to enforce the laws and to protect the public property. If, from this act, war is to follow, better that it should come in that way than that war should be forced upon us by successful traitors. What American would not rather sacrifice his life in defending his flag than be struck down by a remorseless tyranny which grew strong and great because that flag was not defended? We are told that war is inevitable, whatever may be done by the Government—whether it remains passive or boldly does its duty. This has been the cry of the Southern conspirators for months, and their immense military preparations are proofs that they are sincere in making the prophecy. They will make it, if it is made at all; and when they strike the blow, let it be so answered and avenged as to prove that the day for paltering with rebellion has passed, and the hour for proving that we have a Government has come."

"WASHINGTON, April 17, 1861.

"Let the men of Pennsylvania and the other free States carry out their intentions by intrenching themselves in the city of Washington. They need not wait for uniforms or for the trappings and pageantry of war; they need not wait for organization, for that can be effected when they reach here; nor need they be told to bring with them the means of defence."

Finally Governor Curtin, fully resolved to do nothing rash, after earnest counsel with President Lincoln, resolved to call the Legislature of Pennsylvania in extra session, April 30, 1861, and then began those measures which reflected such honor upon his name and credit upon the State. It is impossible to enumerate all that was done in the four years of the war. No other State had such exhausting and multiplied duties, and it was most fortunate for the nation, as well as for our honored Commonwealth, that we had an executive who, from the outset, appreciated the magnitude of the Rebellion. He did not depend upon the ordinary sources of information, and was in advance of even the national authorities in his comprehension of the conflict, and in his preparation to meet it. Long before the tempest of war broke upon us, he had trusted special agents traversing the Southern States, mingling with the Southern leaders, and gathering all information that threw light upon their plans and purposes. The result was, he understood that war was coming, and he was fully equal to the new and grave duties imposed upon him. When all was distrust and hesitation in Washington—before the bombardment of Sumter—and when it was doubted by many whether the North would agree to maintain the unity of the Government by force if necessary, Governor Curtin was the first to give substantial assurance to the President of the loyalty of his State. At the request of President Lincoln, he visited Washington, in company with the then chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate (Colonel McClure), and assured the President that desperate and protracted war must come, and that his State would at once assure the national authority of her willingness to meet the terrible trial by a prompt reorganization of her military. The President was painfully anxious about the result of such an experiment, and hesitated to advise Governor Curtin to take the step, lest failure might attend the effort; but upon Governor Curtin's pledge that his State would promptly respond to



his call, the movement was approved by Mr. Lincoln. Governor Curtin at once returned to Harrisburg, and appealed to the Legislature. A bill was matured and presented in the House by Hon. Gideon J. Ball, of Erie. It startled the country by appropriating five hundred thousand dollars, and providing for a complete organization of our volunteer forces for defence. The contest was a bitter one. Faction and Disloyalty joined hands to defeat the measure. But the bill passed both branches in two consecutive days. Just when it was in final passage in the Senate, after having passed the House, the Senate was thrilled with a despatch, read from the clerk's desk, announcing that treason had culminated in war, and that hot shot were then being fired into Sumter. Disloyalty trembled, and the mean spirit of Faction, that sought to embarrass the State Administration, hid its head in shame, and confessed the wisdom and patriotism of the measure.

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## VIII.

THE CAUSE OF IRELAND IN AMERICA. — SPECIMENS OF THE  
ELOQUENCE OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

AMERICAN love of liberty is not confined within American limits. It goes out to all the struggling nationalities; and although our present mood is rather the mood or the greed of money, and the appetite for what is called progress, yet the time will assuredly come when the hearts once warmed by the heroism of patriots in other lands will again throb with the impulse of a common humanity. Our war against American slavery has, for the time being, satisfied the American thirst for freedom, and now men would rather quarrel over the unavoidable mistakes of human government than accept the wholesome aggregate of a fair administration. But we can never deny our



gratitude to foreigners like Alexander Hamilton, born in the West Indies; or Robert Morris, born in Lancashire, England; or Alexander James Dallas, born on the island of Jamaica; or Albert Gallatin, born in Geneva, Switzerland; and their military associates and successors, the Frenchman Lafayette, the Poles Kosciusko and Pulaski, and the German Steuben. Precisely as, in after-years, we responded to the cries of the Greeks for help, through the sounding periods of Webster and Clay; to the appeals of the Irish in their movement for Repeal in 1842, and for Independence in 1848; to the successive popular risings in France, Germany, Hungary, Belgium, Italy, and Spain, so will our friendship be the star of hope to all the struggling nations of the future. Our ovation to Kossuth in 1850 was the spontaneous expression of this feeling; but nothing has ever been more earnest than American sympathy for Ireland. How suddenly all prejudices of race and religion perished before the bold demand of Daniel O'Connell for justice to Ireland thirty years ago? I have before me, as I write, the proceedings of a National Repeal Convention in Philadelphia, February 22, 1842, called to encourage his dazzling dream. It is a curious record. Prominent among the actors were Robert T. Conrad, William D. Kelley, Francis Cooper, Miles D. Sweeney, Jesse R. Burden, Richard Vaux, Ovid F. Johnson, and W. A. Stokes, of Philadelphia; Hendrick B. Wright, of Luzerne; Reah Frazer and Michael Malone, of Lancaster; Michael Burke, of Harrisburg, in the State of Pennsylvania: while Isaac H. Wright, of Boston; Hugh Jenkins, of Baltimore; Cyrus Newlin, of Delaware; James Hoban, of the city of Washington; Daniel Devlin, of Louisville, Kentucky; George Bird, of Trenton, New Jersey—and many more—represented other States. The Convention was almost unanimous against O'Connell for his denunciation of American slavery; and William D. Kelley offered and carried the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That this Convention will afford all legitimate encouragement to the

Irish people by the consumption of American or Irish manufactures in preference to English; and, further, that the several delegates to this Convention be directed to impress the importance of this subject upon the consideration of their respective associations."

While America was sending words of cheer to Ireland, spoken and applauded by such citizens as these, a young Irishman, born in the city of Waterford, Ireland, August 3, 1823, was just emerging from the Jesuit College with a high reputation for genius and scholarship. He left the peace and seclusion of his cloistered school to find his country lashed into a tempest of excitement by the great O'Connell. The Liberator was soon after thrown into prison (in 1844) and Repeal was languishing. In that hour Thomas Francis Meagher stepped into the arena, in company with John Mitchel, Thomas Davis, William Smith O'Brien, Devin Reilley, John Martin, Richard O'Gorman, and others. O'Connell was for agitation, Meagher for action. The old man was for moral suasion, the young men for force. Headed by Meagher, they threw themselves among the people, and, with the spoken and written eloquence of which they were the consummate masters, created intense feeling. Their example reached their millions of friends in America. England prepared to resist them. The sequel was a repetition of the days of the volunteers of 1788, when Grattan and Charlemont were the leaders, and of the revolution of 1798, when Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Fitzgerald, and Hamilton Rowan were in the front. The Government was ready; the Irish people unready. A race that constitutes some of the best material in the British service, and fights bravely for America, will not show the same spirit in its own behalf at its own hearthstone; and so, when these fiery and impulsive champions were caught with arms in their hands, they were tried for high-treason and convicted. The impassioned "tribune" Meagher was "sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his re-

mains placed at the disposal of her Majesty the Queen, to be dealt with according to her royal pleasure."

The extreme youth of the impetuous leader, his fascinating manners, his strong hold on the people, and the high social position of his companions induced the Government to commute their death-penalty to transportation for life to the convict settlement of Van Diemen's Land. After four years of exile, Meagher escaped, and landed in New York at the close of May, 1852. He became the immediate centre of attraction. His speeches in Ireland, crowded with jewels and full of fire, had become a part of our popular literature, and he was hailed as a combination of Kossuth, Grattan, Phillips, and Mirabeau. Society opened its doors to the handsome hero and scholar. His youth, his wit, his polished address, his contagious magnetism, his high health, and his readiness to impart the store of mental wealth he had gathered among the learned men of his faith made him a sort of wonder. He became, in a word, the fashion. Franklin Pierce was nominated for President by the Democrats in their Convention at Baltimore on the 2d of June, a few days after his arrival, and Winfield Scott by the Whigs on the 17th; and the politicians of both sides were anxious to secure his services. He was a Democrat, of course, but he stood aloof with instinctive delicacy. He was not yet a citizen, and soon became a student at law under Judge Emmet, nephew of the Irish patriot. Besides, his country was in travail, and his comrades-in-arms still in exile. And on the 10th of June, in declining a public reception most graciously tendered by the corporation, he said :

"While my country remains in sorrow and subjection, it would be indelicate of me to participate in the festivities you propose. When she lifts her head and nerves her arm for a bolder struggle—when she goes forth, like Miriam, with song and trimbrel, to celebrate her victory—I too shall lift up my head and join in the hymn of freedom. Till then, the retire-

ment I seek will best accord with the love I bear her, and the sadness which her present fate inspires. Nor do I forget the companions of my exile. The freedom that has been restored to me is embittered by the recollection of their captivity. My heart is with them at this hour, and shares the solitude in which they dwell. While they are in prison a shadow rests upon my spirit, and the thoughts that otherwise might be free throb heavily within me. It is painful for me to speak. I should feel happy in being permitted to be silent. For these reasons you will not feel displeased with me for declining the honors you solicit me to accept."

But he did not deny himself wholly to the thousands who were anxious to meet him. As a lecturer his success was great, and his spoken pictures of Australia, of the Irish poets, orators, and statesmen are recollected by thousands in all parts of the country. He was also a fine writer, and his descriptions of Central America, which he visited after his admission to the bar in 1855, and his essays in the *Irish News*, established by himself in New York in June of 1856, proved his inexhaustible literary tastes and resources. About this time we had a memorable exodus of educated young Irishmen added to the American bar, press, and society. Of these I recall Fitzjames O'Brien, John Savage, John Mitchell, and Richard O'Gorman.

The mind of Thomas Francis Meagher is mirrored in his exquisite speeches. In these you see the man better than in a biography. You read the story of his boyhood and his manhood; his patriotism, his religion, his politics, and his prejudices. I copy some passages, chiefly that he may tell his own eventful story, and that his magical gifts as an orator may be appreciated by the general reader. First, from his appeals to the people of Ireland in the campaign for Irish independence before he was sentenced to Van Diemen's Land:



## IRISH PAUPERISM.—OUTDOOR RELIEF.

[Dublin, April 7, 1847.]

“Ay ! Ireland is now at the mercy of England ! Ireland is now a thoroughly conquered country ! England has won her crowning victory ! The war of centuries is at a close ! The arches of Strongbow have failed ; the iron-sides of Cromwell have failed ; the spies and yeomen of Castlereagh have failed ; the patronage and proscriptions of Ebington have failed ; the proclamations and State prosecutions of De Grey have failed : the procrastination and economy of Russell have triumphed ! Let a thanksgiving be preached from the pulpit of St. Paul’s ; let the Lords and Commons of England vote their gratitude to the victorious economist ; let the guns of London Tower proclaim the triumph which has cost, in past years, coffers of gold and torrents of blood, and in this year a wholesale system of starvation to achieve !

“England ! your gallant and impetuous enemy is dead ; your ‘great difficulty’ is at an end. Ireland, or rather the remains of Ireland, is yours at last. Your red ensign flies, not from the rath of Mullaghmast, where you played the cut-throat ; not from Limerick wall, where you played the perjurer ; not from the Senate-house, where you played the swindler ; not from the Custom-house, where you played the robber ; but it flies from her thousand graveyards, where the titled niggards of your Cabinet have won the battle your soldiers could not terminate.

“Celebrate your victory ! bid your *Scourge* steamer from the western coast convey some memorial of your conquest ; and in the hall where the flags and cannon you have captured from a world of foes are grouped together, let a shroud, stripped from some privileged corpse—for few have them now—be for its proper price displayed. Stop not here ! Charge ! For war-crest America has her eagle ; let England have her vulture ! What emblem more fit for the rapacious power whose statesmanship depopulates, and whose commerce is gorged with famine prices ? That is her proper signal. It will commemorate a greater victory than that of Agincourt, than that of Blenheim, than that of Moodkee. It will commemorate the victories of Skull, of Skibbereen, of Bantry.”

As an American citizen he revelled in a new field. Not forgetting his fatherland, he found another inspiration in the study of our people and our institutions. I copy a few extracts :

In Dublin, in 1848, on the transportation of John Mitchel, he said, before he himself was sent to join his friend,

“Think! oh, think! of that exile—the hopes, the longings, which will grow each day more anxious and impatient!

“Think! oh, think! of how, with throbbing heart and kindling eye, he will look out across the waters that imprison him, searching in the eastern sky for the flag that will announce to him his liberty, and the triumph of sedition!

“Think! oh, think! of that day when thousands and tens of thousands will rush down to the water’s edge as a distant gun proclaims his return. Mark the ship as it dashes through the waves and nears the shore. Behold him standing there upon the deck—the same calm, intrepid, noble heart. His clear, quick eye runs along the shore, and fills with the light which flashes from the bayonets of the people. A moment’s pause! and then, amidst the roar of cannon, the fluttering of a thousand flags, the pealing of the cathedral bells, the triumphant felon sets his foot once more upon his native soil, hailed and blessed and worshipped as the first citizen of our free and sovereign State!”

In January, 1854, in New York, the eloquent Irishman welcomed Mitchel from exile in a speech of marvellous power:

“Where, as we find it here, is the intrepid spirit which penetrates, reclaims, and populates the wilderness; by which the valley is filled, and every mountain and hill brought low, and the crooked is made straight, and the rough ways made smooth; before which the reptile and the wild man recede; in whose breath the golden grain multiplies, where the hawk and the sour-weed and the bittern have been; at whose touch cities, wealthier than those the gates of which were of bronze, spring up; at whose mandate fleets whiten the wilderness of ocean, bury the harpoon in the snows of the North, gather the fruits and shells of the coral islands, outstrip in capacity and speed the ships of the oldest commonwealths, knock at the gates of the Amazon and demand admittance, through regions of untold wealth, to the rampart of the Andes—threaten the wooden walls

of Austria, and from the muzzle of their murderous gun rescue the forlorn worshipper of freedom—and, at last, consummate the magnificent design of the Genoese—breaking the mystic seal which has so long shut out the world from that empire which, we are told, is fragrant with the camphor, the cedar, and the laurel—than which China has not been more inscrutable, nor India more opulent, nor Athens better skilled in the gentler sciences and arts?”

A portrait of the Irish orator Grattan, from his lecture in California in 1864:

“What of him? He had a great cause, a great opportunity, a great genius. The independence of Ireland the cause; the embarrassment of England with her colonies the opportunity. With the magnitude of both his genius was commensurate. He was equal to his friends—as he himself said of his great rival Harry Flood—and was more than equal to his foes. When he spoke, the infirmities and deformities of man disappeared in a blaze of glory. His eloquence was more than human. ‘It was a combination of cloud, whirlwind, and flame.’ Nothing could resist it; nothing could approach it. It conquered all or distanced all. Like the archangel of Raphael, it was winged as well as armed. His intellect was most noble. His heart was not less divinely moulded. Never before did so much gentleness, so much benignity, so much sweetness, so much courage, so much force, unite in one poor frame. The brightest event of Irish history is the great event of that great man’s life. If it is the brightest, let us refer it to his genius, his spirit, his ambition. His love of country was intense. ‘He never would be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland had a link of the British chain clanking to his rags.’ Thus he spoke, moving the declaration of independence. The last time he appeared in the Irish Parliament was at midnight. He had come from a sick-bed. They gave him leave to sit while he addressed the House. For a moment—for a moment

his agony forsook him. Men beheld before their eyes a sublime transfiguration. 'I rose,' said he, 'with the rising fortunes of my country; I am willing to die with her expiring liberties.' Had he been at that hour inspired with the republicanism of Wolfe Tone, his career and glory would have been complete."

Immediately succeeding this lecture, Meagher delivered another in the same hall, on Curran, of which the following is a specimen:

"Ruins, blossoms, sterility, vegetation, storms, silence, vitality, desolate repose—such the history of Ireland; such the character of the people by whom that history has been written. Of that character John Philpot Curran is the fullest and truest expression. His endowments were many, and were great. His gentleness, exquisite sensibility, deep mournfulness—a mournfulness which no festivity, no triumph, could ever thoroughly dispel; his noble eloquence, heroism, honesty—all in him were lovable and great. Then the circumstances in which we find him so often win us to him, and make us love him. Look at him in London, where, as Harry Grattan had done before him, he was eating his way to the bar. There he is, without a friend—'without one affectionate soul' (the poor little fellow piteously ejaculated) 'in whom he could take friendly refuge from the rigors of his destiny.' What could one so sensitive, so miserable, so lonely, do? Is not the road to fame and fortune too steep, too bleak, too rough, for that poor outcast child? We shall see by-and-by. Yet, as if he hadn't enough on his own account to trouble him, look how lovingly he shares the sorrows of the poor French doctor who had just lost his wife and was nursing a little orphan on his knee. For himself, he cares not that he is a beggar! But, for that poor father—for that poor sickly child—oh! how the heart of the poor Irish lad beats! and how fondly he wishes he had something, he had plenty, he had a fortune, for them! 'Surely,' thus he meditates and moralizes, 'for such a purpose it is not sinful to wish for riches.' This



sensibility accompanies him all through life, and so does that mournfulness and dejection of spirit."

And finally his religion, for he was at once a Catholic and a republican :

"I raise my voice for the republicanism of Rome. If the majority of the Roman citizens declare for a republic, I pronounce emphatically for the deposition of the temporal power of the Pope. Let the Forum be rebuilt ; let the Senate and the Roman people resume their ancient rule ! Let the city of the Gracchi put on once more the civic crown ! Who upbraids me with apostasy in thus inciting emulation in the war of freedom ? Who ejaculates it is unholy ? Does it involve a recantation of the faith in which I was baptized ? Involve a repudiation of the teachings of the Fathers ? Denial of the sacraments ? Irreverence of the ceremonies ? Infidelity ? Impiety ? Apostasy ? What is it ? If it be a crime, let us have a definition ; if it be a crime, let us have an exposition of it—the law, the logic, and the evidence. If it be a crime, I am guilty through excess of ignorance ; for neither in creed, nor gospel, nor the Fathers have I discovered the verse, chapter, note, article, or passage which forbids me, as a Roman Catholic, to claim for Rome what it is lawful and highly righteous and creditable in me to claim for Sicily, for Sydney, for Mexico, or Moscow. Here, in this instance and at this day, I stand prepared to resist the temporal power of the Pope as strongly as it is more than probable I would have done had I lived in the days of Adrian the Fourth, when, according to Augustine Thierry and others, his Holiness commissioned the Plantagenet to 'enter the Kingdom of Ireland, and there procure payment to the blessed apostle Peter of the annual tribute of one penny for each house.'"

It was not till the war broke out that I met Thomas Francis Meagher at my residence in Philadelphia and my rooms in Washington. Needless to say that he was a charming com-

panion, with just enough of the Irish brogue to give flavor to his humor. He was an early volunteer on the Union side, and did much to swell the Union army by Irish reinforcements. He fought bravely, some say rashly; but he never faltered in his devotion to his adopted country. After the war, he was appointed by President Johnson Secretary of the Territory of Montana; and on the night of July 1, 1867, he died at Fort Benton, on the steamer *George A. Thompson*, and was buried on the 14th of August following in the city of New York, in his forty-seventh year. Perhaps I could not better illustrate his character than by using the words of his compatriot and friend Richard O'Gorman, spoken over his grave:

"What matter to him now whether men praise or blame? The whole world's censure could not hurt him now. But for us, the friends who are left behind; for you, his companions in arms; for me, who was the friend of his youth, and who have loved him ever; for the sake of those who are nearer and dearer to him, of whose grief I cannot bring myself to speak—of his father, his brother; of his son, on whose face he never looked; for the sake, more than all, of that noble lady whose endearing love was the pride and blessing of his life: for all this we do honor to his memory, and strive to weave, as it were, this poor chaplet of flowers over his grave. His faults lie gently on him. For he had faults, as all of us have. But he had virtues too, in whose light his errors were unseen and forgotten. In his youth he loved the land of his birth, and freely gave all he had to give, even his life, to save her and do her honor. He never forgot her. He never said a word that was not meant to help her and raise her. Some things he did say from time to time, which I did not agree with, that seemed to me hasty, passionate, unjust. When men speak much and often, they cannot help sometimes speaking wrong. But he said always what he thought; he never uttered a word that was unmanly or untrue to the cause that was darling to his youth. In Ireland, in

America, he invited no man to danger that he was not ready to share. Never forget this: he gave all, lost all, for the land of his birth. He risked all for the land of his adoption, was her true and loyal soldier, and in the end died in her service. For these things, either in Ireland or America, he will not soon be forgotten; and the grateful instinct of two peoples will do him justice and cherish his memory in their heart of hearts."

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## IX.

## THE TWO BENJAMIN F. BUTLERS.

WE have had two Benjamin F. Butlers, both of New England parentage, and both called after Benjamin Franklin, the printer. I knew the elder, though not so well as his younger namesake, the present aggressive political leader in Massachusetts. They were very dissimilar men, except that both were hard-shell Democrats—the one up to the period of his death, in 1858, and the other up to his forty-third year, when he volunteered against the Rebellion. I ought to add that they were also alike in their ancestry, since one came from Irish and the other from Scotch-Irish grandparents, and both had a strong admixture of New England blood. They were Yankees in their breeding; but the junior had none of the early advantages of his more fortunate namesake, whose father, after his removal to New York, became very prosperous, and who pushed his son forward at an early age, having first armed him with a first-rate education. The father of the junior, while captain of a schooner in the West India trade, died of yellow fever, leaving Benjamin, an infant of five months, to the care of a brave and devoted mother. In other respects they were opposites. Both eminent and marked men, they were very different in temperament. The elder was born December 14, 1795,

at Kinderhook Landing, New York, about thirteen years after Martin Van Buren, who was born December 5, 1782, and whose fast friend he was to the day of his death; the younger at Deerfield, an agricultural town in New Hampshire, on the 5th of November, 1818. I first saw the New York Butler at Baltimore, when he was speaking against the two-third rule in the Democratic National Convention, on the 27th of May, 1844, and was trying to stem the current that was resistlessly carrying his friend Van Buren into political oblivion. He was then nearly forty-nine, and was the embodiment of intense respectability. About the size of President Franklin Pierce, he was, like him, graceful and well poised. Dignified, yet easy of address and fluent of speech, his gray hair gave him a conservative air; and though he spoke well, he labored against the tide, and seemed to be conscious of his doom at the hands of the impetuous little Senator, Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, who sat near taking notes for that reply which carried the two-third rule and crushed Martin Van Buren. In 1839, when he was forty-four, a partial friend drew his character as follows: "His way of life has therefore flowed on like an even and unruffled stream, gathering its quiet depth of volume from a thousand springs unseen to the public eye; and though scarcely noticed by the stranger, yet diffusing a daily beneficent utility to the dwellers upon its tranquil borders, and an object of far higher admiration to the more judicious eye that can better appreciate true excellence." And this after he had been Attorney-general of the United States from November, 1833, to September, 1838, under the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, and before he took part in the succeeding controversies in the Democratic party which culminated in the final defeat of his favorite, the statesman of Kinderhook. He had literally grown up under the influence of Old Hickory and the Albany Regency. He was, so to speak, almost born in the Democratic purple. He was a student of Martin Van Buren, and lived in the fami-



ly of that courteous and skilful leader, and there his mind was improved and his manners formed. The Democrats of New York at that day were led by men of acknowledged force. Silas Wright, Michael Hoffman, William L. Marcy, Gouverneur Kemble, Daniel S. Dickinson, Preston King, and their contemporaries, were constant visitors at the residence of the New York leader; and in the aristocratic and polite circles in which Martin Van Buren lived and moved, alike at Albany, Kinderhook, and Washington, while he was respectively United States Senator, Governor of New York, United States Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President, Benjamin Franklin Butler was always welcome. These were the happy auspices that introduced him to office and distinction; and though he was abused as a man-worshipper, as the echo of Van Buren, and the parasite of Jackson, it can be truly said that he was faithful to both, doubtless because they had been kind to him.

How different with the other Benjamin Franklin Butler! His life has been a tempest from early youth. He prefers rough waters. He delights in a conflict. There is little of man-worship in his nature. He was not reared in what is called good society. "He comes of a fighting stock," says Parton. His father's father fought under Wolfe at Quebec, and was a Continental soldier in 1776. His mother is a descendant of the New Hampshire Cilleys; and Jonathan Cilley, Representative in Congress from Maine, who was killed in a duel, February 26, 1838, at Bladensburg, Md., by W. J. Graves, Representative in Congress from Kentucky, "for words spoken in debate," was his cousin. He literally earned his schooling, and at Waterville College worked at chairmaking three hours a day to pay for his education, and left in debt. He was an early rebel against authority. He quarrelled with the Calvinistic clergy on points of doctrine and on measures of discipline. He even carried his doubts to the verge of irreverence, and was accused of infidelity; but his revolt was the natural scepticism

of youth, too often the unconscious preparation for earnest orthodoxy. He was naturally a disturber, and left college more thorough in his books than obedient to his teachers. In poor health and spirits, he was happily taken to sea by an uncle, captain of a fishing schooner bound to the coast of Labrador. Here he made strength and ambition, and at twenty he came back to Lowell and the law, practised in the police-courts, generally as the advocate of the factory girls who brought suits for wages against the mill-owners ; taught school for six months to get a good suit of clothes, and worked like a drudge eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Up to 1860 little was heard of the Massachusetts Butler save that he was an eccentric, original, daring advocate. His politics kept him in a perpetual minority. He belonged, as I have said, to the school of Jeffersonian Democracy. His father was one of the Isaac Hill men—the stern old radical of the Concord (N. H.) *Patriot*, who hated the Federalists and believed in Jackson ; and so it came that our Massachusetts Benjamin Franklin Butler stood by the South to the last, voted for Jefferson Davis fifty-seven times in the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in April of 1860, and in June following urged Breckinridge as the nominee for President in the adjourned Democratic Baltimore Convention, and supported him with zeal in the campaign which closed with Lincoln's election. True to his character for audacity, he was the Breckinridge candidate for Governor of Massachusetts that year, getting but 6000 out of 170,000 votes.

Everybody relates some incident of Benjamin F. Butler ; and many are laid at his door, as with Mr. Lincoln, that do not belong to him. His repartees in the House, his invective on the stump, his skill in the courts, are so many pretexts for making him the vicarious author of a thousand witticisms. These qualities render him a terror to many ; and no wonder, when we recollect that he has plenty of money (earned by himself), a

rugged constitution, and a prodigious memory to supplement his brains. But he has a good heart, as I know. Once I was threatened with arrest for a political speech that made some sensation. General Butler heard of it, and telegraphed me, "I am ready to act for you, and will do so with pleasure, because I know you are right." A young friend of mine, who had a newspaper that did not pay, wanted help to keep it going, as many a poor fellow, fired with the fervor of types and the glow of paragraphs, has done before and will do again; and, as a last resort, he asked General Butler to lend him seven thousand dollars. The latter knew the debt would be hard to collect—it might never be paid; but, without asking any questions, he gave him a check for the money, and has never since made an allusion to the circumstance. A large bookful of incidents as true as these might be published, including his novel career in Congress and the war. It is not often that one man has done so much in so short a time, and has done it so well. He succeeds by hard work, by intense study, by finding out the weak points of his adversary, by an ever-ready system, and by trying to know a little of everything. I have known many public men in my time, and have heard many men abused, but I never knew one so bitterly assailed as Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. Till the vials of Southern wrath were opened upon him, I thought we had reached a better period, when men would temper their passions and imbibe a little cool sense or warm milk of kindness; but now Northern anger surpasses Southern hate, and even as the latter moderates, the former glows white in its intensity. The cause is easily found. He is an original man, and he takes the responsibility, like all of his kind. He delights, perhaps too much, in severe retort. He is rarely a sentence-maker, unless when he sentences his victims. His very originality breeds envy, and envy is the mother of animosity. The South never forgot his fifty-seven votes for Jeff Davis, especially when he set the slaves free, hanged Mumford, and

forced his harsh yet wholesome medicine upon the rebellious stomachs of Baltimore and New Orleans; and the North, lending a too-willing ear to much that came from the other section, rose at him "like mad" when he voted for the "back pay" and attempted to run for Governor of Massachusetts, as if to get a plaster for his sores.

But observe the sequel! This strange aggressive man is almost always a conqueror. He wins his verdict because, so far, no one serious accusation has been proven against him. His foes are merciless, and he is more than merciless on them. But he does not "keep spite." To-day the South has no more practical or more useful friend. How grandly he came to the defence of the mistaken men implicated by Oakes Ames! He bides his time for self-defence and fair forgiveness. He strikes to hurt always, but he is always ready to heal the wound. His philosophy is evidently that as nobody is perfect, so none shall hold him to infallibility, or accuse him of what they themselves are not innocent. And with this theory he has fought his way through a career that may have been most inconsistent, but is not the less instructive because marked by many a bold and healthy deed, and as yet never disfigured by any *proved* act of injustice or dishonesty.

It is not often that two men of exactly the same name have figured so conspicuously in national affairs. I have seen father and son—Henry and A. C. Dodge, of Iowa—in the same Congress. I have seen three Washburn brothers in the same House. The Adams family have given the nation two Presidents. General Butler himself a member of the popular branch, while his son-in-law, General Ames, was a Senator from Mississippi; and young Hale, the Representative from the Fifth Maine district, was the son-in-law of Senator Chandler, of Michigan. But a coincidence like that of the two Benjamin F. Butlers I have noted is unusual, if not entirely without parallel.



## X.

## FORNEY'S "PRESS."

MACAULAY'S future New-Zealander, sitting on London Bridge pondering over the ruins of St. Paul's, is not a more curious fancy than the return of Benjamin Franklin to the walks of life, and the estimate he would place upon the ten thousand changes that have appeared since he was laid away in the little graveyard, corner of Fifth and Arch streets, in the city of Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. But nothing would surprise him so much as the growth of newspapers. In 1776, fourteen years before he died, there were only 37 newspapers in the colonies, of which 9 were in Pennsylvania, all of them weekly but the semi-weekly Philadelphia *Advertiser*. In 1800, ten years after his death, the number in the entire United States had increased to 200. In 1872 there were nearly four times as many publications in the city of Philadelphia alone as were published in the whole country in 1776, and within 57 as many as there were in the country in 1800; in other words, 143. In Pennsylvania, in 1874, there were 645, divided as follows: Daily, 70; tri-weekly, 2; semi-weekly, 2; weekly, 462; bi-weekly, 2; semi-monthly, 14; monthly, 82; bi-monthly, 2; quarterly, 9; total, 645. Sum total, same year, of the whole nation, 6875. He would not only find everybody over fifteen taking or reading a newspaper, or hearing it read, but thousands rushing into the business itself; in fact, a nation literally wild on the subject of writing, printing, and publishing. There is an "organ" of somebody or something in every main street in a great city; one to three in every leading Northern town; one in every village of the slightest pretensions—all organs of somebody or something, grinding away in one chorus, sometimes discordant enough, but sufficiently harmonious on the single *ego*—the omnipresent *axe*, whether politics, law, divinity, medicine, science, art, agriculture,

horticulture, floriculture, geology, architecture; the axe English, German, French, Italian, Welsh, Scandinavian, Hebrew, and even Greek and Latin! Men start newspapers as they start collieries or banks or taverns, often without the slightest experience. Fortunes are poured into the insatiate crater, sometimes to come up into gold, but too often into ashes and ruins. Brains are taxed and tortured for infinite ideas and sensations, for endless machinery to circulate this reservoir of theory, speculation, and sometimes insanity. "Benjamin Franklin, printer," would stare at a posterity of which he was at least the nurse, if not the parent, and would hold up his hands in despair at this mighty mass of words, and in horror at the possibility of any human means for their digestion. And if in his curiosity he asked for the statistics of the world's printing-house, and were told that more books and papers were printed a hundred times over than there are millions of people on the habitable globe, I fear he would beg to be carried back to his quiet Quaker grave to avoid the certain collapse of a universe soon to be drowned in another deluge—of ink; smothered in one vast shroud of newspapers; or buried under a ponderous pyramid of books, uncut, unread, uncriticised, and unspeakably damned.

I claim to know a little about newspapers, for I was fairly reared in a printing-office, having served as "devil," apprentice, and journeyman; as compositor, copy-holder, proof-reader, pressman, reporter, and finally editor. I have worked with the buckskin balls and pulled the old wooden Ramage; have made and pushed the glue roller; have worked off large editions on the Washington iron press; and have finally owned an eight-cylinder lightning Hoe, which, with its modern rivals, more than realizes the fictions of the Arabian genii. Harnessed in steam, with lightning couriers, they "strike the loud earth breathless" with their thunder, and fill the very heavens with their millions of messengers. I have seen many a small sheet expand into a great blanket, and fold itself and die; and I have

watched the few firstlings of a penny paper till they came to thousands of households, like so many morning intelligences. What a school is a printing-office ! What a short space in history is a generation ; and yet what revolutions are crowded into it ! The hours I spent at the case and the press were made delightful by the reading of the day. We had comparatively few newspapers, and so we read them through and through. There was no *Philadelphia Ledger*, but we regaled ourselves with Joseph R. Chandler's "Letters from my Arm-chair," in the *United States Gazette*; there was no *New York Tribune*, but we drew inspiration from the splendid typography and nervous Saxon of Horace Greeley's *Weekly New-Yorker*; there were no *Atlantic* and *Harper*, but we revelled in the pages of Waldie's Library ; we had no Macaulay or Bancroft to write us history, but we were satisfied with Hinton and Hildreth ; we had no Dickens or Thackeray, or Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, or Alfred Tennyson or Oliver Wendell Holmes, with their wonderful art, so rapid, dazzling, and supernatural ; but we lived in the gorgeous world of Walter Scott, hung round with the marvellous drapery of Byron, and made musical with the enchanting melodies of Thomas Moore. Byron died in 1824, Scott in 1832, and Moore in 1852, and were the gods of the reading-world, and especially of the small gods in the printing-offices. Now we are so bombarded with books, and so ingulfed in newspapers, that we are lucky if we can read the title-pages of the first and the telegraphic head-lines of the second.

After being connected with two other newspapers, I resolved to establish *The Press*, March 14, 1857. It was a daring experiment. Without capital, though not without friends, I had nothing to begin with but good health, industry, some experience, and, above all, an enthusiastic love of my work. No man can make a successful newspaper, or anything else, without congenial assistants. I therefore cast about me for the best auxiliary literary and business talent, and I was most fortunate in securing it.

## XI.

## ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

A NEWSPAPER editor must know all sorts of people ; but no class is more agreeable, and, in the long run, more honorable, than the players. They are the happiest men and women of the times, taken in the aggregate ; and though living apart in a world of their own, with peculiar habits, and very generally misunderstood by the pietists, they can boast, at least, of conferring a great deal of pleasure, and of being, with few exceptions, kind and loyal to each other. They live in the midst of temptations, and many give way to the fascinations around them. And no wonder, when we remember that success is so rewarded with applause and riches. A handsome and gifted woman like Ellen Tree, Fanny Kemble, and Josephine Clifton, in their prime thirty years ago, or like Miss Neilson and Fanny Davenport in these days, is a source of infinite joy to herself and delight to others. Every female impulse and inclination is gratified ; and especially the highest, that of being envied by their own sex and admired by the other. The coronet has glittered on the brow of many a poor actress in the Old World, whose only dowry was her loveliness and her genius. In this country a beautiful and accomplished woman never fails to make her fortune on the stage, and it is simply her own fault if she does not attain the highest social position. With the men, great talents go much further ; they wield a larger influence outside of their profession. What public character, in any station, was ever more courted than David Garrick?—though in his case great gifts as an actor were supplemented by greater gifts as a wit and a dramatist. And who was more welcome in every circle than Joseph Jefferson, senior, or his grandson and namesake, the Joseph Jefferson of to-day ? And who that remembers Tyrone Power, William Wood, William E. Burton, Edwin



Forrest, W. E. Macready, or knew their successors, Edwin Booth, John Brougham, William Wheatley, E. L. Davenport, James E. Murdoch, John S. Clarke, E. A. Sothern, Charles Fechter, will not say that in all that constitutes true gentlemen they were and are the peers of any equal number taken from any other vocation in life? In scholarship, in conversation, in manners, in personal integrity, in broad humanity, their example may be quoted fearlessly in comparison with the example of others. How often you hear of criminals among the learned professions, even among the clergy! How few among the actors! It is true that dramatic eminence is more frequent among the men than the women; and sometimes I think the modern stage is not half so prolific of female genius as the stage of past times; but then in every play the leading characters and the majority of the *dramatis personæ* are men, and the women are generally secondary and always few. And as every comedy or tragedy is but a reflex of society and government, in which the men always figure most prominently, the ladies must be content with the fact that if they are not so numerous or so conspicuous, they are more loved and obeyed.

The actors I knew best were Mr. Forrest (of whom I have written at great length elsewhere), William Evans Burton, William Rufus Blake, William Wheatley, Joseph Jefferson, James E. Murdoch, W. S. Fredericks, E. L. Davenport, John Brougham, James W. Wallack, E. S. Conner, and Barney Williams. Of this list Burton, who was born in London, England, September, 1802, and died in New York, February, 1860, and Brougham, who was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1814, and is still living in New York, were famous as writers and actors. Everybody recollects Burton's *Gentlemen's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, in 1837, a most successful monthly, and yet before he came to America he wrote the play of "Ellen Wareham," which was played at five theatres in London on the same evening. I have now before me his "Encyclopædia of Wit and Humor," pub-

lished in 1858. At the age of eighteen he had learned his father's trade of printer, and edited a monthly magazine. He wrote on many subjects, was a fine Shakespearian scholar, and died possessed of a splendid Shakespearian library, several of the best editions of which were purchased by Mr. Forrest. As a comic actor he was unrivalled. His *Wormwood* in the "Lottery Ticket," his *Dogberry* in "As You Like It," his *Graves* in "Money," his *Aminadab Sleek* and *Toodles*, both his creations; his *Grave-digger* in "Hamlet," and a host more, equally wonderful—who that ever saw can ever forget them? His face would set the house in a roar. And as a boon companion, he was witty himself and the cause of wit in others. John Brougham is also a fine *littérateur*. Born in Dublin, May 9, 1814, he entered the profession in 1830, and in 1840 appeared as an author. He has written one hundred and fourteen dramatic pieces—comedies, farces, and sketches, including inimitable burlesques of "Metamora" and "Pocahontas," and, with him as the delineator, never surpassed; and has contributed to many periodicals, including the editorship of a comic paper called *The Lantern*, twenty-one years ago. Dr. Mackenzie, who wrote the sketch of Mr. Brougham in the first volume of the plays of the latter, published in 1856, once related to me a striking anecdote connected with the authorship of "Pocahontas," which illustrates, in a remarkable manner, the triumph of mind over matter. Mr. Brougham, who was a member of the brilliant company then performing at Wallack's Theatre, Broadway and Broome Street, had engaged to write a burlesque, to be produced by Mr. James Wallack, as the Christmas piece for 1855. Before he had been able to do more than roughly sketch the plot, he had to undergo a painful and dangerous surgical operation, which confined him to his bed for weeks. Under these circumstances, he suffered much mental excitement, from the dread that he would be unable to carry out his contract with Mr. Wallack. Dr. Mackenzie offered to

act as his friend's amanuensis. Accordingly, he wrote down with a pencil the whole of "Pocahontas," dictated amidst the greatest bodily suffering, the composition being frequently interrupted by paroxysms of pain; but mind was triumphant. The drama, which overflows with wit and extravagant humor, was dictated, from first to last, without alteration or hesitation, just as if it were the recitation of a piece committed to memory. Dr. Mackenzie said, "Since the time when Walter Scott, also suffering intense bodily pain, dictated the most striking scenes in 'Ivanhoe' to William Laidlaw, there has been nothing to match this." A few days before Christmas the play was finished, Mr. Brougham and Mr. James G. Maeder, the composer, making the musical arrangements between them; and when the piece was produced, Mr. Brougham, although still suffering so much that he ought to have been in bed, appeared as *Powhatan*, one of the most effective of his many lively characters. His versatility in early youth, when, in 1830, in his seventeenth year, he appeared in one night as a countryman, costermonger, sweep, gentleman, sailor, and jockey, in the old play of "Tom and Jerry," has marked his whole after-career on the stage; and there has been no better *Cassio*, *Don Cæsar*, *Charles Surface*, *Dazzle*, *Rover*; no finer *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*, or *Sir Peter Teazle*, or *Doctor Syntax*, or *Rory O'More*, or *Wilkins Micawber*, or *Captain Cuttle*; no more genuine sailor or soldier; no better singer of Irish songs, in the modern theatre. A handsome, dashing, humorous, educated gentleman, he has shone in every, and is equal to any, social circle. But, unlike many less-gifted men, John Brougham has gathered no riches, save the love and confidence of thousands of friends.

But I cannot tell you, in this hurried sketch, of the many happy hours I have spent with Blake (who died, aged fifty-eight, in April, 1863), Jefferson, Barney Williams, Murdoch, Wheatley, Conner, Fredericks, and Davenport, or of the great parts they have played. I can only tell you that Jefferson was born in

Philadelphia, February 20, 1829; Williams, in Cork, Ireland, in 1823; Conner, in Philadelphia, September 9, 1809; Wheatley, in New York, December 5, 1816; Murdoch, in Philadelphia, in 1812; Davenport, in Boston, in 1816; W. S. Fredericks, in Dublin, in 1802. Of these, Williams, Wheatley, Davenport, and Fredericks are gone.

Let me close this sketch with a reference to Charlotte Cushman, whom I first saw in my native town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania—shall I say it?—in 1840, in company with her lovely sister, Susan (who died at Liverpool, May 10, 1859, as Mrs. Sheridan Musprat), as one of a little company of players who dropped in upon us that summer. She was then about twenty-six, and she died in Boston, February 18, 1876.

Miss Cushman almost entirely retired from her professional labors, and with a fortune well won by her great and acknowledged genius, a genius which bears the approving stamp of both sides of the Atlantic, built for herself an elegant and tasteful villa in Newport, where she dispensed her hospitality, as she did in Rome, with a grace which is seldom equalled. A friend who passed some weeks at her beautiful mansion during the summer tells us that as hostess she is even more admirable and charming than when on the stage she held her audience spell-bound by the mighty powers of her transcendent talents. The home circle seems her natural place, for there she is more than a star—a radiant sun, dispensing light and smiles impartially to all of her household, her relations, and friends, by a crowd of which she is always surrounded—and holds the place, in the estimation of high and low, more like that of a retired queen than a retired artiste. Born in Boston, July 23, 1816, her first professional trial was as a contralto in a social concert, March 25, 1830. That was her choice; but, losing her voice in 1835, she turned to the stage and soon reached a high rank as *Lady Macbeth*, *Lady Teazle*, *Lady Gay Spanker*, *Lydia Languish*, *Emilia*, *Queen*



*Katharine*, etc. But it was only when she appeared in Europe that her countrymen began fully to appreciate her. February 15, 1845, she made her *début* in London as *Bianca* in "Fazio," and afterwards supported Forrest and Macready with brilliant success. Her independent engagement was marked by her personation of *Romeo* to her sister Susan's *Juliet*, an experiment that took the great city by storm. She repeated it eighty nights in London, and many times in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Her varied accomplishments gave her the *entrée* to the best society in all the British capitals. She was welcomed at the famous Sunday breakfasts of the venerable Samuel Rogers, meeting everywhere statesmen, scholars, clergymen, artists, and the eminent ladies of the realm. Fortune followed her European fame rapidly. She began to tread that path of triumph at home which has ever since been strewn with flowers. She alternated between the Old and the New World, adding to her reputation and her riches. At Rome her residence was the resort of the best culture of all countries. If Charlotte earned money like a well-conducted bank, she spent it like a princess. At the Roman capital she was distinguished for love of her country during the war; and in 1863 she played for the United States Sanitary Committee, and paid \$8267.29 as the proceeds of five performances in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, and Boston.

Preserving her faculties in a remarkable degree, Miss Cushman was undoubtedly the leading woman of her profession. She had no equal on the English stage, and no superior in any other country. In her sixtieth year, she was the best living interpreter of the best characters in Shakespeare; the only *Nancy Sykes* and *Meg Merrilies*; the real *Mrs. Haller* in "The Stranger;" while in certain high-comedy pieces she stood alone. As a reader she was superb; and even in home ballads, like those by Carleton ("Betsy and I Are Out"), none approached her.

I met her several times before her death, once in society among a number of learned and brilliant people. Her hair was white, but her heart was young; her complexion fresh, her step firm, her mind bright, and her memory retentive. She commanded attention by her ability, and won and held affection by her simple manners and honest enthusiasm. I am glad to repeat that she had grown wealthy, and that she was a property-holder in Philadelphia, New York, Rhode Island, and, I think, in Rome; besides, she always used what was her own for the benefit of those who shared her friendship and deserved her charity. And what shed a rich lustre on her character was the kindness with which she treated her own profession. I said to her, "You are now alone in your great art; your fame has no competitor. Where shall we find an equal to succeed you?" "No, my good friend," was her sweet reply, "nobody is indispensable. Madame Janaushek is my equal; and, besides, she is younger, and so handsome!"

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## XII.

REVEALING PRIVATE LETTERS.—H. J. RAYMOND, HORACE GREELEY, AND W. H. SEWARD.

"I HAVE not shown, in a single instance, and I cannot think I shall show, even to my nearest friend, a letter written against him to me, because I consider it a breach of confidence." These were the words of James Buchanan, June 12, 1839, in reply to Simon Cameron, when the latter, as one of three commissioners appointed by President Van Buren, July 21, 1838, to examine into the claims of the half-breed relatives of the Winnebago Indians, being arraigned by Major Ethan Allen Hitchcock, United States Army, Military Disbursing Agent at St. Louis, on certain grave charges of malpractices in office,

called upon Mr. Buchanan for the contents of a letter of the aforesaid Major Hitchcock, then, and up to the hour of his death, one of the bravest and truest men in the service of his country. Mr. Buchanan's letter was printed in a mass of other correspondence at Harrisburg, February 22, 1855. The rule here laid down by the ex-President he never violated. The subject of publishing private letters is interesting to every circle of society; and a few illustrations may be pleasant reading.

There never was a more marked instance of magnanimity than the manner in which General Grant treated the private letter of Admiral D. D. Porter, several years ago, when that production was revealed. The case was extremely delicate, and many of the generous Admiral's enemies expected that it would lead to a complete alienation between him and General Grant; but the latter soon ended all suspense by returning the call of the impetuous but warm-hearted sailor, and by smoking the cigar of peace over the unfortunate epistle.

A few days ago, I found a batch of old letters from public men, most of them dead; and, after reading them carefully, consigned them to the flames. There was not much in them that might not have been printed; but they were "private," and therefore sacred.

General Winfield Scott was an impulsive correspondent. He could hardly keep out of print; and when he was the Whig candidate for President in 1852, his "hasty-plate-of-soup" letters made sad havoc in the ranks of his friends. He fell under the deep displeasure of General Jackson, doubtless on account of his free writing; and in 1834-35 the following incident took place at the presidential mansion while General Scott was dining with President Jackson: "Scott, being on a short visit to Washington, had the honor to be invited to dine with President Jackson, and was further complimented by being assigned to conduct an agreeable lady (to him a stranger) to the table, where he was desired to place her between the President and

himself. Towards the end of the sitting, General Jackson said to the fair lady, in a labored pleasantry—that is, with ill-disguised bitterness—‘I see you are pleased with the attentions of your neighbor. Do you know he has condemned all the measures of my Administration?’ Mrs. ——— was perfectly shocked. Scott promptly replied, ‘Mr. President, you are in part mistaken. I thought highly of your proclamation against the nullifiers, and yesterday, in the Senate, I was equally pleased with your special message on the French indemnity question, which I heard read.’ ‘That’s candid!’ retorted the President. ‘He thinks well of two—but two—of my measures.’ The lady evidently regarded him, like the General, as a bad subject of the realm. The most unsuspecting nature might now plainly see that the bolt was forged, and would in due time be launched.”

But perhaps no private letter was ever made public which created as much sensation as that of Horace Greeley to W. H. Seward, November 11, 1854, and called out after Abraham Lincoln had defeated Mr. Seward for the Republican nomination for President at the Chicago Convention, May 17, 1860. Everybody recollects that Mr. Greeley was bitterly assailed for his opposition to Mr. Seward at Chicago. The veteran Thurlow Weed was on the ground working for his friend with all his energies. Never was that able and loyal gentleman—loyal to those he liked through good and evil report—more absorbed in any political struggle. Side by side with Mr. William M. Evarts, the eminent New York lawyer, and to-day the conceded chief of the active American bar, Carl Schurz, James Watson Webb, and Henry J. Raymond, Thurlow Weed fought for his choice. But Greeley was their antagonist, steady, cool, and full of resources. His preference was Edward Bates, of Missouri; and, without attacking Seward, he stood by his own man, knowing that any blow he struck for him was against Seward; for the candidate from New York, however deserving, could not make an easy race weighted by such a foe as



Greeley, the powerful editor of the New York *Tribune*. Lincoln was nominated, and the Seward men opened upon Greeley as the cause of Seward's failure. Henry J. Raymond paid a visit to Auburn, the residence of Mr. Seward, soon after the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, and from thence wrote to the New York *Times* a fierce indictment of Greeley. He charged the latter with having done more to defeat Mr. Seward "than the whole family of Blairs, together with all the gubernatorial candidates." "His voice was potential precisely where Governor Seward was strongest." But the sentence that called out the private letter was this: "While it was known that, nearly six years ago, in November, 1854, he [Greeley] had privately, but distinctly, repudiated all further political friendship for, or alliance with, Governor Seward, and menaced him with his hostility where it could be made effective, no use was made of this knowledge in quarters where it would have disarmed the deadly effect of his pretended friendship for the man upon whom he was thus deliberately wreaking the long-hoarded revenge of a disappointed office-seeker."

The answer was a bold demand for the private communication or threat. Not responded to at first, the call for it was iterated, from day to day, in *The Tribune*. Mr. Seward must have felt the extreme awkwardness of the position in which he was placed, and, doubtless, Mr. Raymond, always susceptible, realized his mistake in publicly alluding to a perfectly confidential communication. But Greeley was resolute, and defied the revelation of the offending letter. I give it entire, not because it is new to the reader—although many will see it for the first time—but because it is a rare disclosure of wounded friendship and pride, and a faithful picture of the treatment of too many of "the slaves of the pen." Perhaps a good deal of Mr. Greeley's independence resulted from this experience, and, if so, his personal disappointment was a benefit to his country. No true journalist is half as effective as when he is free to

...speak as he feels; when his better nature is not stifled by office, and when he can do right without fear. The reader here sees Greeley in his natural colors; in fact, a portrait of himself by himself. It is easy to imagine how he must have writhed under this revelation; but he bore it bravely, and fought brilliantly for Lincoln, and against the Rebellion to the bitter end.

“NEW YORK, Saturday Evening, Nov. 11, 1854.

“GOVERNOR SEWARD,—The election is over, and its results are sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley by the withdrawal of the junior partner—said withdrawal to take effect on the morning after the first Tuesday in February next. And, as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised rather more than a year ago by an editorial rescript in the *Evening Journal*, formally reading me out of the Whig party, that I was esteemed no longer either useful or ornamental in the concern, you will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscences which seem to befit the occasion.

“I was a poor young printer and editor of a literary journal—a very active and bitter Whig in a small way, but not seeking to be known out of my own ward committee, when, after the great political revulsion of 1837, I was one day called to the City Hotel, where two strangers introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed and Lewis Benedict, of Albany. They told me that a cheap campaign paper of a peculiar stamp at Albany had been resolved on, and that I had been selected to edit it. The announcement might well be deemed flattering by one who never even sought the notice of the great, and who was not known as a partisan writer, and I eagerly embraced their proposal. They asked me to fix my salary for the year. I named \$1000, which they agreed to, and I did the work required to the best of my ability.

“It was work that made no figure and created no sensation; but I loved it, and I did it well. When it was done, you were Governor, dispensing offices worth \$3000 to \$20,000 per year to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust, and my desperate battle with pecuniary obligations heaped upon me by bad partners in business and the disastrous events of 1837. I believe that it did not then occur to me that some one of these abundant places might have been offered to me without injustice. I now think it should have occurred to you. If it did occur to me, I was not the man to ask you for it. I think that should not have been necessary. I only remember that no friend at Albany inquired as to my pecuniary circumstances; that your friend (but not mine), Robert C. Wet-

more, was one of the chief dispensers of your patronage here; and that such devoted compatriots as A. H. Wells and John Hoops were lifted by you out of pauperism into independence, as I am glad I was not; and yet an inquiry from you as to my needs and means at that time would have been timely and held ever in great remembrance.

"In the Harrison campaign of 1840, I was again designated to edit a campaign paper. I published it as well, and ought to have made something by it, in spite of its extremely low price. My extreme poverty was the main reason why I did not. It compelled me to hire press-work, mailing, etc., done by the job, and high prices for extra work nearly ate me up. At the close, I was still without property and in debt, but this paper had rather improved my position.

"Now came the great scramble of the swell-mob of coon minstrels and cider-suckers at Washington, I not being counted in. Several regiments of them went on from this city; but no one of the whole crowd—though I say it who should not—had done so much towards General Harrison's nomination and election as yours respectfully. I asked nothing, expected nothing; but you, Governor Seward, ought to have asked that I be Postmaster of New York. Your asking would have been in vain; but it would have been an act of grace neither wasted nor undeserved.

"I soon after started *The Tribune*, because I was urged to do so by certain of your friends, and because such a paper was needed here. I was promised certain pecuniary aid in so doing. It might have been given me without cost or risk to any one. All I ever had was a loan by piecemeal of one thousand dollars from James Coggeshall (God bless his honored memory). I did not ask for this, and I think it is the one sole case in which I ever received a pecuniary favor from a political associate. I am very thankful that he did not die till it was fully repaid.

"And let me here honor one grateful recollection. When the Whig party, under your rule, had offices to give, my name was never thought of; but when, in 1842-43, we were hopelessly out of power, I was honored with the party nomination for State Printer. When we came again to have a State Printer to elect as well as nominate, the place went to Weed, as it ought. Yet it is worth something to know that there was once a time when it was not deemed too great a sacrifice to recognize me as belonging to your household. If a new office had not since been created on purpose to give its valuable patronage to H. J. Raymond, and enable St. John to show forth his *Times* as the organ of the Whig State Administration, I should have been still more grateful.

"In 1848 your star again rose, and my warmest hopes were realized in your election to the Senate. I was no longer needy, and had no more claim

than desire to be recognized by General Taylor. I think I had some claim to forbearance from you. What I received thereupon was a most humiliating lecture in the shape of a decision in the libel case of Redfield and Pringle, and an obligation to publish it in my own and the other journals of our supposed firm. I thought, and still think, this lecture needlessly cruel and mortifying.

"The plaintiffs, after using my columns to the extent of their needs or desires, stopped writing, and called on me for the name of their assailant. I proffered it to them—a thoroughly responsible name. They refused to accept it unless it should prove to be one of the four or five first men in Batavia—when they had known from the first who it was, and that it was neither of them. They would not accept that which they had demanded. They sued me instead for money, and money you were at liberty to give them to your heart's content. I do not think you were at liberty to humiliate me in the eyes of my own and your public as you did. I think you exalted your own judicial sternness and fearlessness unduly at my expense. I think you had a better occasion for the display of these qualities when Webb threw himself untimely upon you for a pardon which he had done all a man could do to merit. (His paper is paying you for it now.)

"I have publicly set forth my view of your and our duty with respect to fusion, Nebraska, and party designations. I will not repeat any of that. I have referred also to Weed's reading me out of the Whig party, my crime being, in this as in some other things, that of doing to-day what more political persons will not be ready to do till to-morrow.

"Let me speak of the late canvass. I was once sent to Congress for ninety days merely to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat therein for four years. I think I never hinted to any human being that I would have liked to be put forward for any place. But James W. White (you hardly know how good and true a man he is) started my name for Congress, and Brooks's packed delegation thought I could help him through, so I was put on behind him.

"But this last spring, after the Nebraska question had created a new state of things at the North, one or two personal friends of no political consideration suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not discourage them. Soon the persons who were afterwards mainly instrumental in nominating Clark came about me and asked if I could secure the Know-Nothing vote. I told them I neither would nor could touch it. On the contrary, I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon, they turned upon Clark.

"I said nothing—did nothing. A hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson. I never hinted at



my own name. But by-and-by Weed came down and called me to him to tell me why he could not support me for Governor. (I had never asked nor counted on his support.)

"I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate me, but he did. The upshot of his discourse (very cautiously stated) was this: If I were a candidate for Governor, I should beat, not only myself, but you. Perhaps that was true. But, as I had not in any manner solicited his or your support, I thought this might have been said to my friends rather than to me. I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected Governor as a Whig. But had he and you been favorable, there would have been a party in the State ere this which could and would have elected me to any post, without injuring yourself or endangering your re-election.

"It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner asked a nomination. At length I was nettled by his language—well intended, but very cutting, as addressed by him to me—to say, in substance, 'Well, then, make Patterson Governor, and try my name for Lieutenant. To lose this place is a matter of no importance; and we can see whether I am really so odious.'

"I should have hated to serve as Lieutenant-governor, but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to have my enemies all upon me at once. I am tired of fighting them piecemeal. And, though I should have been beaten in the canvass, I know that my running would have helped the ticket and helped my paper.

"It was thought best to let the matter take another course. No other name could have been put on the ticket so bitterly humbling to me as that which was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond; the fight left to me. And, Governor Seward, *I have made it*, though it be conceited in me to say so. What little fight there has been I have stirred up. Even Weed has not been (I speak of his paper) hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieutenant-governor has taken care of its own interests and let the canvass take care of itself, as it early declared it would do.

"That journal has, because of its milk-and-water course, some twenty thousand subscribers in this city and its suburbs, and of these twenty thousand I venture to say more voted for Ullman and Scroggs than for Clark and Raymond. *The Tribune*, also, because of its character, has but eight thousand subscribers within the same radius, and I venture that of its habitual readers nine tenths voted for Clark and Raymond, very few for Ullman and Scroggs. I had to bear the brunt of the contest and take a terrible responsibility, in order to prevent the Whigs uniting upon James W. Barker in order to defeat Fernando Wood.

"Had Barker been elected here, neither you nor I could walk these streets without being hooted, and Know-Nothingism would have swept like a prairie

fire. I stopped Barker's election at the cost of incurring the deadliest enmity of the defeated gang; and I have been rebuked for it by the Lieutenant-governor's paper. At the critical moment he came out against John Wheeler in favor of Charles H. Marshall, who would have been your deadliest enemy in the House; and even your Colonel-general's paper, which was even with me in insisting that Wheeler should be returned, wheeled about at the last moment, and went in for Marshall, *The Tribune* alone clinging to Wheeler till the last. I rejoice that they who turned so suddenly were not able to turn all their readers.

"Governor Seward, I know that some of your most cherished friends think me a great obstacle to your advancement; that John Schoolcraft, for one, insists that you and Weed shall not be identified with me. I trust after a time you will not be. I trust I shall never be found in opposition to you. I have no further wish but to glide out of the newspaper world as quietly and speedily as possible, join my family in Europe, and, if possible, stay there quite a time—long enough to cool my fevered brain and renovate my overtasked energies. All I ask is that we shall be counted even on the morning after the first Tuesday in February, as aforesaid, and that I may thereafter take such course as seems best without reference to the past.

"You have done me acts of valued kindness in the line of your profession. Let me close with the assurance that these will ever be gratefully remembered by  
Yours,  
HORACE GREELEY.

"Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, present."

The venerable Thurlow Weed, the only one of the firm yet alive, deeply regretted that the letter had been forced out, because "it destroyed ideals of disinterested generosity, which relieved political life from so much that is selfish, sordid, and rapacious."

Mr. Seward was made Secretary of State by President Lincoln after this angry altercation, and I think his relations with Mr. Greeley were never very cordial afterwards. The private letter, made public, hung like a cloud between them.

## XIII.

EMINENT OLD MEN.—VICE-PRESIDENT GEORGE M. DALLAS.—  
W. W. CORCORAN.—PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE.—GENERAL  
WINFIELD SCOTT.—HENRY C. CAREY.

I DO not know anything more charming, always excepting a lovely woman, than a handsome old man—one who, like a winter apple, is ruddy and ripe with time, and yet sound to the heart. Such a man was George M. Dallas at sixty, with his white hair, stately step, and graceful figure ; and not unlike him in manner and in person, at about the same age, were W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, and Edward Everett, of Boston. Sumner, too, though of a different type, bore his age grandly, with his classic face and iron-gray locks.

Mr. Fillmore was one of the most impressive men I ever saw when he became President, on the death of General Taylor, in July, 1850. At the inauguration of his successor, Franklin Pierce, March 4, 1853, the incoming and outgoing chiefs were fine specimens of vigorous manhood. Fillmore was in his fifty-fourth year and Pierce in his fiftieth. The ceremonies were unusually pleasing, and nothing could exceed the courtly manner of Fillmore as he received, and parted from, Pierce. The Whigs had fallen out with the former because of his course on the Compromise measures ; and Webster, his Secretary of State, with Rufus Choate, and many others of equal note, had been cool to General Scott, the Whig candidate in 1852. The courtesies interchanged between the ex-President and the President elect were something more than cold formalities.

At this time (1853) there was no personage at the capital who looked like a great man so much as General Winfield Scott. He was in his sixty-seventh year, and his history was as eventful as his appearance was distinguished. Of lofty, almost gigantic, stature, erect and soldierly, with a face (now before

me in a steel engraving, from a photograph) like the best of the antique medallions, he was, with all his vanity, most cultivated and captivating. He had seen much of society and of men. In his youth a soldier and a lady's man, he had read a great deal, and remembered what he read. Born in Virginia, his grandfather was a Scotchman of the clan Buccleugh, who fled across the Atlantic "with a small purse" of borrowed money, and "a good stock of Latin, Greek, and Scotch jurisprudence." His father died a captain in the Revolutionary army when Winfield was six years old. He was well educated, and especially in the classics; was a law student at nineteen, and, soon after he was admitted, was present at the trial of Aaron Burr in 1807, for high-treason, at Richmond, Virginia. The young lawyer met or saw there Andrew Jackson, a witness; Washington Irving; Luther Martin, the great lawyer that defended Aaron Burr; William Wirt; Commodore Truxtun; John Randolph, foreman, and Littleton W. Tazewell, member, of the Grand Jury; John Taylor, of Caroline; and John Marshall, Chief-justice of the United States. Jefferson, the President, earnestly pushed the prosecution; but Marshall ruled on the other side, and Burr escaped. "He was," says Scott in his autobiography, "the great central figure below the bench. There he stood, in the hands of power, on the brink of danger, as composed, as immovable, as one of Canova's living marbles." After this, Scott practised law at Charleston, South Carolina, and there met William Lowndes, Langdon Cheves, and William Drayton. John C. Calhoun had not yet appeared on the public stage. Shortly after, eager to be a soldier, he visited President Jefferson at Washington. There were three great talkers present—Dr. Mitchell, of New York, and W. B. Giles and Dr. Walter Jones, of Virginia—who silenced Jefferson and the young lawyer. Suddenly, in a pause in the conversation, Jefferson said, "I have just thought of an object to which to compare the House of Representatives: it is like the chimneys to our dwellings; it carries off the smoke



of party, which might otherwise stifle the nation." Commissioned at last as a captain of light or flying artillery, May 3, 1808, he began the career which has made him illustrious. The last time I saw him was just before the battle of Bull Run, in 1861, at his private quarters on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the War Department, in his seventy-sixth year. He was very stout and feeble, but, as usual, polite and stately. His voice was low, and, I thought, affected; but his heart was full of love for his country. He was not an extremist; few were so then. He was hurt by Robert E. Lee's defection, and he clung to the regulars as the strong right arm of the Government. As I sat at his side, and received a glass of champagne from his own hands, I silently read the story of his wonderful military life. A prisoner, after his gallantry at Queenstown, in 1812; afterwards exchanged; his exploit at Fort George; his victory over the British at Fort Erie, July 3, 1814; next day (July 4) his advance upon Chippewa; and on the 5th defeating and routing the confident foe; followed by Lundy's Lane, or Bridgewater, twenty days after, in which he lost two horses, killed under him. Before his wounds were healed, and even while Jackson was whipping the British at New Orleans (January 8, 1815), peace was concluded. He next visited Europe, reaching there after the battle of Waterloo, an object of great distinction. His standard work, "General Regulations," was written in 1825. His courage and wisdom in the Indian War, in the Nullification crisis, and in the Canadian rebellion proved the diplomatist and the soldier. And then the drama of the Mexican war, gallantly conducted and magnificently closed; his canvass for President; his elevation to the Lieutenant-generalship by a Democratic Congress; his invaluable services in securing the safe inauguration of Lincoln—all these scenes, including his disputes with General Jackson and the accomplished N. P. Trist (now living in Philadelphia), his numerous letters on politics—all of them passed before me as I studied his splendid

features and listened to his views on the war. He sailed for Europe November 9, 1861, to recover his broken health, sent abroad on full pay and allowances by a special act of Congress; and July 5, 1863, in his seventy-seventh year, published his curious autobiography, abounding in his eccentricities, yet very pleasant reading. He died at West Point in 1864.

But of all the old men I have known, Henry C. Carey lived most heartily and happily in congenial work. Down to within a few days of his death, on the 13th of October, 1879, in his eighty-seventh year, he was the hospitable host, the busy writer, the rapid talker, the omnivorous reader, and always without glasses; and he would walk into my little den with the quick step, bright eye, and cheery voice of a man of forty. He was fortunate in having for his eulogist his contemporary and friend, Dr. William Elder, of Washington, D. C., whose tribute at our historical society was a consummate production.

I have just condensed some of the leading events in the life of Winfield Scott, the soldier. That of Henry C. Carey, the thinker, was longer and equally eventful. The son of Mathew Carey, an Irish patriot, who was for more than a quarter of a century one of the ablest Democratic editors during the administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, he succeeded his father in his extensive publishing business in 1821, and continued a pursuit so congenial to his tastes until 1838, when he began to devote himself to political economy, and from that to the day of his death his labors have been more steady and continuous than the labor of the soldier, and his works as valuable in their effect upon the mind of man. To combat and overthrow erroneous ideas is like conquering an empire; to elevate and liberate the mind is better than to improve and liberate the body.

## XIV.

SOME NEW ENGLAND CHARACTERS. — TRIBUTE OF JAMES M. MASON AND JEFFERSON DAVIS TO MASSACHUSETTS.

“MR. PRESIDENT,—I have seen a great people and a great State ; a people without paupers and a State without debt ; a people getting rich on a rocky soil ; a State with free schools and free turnpikes ; a State of colleges and churches ; a State where the poor man is the equal of the rich one if he is intelligent and worthy, and where the Irish hackman is as polite as he is rude in New York.” Such was substantially the tribute of James M. Mason, of Virginia, while he was a Senator in Congress twenty-one years ago. Many remember the high encomiums of Jefferson Davis upon New England while he was Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce in 1854, during a short stay at Portland, Maine.

In 1869 I was in Georgia, and met an old friend, whose accomplished daughter had just returned from Boston. He said, “You would be surprised to see the change in her by her intercourse with the intelligent people of that tolerant and refined city. She has ceased talking about the Lost Cause, and comes back much enlightened and improved, precisely as if she had seen a superior new world.”

Several weeks ago, a Philadelphia merchant met a Maryland gentleman on one of the North River boats on his way to New York, after a brief sojourn in Massachusetts. “Tell me,” said the Marylander, “how is it that this people contrive to live so prosperously on a barren soil? I have seen small farms that seem to be nothing but rocks and sand producing more of real wealth than my plantation in Frederick County, Maryland, and everybody everywhere is comfortable and happy. What is the secret?” “I can only give you my experience,” said the Philadelphian. “I have just bought a machine for grinding bark

for three thousand dollars less than I would have had to pay for it at home. The iron was brought from Pennsylvania, but the labor and the ingenuity were found in Massachusetts. These people have a gift for invention, and live cheaper because they are temperate and saving. I took rail and travelled some distance from Boston to see the manufacturer of the machine I wanted to buy. He lived about three miles from the country station. When I got there, I asked for a hack and a driver. The bargain was made for a dollar and a half. Imagine my surprise when a lovely girl appeared driving the conveyance. Without noticing my astonishment, she quietly invited me to take a seat. I found her bright and communicative. In reply to my remark at seeing her in such a position, 'Oh, that is all right,' she said; 'this is our vacation. Father owns several of these hacks, and when he is busy I help him. We have a large college here, founded by a very rich gentleman, for the education of young people. We pay *six dollars a year*, and learn everything. There are several hundred young men and women scholars, and I am one. When we graduate, we generally go West or South to earn a living—the boys as farmers, mechanics, or lawyers; the girls as clerks or teachers. Some of us get married at home, or in the other States, and we get through life very well.' All this as coolly as if she were a princess relating the story of her wealth and power. We got to the factory, and in five minutes I bought my machine, dined with the manufacturer and his family—a good, clean, wholesome meal—and was back in Boston in time to take the next train for the North River boat." The Marylander quietly remarked, "I do not wonder we lost in the war. I only wonder we ever got into it against such a people."

One of the gentlemen connected with *The Press* visited Niagara one summer with his family, and while there hired a carriage that he might get to the favorite places near the Falls. The young coachman was so intelligent that he ventured to



ask him why he resorted to such an occupation. "Oh, sir," was the quiet answer, "I am not ashamed of it. You see, sir, this is my vacation. I go to college in the winter, and I come up here, where fares are high, to earn enough money in summer to pay the expense of a thorough legal and classical education in the winter. I am a New England boy."

Several years ago, an English nobleman—not a counterfeit Lord Massey—visited the Free Library in Boston, and fell in love with the beautiful girl who had charge of the business department of that noble institution. After showing her his letters of introduction, he proposed to her. Before she answered, she insisted upon taking him to her parents, poor but intelligent people, living some distance in the country. He was satisfied, and so were they; but the young lady insisted that he should return to England and see his parents and friends; and if they consented, she would be his wife. In a month or two, he returned with full credentials, in company with his sister, and the twain were made one. I have this incident from a native of New England, one of the leading merchants of Philadelphia.

Such is the harvest of the sowing of the Revolutionary men. How fascinating the story of these lives! Each is a romance and a wonder. Fisher Ames, the youthful orator and essayist; the delegate in the first Constitutional Convention, Representative in Congress during Washington's eight years; the wit, the philosopher, and the handsome man of the world; after whose death, at the early age of fifty, it was written, as Lord Chesterfield wrote of the elder Pitt, "His private life was stained by no vice and sullied by no meanness."

James Otis and Harrison Gray Otis, both Revolutionary orators; the first was characterized as the "great incendiary of the Revolution." John Adams said of one of his great speeches in 1761, "Otis was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical

events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was there born." His bold patriotism led him into difficulties with the royal authorities, and he became insane from his injuries, and in a lucid interval was struck with lightning while standing at the door of his house in Andover, Massachusetts, May 23, 1783, aged fifty-seven.

Harrison Gray Otis, born 1765 and died 1848, a nephew of the former, and son of Samuel Allyne Otis, the first secretary of the Senate of the United States, who held that office from the formation of the Government to the day of his death, in 1814. Harrison Gray Otis was many years in the Legislature of his State; two terms in Congress, United States Senator, United States District Attorney, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, etc.; a statesman of whom the author of "The Hundred Boston Orators" said, "He was never rivalled by any politician of his native State, excepting only his noble kinsman [James Otis] and the accomplished Fisher Ames. The contour of his head was beautiful, with animated eyes and a ruddy complexion. He was rather tall, of noble bearing, graceful gestures, and courteous manners."

And then the two Warrens—James and Joseph! James, eminent for his sturdy patriotism all through the Revolution, and better known, perhaps, through his magnificent wife, sister of the fiery orator James Otis. She was the correspondent of Jefferson and the two Adamses, and other characters, who always consulted her; she wrote poems and plays, and a history of the Revolution, prepared from her own notes during the war, and long a standard authority. Joseph Warren, more illustrious than either, was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, aged thirty-four. Lawyer, orator, soldier, almost his last words were, "I know I may fall; but where is the man who does not think it glorious and delightful to die for his country?"

The British general Howe said his death was a full offset to the loss of five hundred men.

And then Timothy Pickering—what a career was his! Born July 17, 1745, at Salem, Massachusetts, he died there January 29, 1829; but between these two periods he filled out an unparalleled life. He held local offices in Salem; was threatened for his patriotism by the British; was a judge of the Common Pleas of his county, and then prize judge; wrote a plan for the organization of the militia; was colonel, adjutant-general, and quartermaster-general under Washington; present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia; removed to Philadelphia, trading as a commission merchant; thence to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, as a commissioner to settle the dispute between Pennsylvania and Connecticut in regard to a large section of land in Wyoming valley; got into a controversy there with John Franklin, who was arrested for high-treason, and some of whose partisans captured Pickering and kept him in the woods for nineteen days as a hostage. Afterwards sent from Luzerne as a delegate to frame the Constitution of the United States, and after that as a delegate to frame the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Sent by Washington to adjust the Indian troubles in the wild Northwest. Returned to Philadelphia, 1792, to take the place of Postmaster-general under Washington; was then made Secretary of War, and finally Secretary of State, which office he held down to Washington's retirement, and three years under Adams. This ought to have been a full measure of service, and so, doubtless, he thought when he retired to the wilderness of Pennsylvania; where, however, he did not stay long, having finally yielded to his friends and returned to his old home at Salem, Massachusetts. But only to begin a new round of honors. Chief-justice of his district; Senator in Congress from 1803 to 1811; then member of the national House from 1813 to 1817; closing his eventful life by a review of the correspond-

ence between John Adams and William Cunningham. He died aged eighty-four.

But why prolong the catalogue? Why epitomize characters that have reflected so much honor upon themselves and conferred so much benefit upon mankind?

I hope I am not insensible to the faults of this great Commonwealth, nor to the censures of those who magnify them; but there are facts which cannot be denied, and these are—a State without a crushing debt; municipalities based upon town meetings, free from rings; an almost perfect school system; an inimitable banking system; a delegation in Congress composed of the best men; a succession of eminent and honest governors; manufactures and inventions which command much of the trade and educate the skilled labor of the whole country; learned and scientific institutions of every character; extensive libraries and town-halls; progress in art, including painting, sculpture, architecture; and a people confessedly more intelligent in the aggregate than any other on earth covering the same space.

The growth of the seed planted by the passengers of the *Mayflower* in 1620, and their followers, may be seen in many characters of modern times, and in none more conspicuously than in George S. Boutwell, present Senator in Congress. He is a genuine Massachusetts man, and his struggle upwards is a type of the high position won by his native Commonwealth against unspeakable obstacles. If any individual experience may be quoted to illustrate the experience of a State, it is that of Mr. Boutwell. His paternal ancestor, James Boutwell, an Englishman, was a freeman at Lynn in 1638. His maternal ancestors, also English, came over as early as 1650. His life has been the victory of industry, integrity, good temper, and earnest convictions, over the disadvantages resulting from a hand-to-hand struggle with adversity. His father was a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts in 1843



and 1844, and one of the Constitutional Convention of the State in 1853. His father and mother died in the same year, each aged seventy-nine. George S. Boutwell was born at Brookline, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, January 28, 1818. He was early put to work on his father's farm, and attended the village public school summer and winter till December, 1830, when he went to live with a trader in the town, with whom he stayed four years, attending the same school in the winter only.

His mother was a woman of good education for the country and the times, and of large natural resources. She taught him the rudiments and aided him in his studies as long as he remained at home. In the winter of 1834-35, he taught a district school in the neighboring town of Shirley; and in March went to Groton, Middlesex County (where he has ever since lived), as a clerk in a store, and pursued business afterwards on his own account for several years. In 1838 he commenced the study of law, and for about five years acted as clerk for a master in chancery whose chief duties were connected with the administration of the insolvent law of the State. In 1839 he was elected a member of the school committee of the town. In the same year he was a candidate for a seat in the House of Representatives and was defeated. In 1840 he supported and made speeches for Mr. Van Buren, and was again defeated for the House of Representatives. In 1841, '42, '43, he was elected to the House. In 1844, '45, he was a candidate and defeated. He was elected in 1846, '47, '48, '49. In 1844, '46, '48, he was the candidate of the Democratic party for Congress, and defeated. From 1838 to 1850 he contributed to newspapers and magazines, especially to *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, and delivered Lyceum lectures on various topics. In 1849 he was nominated for Governor by the Democratic party. He was again nominated in 1850, and in January, 1851, was elected Governor by the Legislature, no one having had a

majority of the popular vote. Was re-elected Governor in January, 1852, in the same way, and in his address to the Legislature declined a re-election for Governor. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, with his father, in 1853, and prepared the draft of the new Constitution that was submitted to the people. The proposed constitution was then rejected, but most of the changes proposed have since been adopted. In 1851 and 1852, and after, he was a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, and also of the State Board of Education. In 1854 he abandoned the Democratic party, and was of those who organized the Republican party in the State. To his honor it is written that he did not join the Know-Nothings. In October, 1855, he was elected secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and administered the public-school system of the State, and served till January 1, 1861. In 1857 he was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in January, 1861, was appointed a member of the Peace Congress. In 1858 he published a volume of essays and lectures upon education, and in 1867 a volume of speeches upon the Rebellion. In 1860 he collated the school laws of Massachusetts, and prepared and published a commentary thereon. In June, 1861, he was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, and delivered the annual oration—an invitation never before given to a non-graduate. Hon. G. B. Northrop, in an article in *The Independent*, says of this effort,

“Political subjects, according to usage and obvious propriety, are avoided on such occasions; but in this great crisis of the nation, officers of the college and of the society called upon the ex-Governor to discuss freely the state of the country. His oration, after showing that slavery was the cause of the war, demonstrated the justice and necessity of emancipation. A cluster of Conservatives, sitting near me on the platform, at once denounced it as a ‘firebrand.’ It was in advance of the

times, and was severely censured, not only by Democrats, but by many Republican leaders and papers. It was published entire in various journals, and, circulating widely through the country, hastened the great revolution of public sentiment on the subject more, in my judgment, than any address by any American statesman during the first year of the war."

In 1862 he was appointed by Secretary Stanton upon a commission to examine and report upon claims against the War Department in the Western division. The commission met at Cairo in June, and remained till after the middle of July. In July, 1862, President Lincoln appointed him Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which office he resigned March 3, 1863. In November, 1862, he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1864, '66, '68. He drafted and reported the Fifteenth Amendment. He was upon the committee that reported the Fourteenth Amendment, and one of the managers from the House who presented the articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson to the Senate, and defended them in a powerful speech. In 1863 he published a commentary upon the internal-revenue system.

After the inauguration of President Grant, March 4, 1869, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and held that post until the second inauguration of President Grant. Henry Wilson, Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, having been chosen Vice-President, the Legislature of Massachusetts elected Mr. Boutwell for the unexpired senatorial term of Mr. Wilson, which ended March 3, 1877.

No other native of Massachusetts has held so many varied and responsible offices, and has filled them with a higher degree of conscientious ability.

## XV.

MORTON McMICHAEL, AND MANY OTHER PENNSYLVANIA MEN.

NATIONAL men are like large pictures : they demand notice, to the exclusion of others sometimes far more deserving. They generally fill the eye, without touching the heart. Seeing them in the perspective only, the lines of their defects are lost in the magnitude of their claims. Too generally these claims are the result of accident or of some one special point. But hidden away in the corner of the great gallery which is overshadowed by one or two gigantic works are gems of art which, once enjoyed, are never forgotten. We return to them again and again, and at last forget the huge canvas with its dominant figures and staring scenery, and wonder, in shame, that, as we gloried in the overspreading oak, we should not have paused before the violets that bloomed before its base. Once, after spending several hours in the fine gallery of Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, in special pleasure before his "Niagara," by Church, and his "Crossing of the Delaware," by Leutze, and several other renowned pieces, my eye caught the likeness of Elliott, the artist, painted by himself. It was not larger than a human hand, yet its sweet fidelity thrilled me like a familiar strain of music on some favorite instrument, rising above the rude sound of a brass band. He is dead now, poor fellow !—dead in the midst of his victories ; dead before he filled out his fame ; and yet his own little picture of himself lives in my memory, and looks at me now, through its sparkling eyes, under the broad sombrero that shades without hiding his eloquent face.

And so, when I sit down to write about Morton McMichael, of Philadelphia, I think of one who has achieved enduring honor without having figured on the broad and stormy theatre of national affairs ; of one who will be remembered when intrusive mediocrities and sudden favorites have passed into oblivion.



He is singularly equipped for high responsibilities. His life is one of a thousand lessons taught by self-reliance and self-restraint. The son of respectable though undistinguished parents, he has founded an honored family, and the name he has made for himself will be preserved in the manly bearing of his intelligent boys, too proud of their father to discredit themselves.

Perhaps I am partial to my dear friend; but, as I said at the Reform Club, some years ago, when he was presiding over a meeting of the Park and Centennial Commissions, "It may be that a prophet has no honor in his own country; but I am accustomed to judge by two standards—the average and the comparison; and by these I tell you, before this gentleman, that he is an honor to our city, State, and country; and, when he is gone, those who are left to speak to their children will not be ashamed to say, 'I knew Morton McMichael,—I was proud of his friendship and of his genius, and I felt, when we lost him, that we should never look upon his like again.'"

Dying in his seventy-fourth year, in Philadelphia, January 6, 1879, he never held any office that was not connected with that municipality, or conferred by the people or their agents. He has been respectively Alderman, Sheriff, Mayor, President of the Fairmount Park Commission, President of the Union League, and Delegate-at-large in the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention. But no man living has mingled more freely or more equally with eminent characters of every country. His peculiar talents are so fitted for society and for public affairs that he rapidly became the representative man of the community. A frank and easy address, a full command of the choicest language, pronounced in a voice of rare music and magnetism; a faithful memory, perfect composure at all times, stores of exhaustless humor, and a youthful fondness for jokes; add to these unusual sagacity and good sense, perfect integrity in all his dealings, courage in every emergency, as

proved by his manly bearing in the riots of 1844, when he braved an infuriated Native-American mob, and repeatedly risked his life to maintain the public peace; familiar with every topic of the day, whether of art or politics, finance or religion, and uncommonly gifted to defend his opinions by speech and pen: such was Morton McMichael, the editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *North American*, the oldest daily paper in the United States.

I first met him in my native town of Lancaster in 1838, when we were both very young men, he thirty-one and I twenty. Both of us were Democrats, though he became a Whig soon after, and I remained with the old party till 1858, when we were reunited in politics, and have ever since fought side by side under the Republican flag. But we never had a difference of any kind. In the fiercest strifes—when in 1840 he visited Lancaster to speak for Harrison, and in 1844 to speak for Clay—we met like brothers; and it was no uncommon thing for him to make a stormy speech in the old Court-house, in Centre Square, Lancaster, or in one of the open spaces near the town, and make me a favorite subject for friendly criticism, and be my guest afterwards. In 1844 I stood by him in the Native-American riots against the mob; that was a dark hour, when bigotry and ignorance ruled the town; but he emerged with honor, and we both rejoiced over the end of the tragic frenzy. He was an extreme Whig; I was an ultra-Democrat; and when I came to Philadelphia in 1845, and in 1846 took charge of *The Pennsylvanian*, and from 1852 to 1855 helped to edit the Washington (D. C.) *Union*, though we discussed the most exciting subjects, and spoke on opposite sides, our relations were always intimate and social. In 1856, while I was working for Buchanan, and McMichael for Frémont, we dined together more frequently, I think, than any two men in Philadelphia. Those were happy years! How well I remember his candid pleasantry with Mr. Buchanan, at Buchanan's

own table, when he told him the only way to be President was to insist upon compelling the politicians to treat Pennsylvania as a great State, and not to allow her to be ruled by mediocrities at Washington; and all this in a way not to give offence, but sure to be followed by roars of laughter at the ready wit of the Philadelphia Whig. He was not less candid in his intercourse with President Franklin Pierce, who sincerely admired him. The twenty years between 1838 and 1858 were crowded with events. In Philadelphia we mingled with spirits like W. E. Burton, Tyrone Power, and Edwin Forrest, the actors; with Dr. R. M. Bird, Robert T. Conrad, Richard Penn Smith, Edgar A. Poe, Willis Gaylord Clark, C. J. Peterson, and William P. Fry, the poets and dramatists; with great orators like G. W. Barton, Ovid F. Johnson, William B. Reed, and David Paul Brown; with thinkers and philosophers like Henry C. Carey, Dr. Henry Patterson, Professor Patterson, of the United States Mint, and Dr. George Eckert; with artists of every school; with journalists and authors and publishers like Joseph R. Chandler, L. A. Godey, W. M. Swain, Francis J. Grund, George R. Graham, Philip R. Freas, Joseph C. Neal, Russel Jarvis, Robert Morris, John Norvell, and many more; with *raconteurs* like John T. S. Sullivan and Frank Peters; with politicians of every opinion; with Governors and Presidents and Congressmen; with foreigners like Thackeray and Dickens—all gone but five or six! The circle is growing smaller every day, and I find myself called a veteran at sixty-two, when my heart is still young. Of the younger orators, yet in active service, whose society brightened these two decades, let me name Daniel Dougherty, Benjamin H. Brewster, Charles Gibbons, and W. D. Kelley. Outside our city, we met and mingled with the chiefs of both the great parties. My friend was the intimate of John M. Clayton, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John J. Crittenden, W. H. Seward, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, George D. Prentice, Baillie Peyton, John Bell, George Ashmun, George Evans,

and men of that school, not one of whom survives ; while I communed with the leaders of adverse opinions with equal freedom. You may be sure our relations to these different and differing men added a new interest to our companionship.

From 1858 to 1873 Mr. McMichael was prominent in Republican leadership in his own State, as adviser, editor, and public speaker. He knew well the men who fought and died in that interval, alike soldiers and statesmen, including Lincoln, Stanton, and Chase ; Generals George H. Thomas, George G. Meade, John F. Reynolds, and their dead comrades ; and he well knew their living successors—President Grant and his Cabinet, the Speaker of the House at Washington and its members, the Vice-President and the leading Senators. At the Union League, of which he is still the president, it was his voice which welcomed them, in speeches of wonderful beauty and force. At the Academy of Music it was his skill and genius that graced and guided our public meetings during the war ; while few surpassed him in the force of his arguments in favor of the Republican party. Of these utterances, and his addresses elsewhere, I could supply many specimens if I had the space ; and if I had, you would be impressed by their perfect rhetoric and eloquent variety. What he said in London, at the Lord Mayor's dinner, in 1869, with impromptu fervor ; what he said before the war at the Baillie Peyton banquet at the Academy of Music, in reply to a threat of secession ; his speech before the Agricultural Society meeting at Boston in 1858, complimented by Edward Everett, and his very remarkable discourse upon the transfer of the Park grounds to the Centennial Commission, July 4, 1873, are only a few instances of hundreds. Perhaps no man ever possessed a greater faculty of unprepared oratory, especially at the dinner-table, no matter what the theme or the occasion. I have seen him preside over festivities of art, science, and politics, of railroad officers and of clergymen, and it was difficult to decide which most to admire—



his brilliant repartees, his introduction of the several speakers, or his own telling comments. In nothing, however, will Mr. McMichael be more remembered than for his example as a journalist. To that example we are indebted for the existing *esprit de corps* in the Philadelphia newspapers. It is valuable not simply in its effect upon society generally, nor in its influence in promoting courtesy in our profession, but in more practical relations—in matters of business, and in that unity of purpose which, properly maintained, will eventually make the journalists of Philadelphia a power that must prevent the domination of incapable and desperate men. The columns of *The North American* are never open to personal abuse. It never descends to the low business of questioning motives. It is very thoroughly Republican, believes in the full mission of that party; but, at the same time, it is so manly and dignified that it may be read by all sides without offence.

And yet you will ask why it is that such a man was never elevated to high position by the people he has served so well? Fit to grace the Senate; the very man for Governor of Pennsylvania, with his large experience, warm heart, and deep devotion to the interests of the State; with a life-long attachment to the great doctrine of protection to American labor; with his unchallenged record during the war; and an acquaintance with distinguished men in every State and country—why has he been left out in the distribution of party prizes? I fear if I answered this question as it deserves to be answered, I should be betrayed into a reflection upon the intelligence and discrimination of our people. I will therefore content myself with allowing others to suggest the obvious reply. Meanwhile, Mr. McMichael was himself not blameless. He never pressed his just claims upon the consideration of his political associates. One of the difficulties I have had in paying this tribute to my old and cherished friend was the fact that I found so little material left by himself to illustrate his character and his

works. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when citizens like Morton McMichael will not have to wait to be rewarded according to their deserts, and when ripe experience, thorough culture, unrivalled eloquence, and spotless private and public character will be sought for and made the prerequisites in Republican candidates and Republican servants.

On January 8, 1879, two days after Morton McMichael's death, I spoke at a great meeting in the Common Council chamber as follows:

“Not only the great citizen is dead, Mr. President, but the happy philosopher. When I saw him last; it was the first day of this new year. Death was on his face, but life was in his heart. He suffered, but he smiled. He even told me a story, and welcomed others, and shook me by the hand. I could almost hear him say, with the illustrious French orator, ‘To-day I shall die. Envelop me in perfumes; crown me with flowers; surround me with music, so that I may deliver myself peaceably to sleep.’ He lived less than a week after this, and he passed to his final compt in the midst of the sighs of a people that he loved wisely and not too well. I dwell upon his fate, sir, with a certain satisfaction. He is the only human being I ever envied. I envied him his genial nature, his contagious wit, his electric eloquence, the fervor of his poetry, the charm of his conversation, the delicious sympathy of his society, the admiration he excited in others, his superb composure under disaster, his proud disdain of the mousing bats who cuffed his eagle soul from its well-earned eyrie. Sir, I envied him all these great gifts, even as I gloried in his sole possession of them; but to-day I envy him more than ever. I envy him the manner of his death. What Mirabeau begged from his countrymen has come to Morton McMichael spontaneously. A proud and grateful people, both hands full of honors to his name, have enveloped him in the incense of their loves; have crowned him with the unfading flowers of their memory; have

wafted him to heaven on their prayerful hymns, and have so affectionately delivered him to his eternal sleep. Sir, there is no room for grief in such a death. Life, to him, was full of joy. He was born to make others happy, and he filled out his mission because he was himself the most fascinating of mortals. God bestows few such precious gifts on his creatures as this one man. If it be true that he permits the miser, the tyrant, the self-seeker, and the hypocrite to live—to live as so many contrasts and warnings to the mass of men—it is a much more ennobling philosophy to cherish that he now and then sends forth a rare production like Morton McMichael to compensate for and cure all such inflictions. Here, Mr. President, death comes not as a relief nor as a rescue, but because the drama of a sweet and successful life was closed; and we who stand upon this bank and shoal of time, and watch his figure disappearing in the mysterious future, have only to hope that when our time has come we shall meet it as bravely and as happily as Morton McMichael."

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## XVI.

THE FIVE NATIONAL FIGURES: JACKSON, WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, AND HAYNE.—THE GREAT DEBATE IN 1830 ON NULLIFICATION, AND THE WAR ON THE UNITED STATES BANK.

THREE figures—Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun—dominated the historic period when Nullification reared its brazen head in 1830, and cowered before the President's proclamation in 1833. Many other luminaries shone in that brilliant interval, but they were the satellites of these superior stars. Calhoun was the cold philosopher of the fatal theory of secession, Jackson its fierce antagonist, and Webster the ponderous champion of the truth that the Constitution was

the best conservator of the Union. Above all the subordinate combatants, these three names live in supreme splendor. John Quincy Adams had been overwhelmingly defeated by Jackson in 1828, and Henry Clay, his Secretary of State, had left Washington city with him after the inauguration of Jackson, in the spring of 1829; so that neither was in Congress when the great debate began on Foote's resolution, offered December 29, 1829. Both, however, re-entered the public service in 1831—Adams to remain till his death, February 23, 1848, and Clay (except an interval of seven years, from 1842 to 1849, when he was re-elected for six years) till he died, June, 1852. Foote's innocent resolution, the cause of so much excitement and such grave results, was as follows: "*Resolved*, That the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire into the expediency of limiting for a certain period the sales of the public lands to such lands only as have heretofore been offered for sale and are subject to entry at the minimum price. Also, whether the office of Surveyor-general may not be abolished without detriment to the public service."

Mr. Webster had been a most efficient advocate of Adams in the previous Presidential election, and this harmless resolution was made the pretext for a violent assault upon New England and upon himself by the partisans of Calhoun, who was then Vice-President; and of President Jackson, but, as the result proved, not with the General's sympathy. The resolution was introduced without the knowledge of Mr. Webster, and yet he saw no harm in its terms or purpose. But Mr. Benton, who opened the debate, declared it to be an attack upon the West, and said "the West must still look to the solid phalanx of the South for succor." He also denounced the policy of New England towards the West as most illiberal and unjust. Colonel Robert Y. Hayne, one of the Senators from South Carolina, and Mr. Calhoun's confidential friend, followed Mr. Benton in a speech of great bitterness against New England, be-



ginning with a complimentary salutation to the Missouri Senator, and adding that "the South would always sympathize with the West." On a previous occasion Colonel Hayne had tried to get into a controversy with Mr. Webster, but the suddenness of this new assault on New England took Mr. Webster wholly by surprise, and he replied with considerable warmth. One passage of this reply, not often quoted, may be published for its prophetic truth. It was spoken on January 18, 1830, and reads strangely in view of the astounding aggregate of the succeeding forty-three years :

"And here, sir, at the epoch of 1794, let us pause and survey the scene. It is now thirty-five years since that scene actually existed. Let us, sir, look back and behold it. Over all that is now Ohio there then stretched one vast wilderness, unbroken except by two small spots of civilized culture—the one at Marietta, the other at Cincinnati. At these little openings, hardly a pin's point upon the map, the arm of the frontiersman had levelled the forest and let in the sun. These little patches of earth, themselves almost shadowed by the overhanging boughs of that wilderness, which had stood and perpetuated itself from century to century, ever since the Creation, were all that had been rendered verdant by the hand of man. In an extent of hundreds and thousands of square miles, no other surface of smiling green attested the presence of civilization. The hunter's path crossed mighty rivers, flowing in solitary grandeur, whose sources lay in remote and unknown regions of wilderness. It struck upon the north on a vast inland sea, over which the wintry tempests raged as on the ocean ; all around was bare creation. It was a fresh, untouched, unbounded, magnificent wilderness ! And, sir, what is it now ? Is it imagination only, or can it possibly be fact, that presents such a change as surprises and astonishes us when we turn our eyes to what Ohio now is ? Is it reality or a dream, that, in so short a period as even thirty-five years, there has sprung up on the same sur-

face an independent State, with a million of people? A million of inhabitants! An amount of population greater than all the cantons of Switzerland; equal to one third of all the people of the United States when they undertook to accomplish their independence! If, sir, we may judge of measures by their results, what lessons do these facts read us upon the policy of the Government? What inferences do they not authorize upon the general question of kindness or unkindness? What convictions do they enforce as to the wisdom and ability, on the one hand, or the folly and incapacity, on the other, of our general management of Western affairs? For my own part, while I am struck with wonder at the success, I also look with admiration at the wisdom and foresight which originally arranged and prescribed the system for the settlement of the public domain."

The real debate opened January 21, 1830. Mr. Webster had an important case in the Supreme Court, and one of his friends (Senator Chambers, of Maryland) asked to postpone the discussion till Monday, which Colonel Hayne resisted with much vehemence. He saw the Senator from Massachusetts in his seat, and he could not consent to a postponement till he had replied to some of the observations of the gentleman the day before. Putting his hand on his heart, he said, "I have something here which I want to get rid of. The gentleman has discharged his fire in the face of the Senate, and I demand an opportunity of returning the shot."

"Then it was"—to use the words of a distinguished Southern member of Congress who witnessed the scene—"that Webster seemed to grow taller and larger. Folding his arms in his own majestic manner he said, 'Let the discussion proceed; I am ready—I am ready now to receive the gentleman's fire.'"  
Colonel Hayne's speech, able as it was, has been made memorable by Webster's immortal reply. He was violent and personal, self-confident and arrogant, and was openly encouraged by Vice-President Calhoun, who sent him notes and sugges-

tions repeatedly while he was speaking. All the Jackson leaders stood by applauding him—Benton, Grundy, Woodbury, Duff Green, of the Washington *Telegraph* (Jackson's organ), and many more. The Senate adjourned over till Monday, January 25, 1830, when he resumed in a tone still more belligerent and offensive. He left nothing unsaid against Mr. Webster. A fine person, fluent elocution, and a melodious voice gave point to his invective. He laid great stress upon Mr. Webster's change of position on the tariff. Speaking of his free-trade speech in the House in 1824, he said, "On that, the proudest day of his life, like a mighty giant, he bore away on his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving his adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins. Then it was that he erected to free-trade a beautiful and enduring monument, and inscribed the marble with his name."

Tuesday, January 26, 1830—the next day—Mr. Webster rose to reply. So much has been written of this historic effort that little more need be written of it. Never shall I forget its impression upon my youthful mind, nor its lasting effect upon parties. Webster must have felt as Cineas felt after his mission to Rome, when asked by his master, Pyrrhus, how the Roman Senate appeared, when he said, "Like an assembly of kings." He made little preparation. He needed little, for he was full of his subject. On the evening before, while reclining on his sofa, he said, in answer to a friend, who heard him laughing, "I have been thinking of what Colonel Hayne said about *Banquo's* ghost, and I will get up and make a note of it." One more authority (his friend Charles W. March) says his brief did not occupy half a sheet of paper. Hayne accused him of sleeping on his (Hayne's) first speech before he replied to it. "Yes," said Webster, "I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and I slept well; and I slept equally well on the speech to which I am now replying." On the morning of the 26th he said to Senator Samuel Bell, of New Hampshire.

"You know, Mr. Bell, my constitutional opinions. There are among my friends in this Senate some who may not concur with them." Bell urged him to speak out boldly, adding, "It is a critical moment; and it is time, high time, that the people should know what this Constitution is." "Then," said Webster, "by the blessing of Heaven, they shall learn, this day, before the sun goes down, what I think it is."

The morning of that day will always be remembered by those who live to talk of it. As early as nine o'clock crowds poured to the Capitol; at twelve the Senate Chamber, galleries, floor, and lobbies, were suffocatingly filled; the very stairways were dark with people. The hotels were overflowing. The House was deserted. The giant Dixon H. Lewis, then a member from Alabama, the largest man of his day, got jammed in behind the chair of the Vice-President, where he could hardly see or hear; but, resolved not to miss the scene, he broke one of the panes of glass, and so contrived to listen to the great effort.

Webster was a few days over forty-eight when he replied to Hayne, who was not quite forty. He surveyed the scene before and around him with the calmness of approaching victory, and seemed to feel that "Alexander fights when he has kings for his competitors." His spirits rose with the occasion, while his adversaries must have felt, with Mr. Iredell, the colleague of Colonel Hayne from South Carolina, after the latter had spoken, "Hayne has started the lion; but wait till we hear his roar or feel his claws."

Time had not thinned or bleached his hair; it was dark as a raven's wing. "It was such a countenance," said a spectator, "as Salvator Rosa delighted to paint."

He was an orator without being an actor. His dress was a picture: a blue coat and buff vest—the Revolutionary colors—with a white cravat, suiting his broad brows, caverned eyes, and olive complexion. His first deep, mellow tones were almost dramatic, as he uttered that sentence as familiar to Ameri-



cans as the opening lines of the Declaration of Independence : "Mr. President,—When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and before we float further on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we at least may be able to form some conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution."

As the Secretary of the Senate read Senator Foote's resolution, quoted in the first paragraph of this sketch, every head was turned to Webster, every eye was fixed upon him, every heart beat with sympathy or dread. The orator beheld his thoughts as in a mirror, and he said afterwards he had only to select them at his will. Once Vice-President Calhoun interrupted him, and only once, for all sides were spell-bound. He was the Prospero of the occasion. His voice commanded, and the multitude obeyed. Joseph Gales, the famous editor of *The National Intelligencer*, and the best reporter of his time, took down the speech, and Mrs. Gales wrote it out in a large hand; it was revised by Webster, and returned the same evening. *The Intelligencer* could not immediately supply the demand, and soon it appeared in other editions in different quarters.

It was answered by Senators on both sides : Woodbury, of New Hampshire ; Barton, of Missouri, who bitterly criticised his colleague, Colonel Benton ; Clayton, of Delaware ; Robbins, of Rhode Island ; but the speech of Webster satisfied the country, and settled Nullification for the time. The debate closed May 21, 1830 ; but it left many wounds. When Webster spoke, the Jackson party was a unit—the Democracy as powerful as the Republican party is to-day. It had conquered everything, and had really no organized opposition. Mr. Webster's speech made him a favorite with the President. In one year General

Jackson and Mr. Calhoun were malignant enemies. Up to 1825 Jackson was a strict constructionist, and Calhoun for the liberal exercise of the powers of the Federal Government, including a protective tariff. In 1831 they changed positions, Calhoun declaring for Nullification, and Jackson for a strong government. The conflict grew severe; for General Jackson tolerated no half-way support, and Mr. Calhoun soon found himself outside the Democratic lines. Jackson was re-elected in 1832, without the vote of South Carolina. Immediately this result was known, South Carolina raised the flag of Nullification, and refused to allow the collection of any national revenue within her borders. Armed preparations were made in the State. Hayne resigned his seat in the Senate, and Calhoun his Vice-Presidency three months before the expiration of his term. Jackson determined to enforce the law. He did not wait. Re-elected in November, he issued his proclamation against the Nullifiers on the 10th of December of 1832—a paper permeated by his own will and the logic of Webster. The scenes that preceded the late Rebellion were enacted, the same threats, the same secession, very nearly the same resignations from the army and the navy. Calhoun took his seat as a Senator from his State January 4, 1833, and on the 21st of January Senator William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, introduced the celebrated Force bill, investing the President with full powers to enforce the laws. There is no doubt that if General Jackson had not been withheld by wise counsels, he would have executed summary vengeance upon Mr. Calhoun.

And now we saw the fruits of Webster's great speech of January, 1830. The example of Jackson terrified his enemies. Many who had led the attack on Webster three years before now advocated Webster's doctrine dictated by Jackson. Clay was just coming into the Senate after his defeat for the Presidency the year before. Webster was still there. But they remained in the background, and allowed the war to rage in the

Democratic ranks. Clay was maturing his "American system" and waiting his opportunity, and Webster was quietly watching the operation of his doctrines. His relations at this time were more than friendly with President Jackson. The fierce contention between Calhoun and Jackson naturally attracted the latter to the Massachusetts patriot. The Force bill was a terror to the old States-rights leaders, and yet they feared the iron will of the President more. Most of them finally took ground for the bill. But they needed help, and they longed for Webster, the very man whom they had so assailed three years before. His apparent neutrality alarmed them. His business in the Supreme Court kept him most of his time out of the Senate; and yet he was not an indifferent, though a silent, observer of the scene. Like the hero in the Grecian epic, he might have turned a deaf ear to the importunities of his enemies; and for a long time he stood aloof, though besieged by the friends of the President, and, if the truth could be known, exhorted by General Jackson himself, to come to the rescue. The debate on the Force bill progressed. Calhoun was indomitable, and was eagerly collecting all his resources. Wilkins opened the debate, followed by Bibb, of Kentucky; Poindexter, of Mississippi; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Brown, of North Carolina; Holmes, of Maine; Tyler, of Virginia; Clayton, of Delaware; Mangum, of North Carolina; King, of Alabama; Dallas, of Pennsylvania; Webster taking little part, and Calhoun bidding his time. After a speech from Mr. Rives, of Virginia, Mr. Calhoun, on the 14th of February, 1833, moved an adjournment, and the next day (February 15) began his great effort. He spoke for the best part of two days with extraordinary power. Never had he appeared more like himself. As described by a spectator, "Tall, gaunt, of somewhat stooped figure, with a brow full, well formed, and receding; hair not reposing on the head, but starting from it like the Gorgon's; a countenance of unqualified intellect; an eye that watched everything and re-

vealed nothing ; to an audience already imbittered he seemed to realize the full idea of a conspirator." But no purer man ever lived ; none more unselfish or lofty, or hostile to indirection or meanness. Hated by his foes for his politics, he was loved by his friends as well for his politics as for himself. He reasoned and philosophized, he held up to scorn his foes, he asserted the innocence of South Carolina, and he almost deified his dream of State independence. Never was he more effective or more dangerous.

At two o'clock of the same day (February 15, 1833), Daniel Webster took the floor in reply to John C. Calhoun. Like his great speech of January 26, 1830, this effort is historical. It was not so dramatic nor so sympathetic, but it was a magnificent argument on the right side, and it did the work. A long debate ensued, but the interest flagged after this splendid mental duel ; and at last, before the final vote was reached, Mr. Calhoun and his friends left the Senate. The bill passed—28 yeas to 1 nay—John Tyler, of Virginia ; Benton, Clay, and Calhoun absent.

Do not suppose I am writing to describe these two memorable events. My object is to show how steadily Mr. Webster was advancing to the leadership of the Democratic party over the bitter quarrel between Jackson and Calhoun, and in the glory of his unrivalled patriotism. He had saved the country. He had saved the Constitution. He had saved General Jackson's Administration. No man appreciated his services so warmly as the iron President, and none stood more ready to reward them. Mr. Livingston, the nearest friend of the President, called in person to say as much ; and one eminent in authority has asserted that Mr. Webster would have been in Jackson's Cabinet, on Jackson's direct appeal, if he had been so disposed. His last effort, like his first, endeared him to the Democratic party of the Free States. Jackson's proclamation and Webster's speech in support of it were pinned to the Democratic banners of Pennsylvania ; and when the great statesman



journeyed to the West, after this great struggle, the people of all parties greeted him as their idol. At Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, he spoke of General Jackson as follows :

"GENTLEMEN,—The President of the United States was, as it seemed to me, at this eventful crisis, true to his duty. He comprehended and understood the case, and met it as it was proper to meet it. While I am as willing as others to admit that the President has on other occasions rendered important services to the country, and especially on that occasion which has given him so much military renown, I yet think the ability and decision with which he resisted the disorganizing doctrines of Nullification created a claim, than which he has none higher, to the gratitude of the country and the respect of posterity. The issuing of the proclamation of the 10th of December inspired me, I confess, with new hopes for the duration of the Republic. I would not be understood to speak of particular clauses and phrases in the proclamation, but its great and leading doctrines I regard as the true, and only true, doctrines of the Constitution. They constitute the sole ground on which dismemberment can be resisted. Nothing else, in my opinion, can hold us together. While those opinions are entertained, the Union will last; when they shall be generally rejected and abandoned, that Union will be at the mercy of a temporary majority in any one of the States."

The dream was dissolved in a few months. In September of 1833 the deposits were removed from the Bank of the United States by order of President Jackson, and Henry Clay took the field as the Whig leader to resist this daring act. To Henry Clay must be conceded the palm of prosecuting the war against President Jackson's Administration on the bank question. It was a splendid campaign. In some respects he was the equal of his indomitable antagonist. Like Jackson, he feared nothing and dared everything. He interposed no screen, no evasion, but advanced to the front of the battle. Aided by

Calhoun, who was panting for revenge for the defeat of Nullification, he changed the Jackson majority of the Senate into a minority, and founded the Whig party upon the animosities of that exciting period. Rapid in attack, fertile of resources, witty, eloquent, and unwavering, he would have been the conqueror but for the failure of the bank, and even in the face of that calamity, against any other adversary but Andrew Jackson.

His illustrations were peculiarly felicitous. The civil and loving expressions with which General Jackson ejected Mr. Duane, his recusant Secretary of the Treasury, reminded him, he said, of one of the most remarkable characters which our species has produced : "When Oliver Cromwell was contending for the mastery in Great Britain or Ireland (I do not remember which), he besieged a certain Catholic town. The place made a brave and stout resistance ; but at length, being likely to be taken, the poor Catholics proposed terms of capitulation, among which was one stipulating for the toleration of their religion. The paper containing the conditions being presented to Oliver, he put on his spectacles, and, after deliberately examining them, cried out, 'Oh yes, granted, granted certainly ; but,' he added, with stern determination, 'if one of them shall dare be found attending mass, he shall be instantly hanged.'"

But Clay will not be cherished or read in after-ages as Webster is read and cherished. His speeches have none of that golden glory, increasing in value with years ; none of that Miltonic resonance, none of that Scriptural aroma, which constitute the enduring web and woof of Daniel Webster's great productions. We heard Clay as we read the brilliant novel of to-day—as we devour Charles Reade or George Eliot. We turn to Webster as we turn to Shakespeare, as a well-spring of inspiration, as the great original from which the proudest are not ashamed to copy.

The recollection of the glorious campaigns against Nullification restrained Webster all through this exciting period. He

participated in little of the heat and anger of the Kentucky statesman. He believed President Jackson to have transcended his powers, and he so voted in the Senate, but to the last he spoke of him with respect. Had the war on the Bank of the United States not intervened, I have always believed that Daniel Webster would have been a leader, if not the leader, of the Democratic party, precisely as Stephen A. Douglas would have been prominent in the Republican party if he had not died June 3, 1861.

Never before was the current phrase that "history repeats itself" more strikingly illustrated than in the parallel between Calhoun's course in 1832-33 and that of Jefferson Davis in 1860-61. The one was, in fact, a copy of the other. And not less striking is the resemblance between the attack of the Democratic leaders upon Webster in 1830, and their conversion or overthrow in 1833, and the bitter assault of the secession leaders upon Douglas in 1858 and their defeat in 1860.

Jackson, Webster, and Calhoun! They will never be forgotten. Different in character, in capacity, and in ambition, the statue of each occupies a separate and conspicuous niche in the historic temple. We remember Jackson for his heroic patriotism, and for these words, from his appeal to South Carolina, in his proclamation of December, 1830, so effective in the past, and so weighty in the present:

"Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edicts of its convention; bid its members to reassemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor; tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all. Declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution

of your country. Its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace, you may interrupt the course of its prosperity, you may cloud its reputation for stability; but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred, and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who first caused the disorder."

We remember Webster as the champion of constitutional liberty, enduringly illustrated in the following passage from his speech in the Senate, April, 1834, on Jackson's Protest:

"It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than any sufferings under its enactments, that the colonists took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water in a contest in opposition to an assertion which those less sagacious, and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty, would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguise, struck at it; nor did it elude their steady eye or their well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, was not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

And we remember Calhoun for the purity of his private and public life, not as the advocate of a good doctrine perverted to bad uses, but as the apostle of science in statesmanship, so



well symbolized in the Senate when he tried in vain to justify Nullification, February, 1833 :

“Metaphysical reasoning means the power of analysis and combination. It is the power,” he said, “which raises man above the brute—which distinguishes man’s faculties from mere sagacity, which he holds in common with inferior animals. It is this power which has raised the astronomer from being a mere gazer at the stars to the high intellectual eminence of a Newton or La Place, and astronomy itself, from a mere observation of insulated facts, into that noble science which displays to our admiration the system of the universe. And shall this high power of the mind, which has effected such wonders, when directed to the laws which control the material world, be forever prohibited, under a senseless cry of metaphysics, from being applied to the mighty purpose of political science and legislation? I hold them to be subject to laws as fixed as matter itself, and to be as fit a subject for the application of the highest intellectual power. Denunciation may, indeed, fall upon the philosophical inquirer into these first principles as it did upon Galileo and Bacon when they first unfolded the great discoveries which have immortalized their names; but the time will come when truth will prevail in spite of prejudice and denunciation, and when politics and legislation will be considered as much a science as astronomy and chemistry.”

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## XVII.

### THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

THE element of our population known as the “Pennsylvania Dutch,” which was once not only the leading element of that State, but of her most honored public servants as well, is rapidly fading away before the matchless progress of the age.

During the early part of this century, the honest, sturdy Dutch were invincible in our political struggles, and their representative men played a most important part in shaping the destiny of Pennsylvania. Their influence was supreme in the days of Simon Snyder, who routed the Federalists in three successive gubernatorial contests; it culminated in 1835, when three of its most conspicuous representatives—Messrs. Wolf, Ritner, and Muhlenberg—were the rival candidates for the executive chair. Looking back from the wonderful advancement of the last decade, we are slow to appreciate the qualities which were then most admired by the people of Pennsylvania. Proverbially reluctant to accept progress that demanded change; strong in their convictions, affections, and prejudices; singularly honest and faithful in both public and private trust, and memorable for their patient industry and studied frugality, the Pennsylvania Dutch were a law unto themselves in matters of both faith and works, and they have left an impress upon the policy and substantial character of that people of which they may well be proud. When it is remembered that George Wolf, a thorough Pennsylvania Dutchman, hailing from the strongest citadel of his class in old Northampton, gave his approval to the common-school law that Thaddeus Stevens had pressed through the Legislature in face of the fiercest opposition from the legislators of the German counties generally, we must accord the highest measure of credit to the bold Dutch executive who was wiser than his generation. Ritner, another of the same school, followed Wolf, and under his administration free education was firmly established as the policy of the State. But while many Germans followed Wolf and Ritner in favor of a liberal educational policy, the mass of the Pennsylvania Dutch stubbornly resisted the common-school system, and there were plenty of political leaders to sustain and strengthen their prejudices against a uniform system of education by that commonwealth.

Some time about the beginning of this century, Ner Middles-

warth shook the sands of his native Jersey from his feet, and located in what was then Northumberland, afterwards Union, now Snyder County, Pennsylvania. He was penniless, friendless, and without education. It is doubtful whether he ever had the advantage of even the rude schools of his time, as he located in what was then almost a wilderness, and is still one of the most primitive regions of the State, although free schools have long been in operation, and now the scream of the iron horse resounds through the yet thick forests of the Beavers. He was a natural leader, and, had he been born half a century later, would have been as liberal as he was sagacious and able. For nearly fifty years he was prominent in the political movements of the State, but I never met him until 1853, when, for the first time, he took his seat in Congress to serve a single term.

He was then well-nigh threescore and ten, but his step was as elastic as if he defied the ravages of years, and he was one of the most industrious members of the House. His appearance was altogether unique. He was rather above medium height, stoutly built, with singular breadth of chest, heavy neck, square shoulders, and a head that was of colossal size and exquisite mould. In dress and manners he was severely plain, and his horny hands told the story of a life of actual toil among his mountain furnaces and fields. He made no set speeches; but he occasionally addressed the House in brief, terse sentences, and always commanded profound attention. He spoke with equal fluency in English and German, and as a conversationalist was one of the most entertaining and instructive men of his time; but his short term of service in the national councils, at an advanced age, made few outside of his State appreciate the distinguishing qualities of the man.

Pennsylvania was the theatre of his political actions, and Union County was his constituency. It was thoroughly German, and was deferential to leadership; but it was fickle in its love, and capriciously worshipped and rejected its great chief-

tain. During the war of 1812 he led a company to the field, but he was not eminently successful as a soldier. Soon after the war he was chosen to the Legislature, and he was seventeen times elected to the House, and once to the Senate for an unexpired term of a single year; but he was several times defeated in contests for both branches of the Legislature. He was ambitious, and seemed unwilling to be out of office. Now and then his people would tire of him and defeat him; but it was impossible to find a substitute for him who did not suffer by contrast in serving them, and in a few years they would rally for Middleswarth, and send him back with great enthusiasm. One of his contests for the House was remarkable for the bitterness of the strife. Middleswarth had been Speaker of the House the preceding session, and, as such, had signed the free-school bill, as the Speaker is required to sign all bills in certifying to the Governor their passage by both branches of the Legislature. He had earnestly opposed and voted against the measure; but when the German pamphlet laws reached Union County, the school law was there with Middleswarth's name signed to it as Speaker. His competitor was Mr. Yearick, and he made the issue on the then odious free-school bill. In vain did Middleswarth protest that he had opposed the bill, and that he would work more efficiently for its repeal than his antagonist. To this Mr. Yearick answered, exhibiting the inflexible German types of the official laws, and vehement in the favorite language of the people: "Here, fellow-citizens, is Mr. Middleswarth's name signed to the bill. How could he be opposed to a bill to which he signed his official approval?" The argument was conclusive, and a tidal wave of popular reprobation swept the German leader into private life, because his name was appended to a bill his people did not approve. In a few years, however, the mistake was appreciated, and the usual atonement made by sending Middleswarth back to the House. In 1828, '29, and again in '36, he was Speaker of the House,



and in 1841 was the nominee of his party for the chair, but was defeated by a bolt that resulted in the election of Hon. William A. Crabb, late of Philadelphia. He was regarded as one of the best presiding officers in the country, and was honored with the chair of the convention that nominated John Quincy Adams for President in 1824. Although he was frequently a candidate for the Senate, he never succeeded until 1847, when the death of Dr. Wagonseller (who had beaten Middleswarth in Union County for the Whig nomination two years before) made a vacancy for one year, and it was conceded to Middleswarth. He was elected over the same Mr. Yearick who had beaten him for the House on the free-school question, ten or twelve years before. While in the Senate he was nominated as the Whig candidate for Canal Commissioner in 1848, on the ticket with Governor Johnston; but while Johnston was elected by a small majority, Middleswarth was defeated by General Painter by 2800, mainly because he had voted in the Senate against the ten-hour law. He argued then as he argued against schools years before: "I work twelve, and sometimes sixteen, hours a day to live, and there should be no limitation upon the hours of labor." On the school question he had said, "I never went to school, and those who desire education will attain it without taxing the public fund." He never advanced beyond the carefully nourished prejudices of his own constituency. In 1851 he was again defeated for the Senate, and in 1852 was elected to Congress, but failed to be re-elected. When he retired from Congress, he had reached the patriarchal age; but his ambition for office was unabated, and he was soon chosen an associate judge for Snyder County. When his five years' term had expired, age had bowed his once erect form, and deeply wrinkled his massive brow. Only when the vigor of his powerful physical constitution had been broken by the conflicts of three quarters of a century did he accept retirement, spending the evening of his long life in the quiet of his moun-

tain home, with his large family of children settled around him on his immense possessions. In 1865 he had filled the measure of his days, and he calmly passed away.

He was one of the few men who have swayed localities as if by magic in the conflicts of politics. Until 1829, he was a decided Democrat, and was the competitor of Wolf for the Democratic nomination for Governor in that year. He was disappointed, and, with Ritner and others, espoused the anti-Masonic cause. He revolutionized his county overwhelmingly, and made it one of the most thoroughly anti-Democratic counties in the State, which it is to this day. He aspired to gubernatorial honors for many years under the new political organization ; but Ritner held the candidacy in 1829, '32, '35, and '38, when the Whig party supplanted anti-Masonry, and Middleswarth never became conspicuous as one of its State leaders. He lived throughout his life in opposition to liberal progress, rejecting education in his own household, and fell behind the advanced ideas of the excellent, but usually unsuccessful, Whig party. He was in sympathy with his own people, and with them and with himself he was content.

But in spite of Middleswarth, his people at last began to progress. Younger blood and fresher ideas gradually confronted him. Schools had been dotted over his county in defiance of the prejudices of the past, and colleges began to show their spires on the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna. He sadly witnessed the gradual departure from the good old days when schools were comparatively unknown, and the scanty literature of the region, and even the laws, were read only in good old Pennsylvania Dutch ; still he battled on not only until the issue became doubtful, but even after he had been unhorsed on his own battle-ground. He struggled against fate. Such a contest between liberal ideas and prejudice of necessity presented, in due time, the representative man of the new creation. A German lad of the Dunkard type, born in Chester

County in 1818, was taken by his parents to Union County at an early age. Soon after, he was left an orphan, and returned to Chester County, where he remained among the people of the faith of his parents until he was about sixteen, when he returned to Union County and was apprenticed to a hatter. He had received little schooling, and could scarcely speak English. He soon acquired the language, and devoted the leisure hours of his apprenticeship to study. When he was free, he was one of the most intelligent mechanics in the place, although so unobtrusive in his manners that few knew or noticed him outside of his immediate associates. He pursued his trade until 1841, still assiduously devoting his spare time to reading and study, when he engaged in the boating and boat-building business, and soon after connected with it the manufacture of lumber. His energy, fair dealing, and intelligent management of his large manufacturing operations made him prosperous, and he acquired a liberal competency. Subsequently he retired from the boat and lumber trade, and established large shops for the manufacture of agricultural implements, in connection with a foundry; and he continued as a partner in that business until a few years ago, when the wear of his devoted and faithful official service given to the State compelled him to retire from all active pursuits and seek to restore his broken health.

From the humblest and most illiterate of the lads of his community, Eli Slifer became the first citizen of Lewisburg, foremost in all efforts for the moral or business advancement of the town, and enjoying the confidence and respect of his neighbors of every class and every political belief. He was, from sincere conviction, a radical antislavery man, and, as such, consistently supported the Whig party, although he took no public part in political affairs until 1848. A large mass-meeting was held in the early part of that year near Lewisburg, at which Mr. Middleswarth presided, and Judge Casey and others

spoke. Just as the meeting was about to adjourn, a plain countryman rose and said that he saw in the crowd a young Dutchman whom he wanted to hear, and called for Eli Slifer. He was known to many present as a young man of more than ordinary intelligence; but his extreme modesty had prevented him from ever venturing upon a public speech, or even indulging in private disputation. His personal worth was well known to most of the audience, and the call for him was so important that at last he was forced upon the stand; and Eli Slifer, blushing and stammering, attempted his first speech. To the surprise of all, and of none more than of himself, he soon recovered from his embarrassment, and riveted the attention of the people by his plain, logical, and earnest discussion of the issues involved in the national contest. For the first time Middleswarth had heard the obscure man who was to disenthral the county from the narrow ideas of the past, and lead it from his control to a more liberal and enlightened policy. The local Whig journal, in noticing the meeting, said, "But the speech of the day was by Eli Slifer, of the firm of Frick & Slifer, boat-builders. Following a half-dozen other speakers, yet he entered on a new path, and, in fluency of language, earnestness of manner, and manliness and force of thought, did himself marked honor. Although a young man, he has the talent and the true heart to make a public speaker whose influence shall be potent for good." He was not allowed to retire upon his maiden speech. During the Presidential campaign of 1848, he was frequently called upon to speak in his county, and so highly was he appreciated that the following year he was unanimously nominated for the Legislature. The district was strongly Whig; but the Democrats nominated the old war-horse of the party—Major Jack Cummings—against him, and a contest of unusual interest followed. Cummings had previously been elected Sheriff, and was deemed invincible. He was justly a favorite—good-hearted and clever to the last de-



gree, acquainted with nearly every man, woman, and child in the county—a tireless and shrewd worker, and a formidable competitor. But Slifer was so cordially supported by the Whigs that he was elected by a decided majority, receiving the largest vote of any candidate on his ticket, State or local. So overwhelming a defeat of the giant of the Democracy by a strippling Whig was not only a crushing blow to the Democracy, but it intrenched Slifer strongly in the confidence of his party. His service in the House was so faithful and blameless that he was re-elected in 1850 without serious opposition. In the House he soon won the unbounded confidence of all parties, and was one of the most efficient and respected members of the body. He rarely spoke at all, and never made a set speech; but he was recognized as a sagacious and safe leader, and he retired from the Legislature second to none in prominence and influence.

The final contest for the overthrow of the anti-progressive policy of Middleswarth and the inauguration of a more generous control and direction of the Whig party in that section was made in the succeeding year of 1851. The senatorial district was composed of Union, Mifflin, and Juniata; and the nominee for Senator was urgently claimed by Union, the only county that could give a Whig majority. Middleswarth, as usual, pressed his claims vigorously, and carried his county. Slifer was not a candidate, but was selected by the Convention as one of the conferees. Clothed with the trust of representing the expressed voice of his party, he faithfully discharged his duty. Although not sympathizing with the Middleswarth policy, he did not assume to be a leader, and had no immediate political aspirations. The revolt, however, was general among the young Whigs of the district against the insatiate ambition and arrogant control of Middleswarth. In the conference were two energetic lads, who are now well known to many of our readers. Senator McClure was then a boy-politician in Junia-

ta, and a Whig editor, and James Milliken was one of the most active young Whigs of Mifflin. They were the controlling spirits of their respective delegations. They had to thank the indifferent free schools of their day for all their education; and they had the vigor of youth, and were aggressive in their demand for a more liberal rule. They conceded the candidate to Union County, but declined to accept Middleswarth. The old man was there, and was frankly notified by the young men that the Whig party had advanced beyond his ideas, and proposed to agree with him upon any acceptable man in Union County; but Middleswarth refused. Two sessions of the conference were had, when Middleswarth was notified that if he refused to join in selecting a candidate, they would choose one without consulting him. He was still obstinate; and when the conference met again in the afternoon, both Middleswarth and Slifer were astounded to find the votes of Mifflin and Juniata counties cast for Eli Slifer, nominating him by a vote of six to three. Slifer peremptorily declined, on the ground that he could not accept a nomination made against the instructions of his county, when he was one of its conferees; but the Juniata and Mifflin conferees refused to recede, and finally Middleswarth, seeing that further resistance was fruitless, advised Slifer to accept.

With such universal favor was the nomination received that Mr. Slifer was elected without opposition. He ranked in the Senate of Pennsylvania as one of the first Whig leaders; and, when it is remembered that the Senate then had such Whigs as John C. Kunkel, George Darsie, William A. Crabb, John H. Walker, E. C. Darlington, Henry S. Evans, and others, his position may be appreciated. He retired in 1854, after five consecutive years of legislative service, honored throughout the State, and enjoying the sincere devotion of his constituents. In 1855 he was chosen State Treasurer, after a spirited contest, and was unanimously renominated in 1856; but the Legislature being

Democratic, he was, of course, not re-elected. In 1859 his party was again in power, and Mr. Slifer was recalled to the Treasury, and elected for a third term in 1860. His management of the finances of the State stands as a model of purity and fidelity. In 1860, Governor Curtin was chosen Governor; and, in view of the grave and distracting issues arising out of threatened secession and war, he deliberated long and well as to his Cabinet officers. Many sought the places, but Eli Slifer was not of that number.

A few weeks before the inauguration of the new Governor, when a war bordering on our State seemed inevitable, and momentous questions were about to confront the Administration, it was decided by the Governor and his trusted friends that no man in the State could fill the position of Secretary of the Commonwealth so successfully as Eli Slifer, and he was requested to accept the office. Accordingly, when Governor Curtin was inaugurated, Slifer resigned the Treasury, and for six years thereafter was in the Cabinet. During nearly five years of that time the Administration was fortunate in having Hon. William M. Meredith in the Cabinet as Attorney-general; but, in all the unexampled political and military complications which arose during the war, Mr. Slifer was the man who, next to the Governor, most aided in solving the problems and in gaining the high measure of success attained by Governor Curtin's gubernatorial career. Always temperate and patient, possessing a wonderful, indeed almost intuitive, knowledge of men, sagacious to an extent that seemed equal to every emergency, courteous and obliging, and, above all, giving to the Administration and to the cause of the country the devotion of a singleness of patriotic purpose, he rendered a service to the nation that has ever been gratefully acknowledged by Governor Curtin.

For six years he stood by the great War Governor, sharing his trials, and tirelessly laboring, almost day and night, in executing the beneficent laws in support of the Government

and its brave soldiers devised by the Administration, until at last, when peace came, both were broken in health, and have witnessed in continual suffering the crowning fruits of their sacrifices. In 1867 Mr. Slifer retired to private life a confirmed invalid, and since then has been unable to engage in active pursuits of any kind. He was tendered the use of a naval vessel to visit Europe in 1871, and he spent a year abroad, hoping to restore his health; but he returned still an invalid, although more vigorous than when he left, and now lives in retirement at his beautiful home on the Susquehanna. In the campaign of 1872, he delivered one address to his neighbors in behalf of Mr. Greeley, and it was regarded as a master vindication of the Liberal movement. Of all our public men, few, indeed, have conferred such faithful and effective benefactions upon their immediate communities and the State. Constantly and painfully reminded of the cost of his devotion to his country, he is consoled with the reflection that in his exacting duties he was most successful, and that during all the embittered political strife, when he gave the vigor of his life to unsought public trusts, no one has ventured to question his integrity or his conscientious discharge of every public and private obligation.

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## XVIII.

AMOS KENDALL, THE FAVORITE OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

"KENDALL GREEN," a short distance from Washington city, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is one of the neatest of the many summer residences near the national capital; and I never pass it without thinking of the man after whom it was called, and who lived in it the prosperous days which crowned a long life of excitement and trial. Amos Kendall, born at Dunstable, Massachusetts, August 16, 1789, and dying at Wash-





ington, District of Columbia, November 12, 1869, and therefore eighty years old, was one of the characters who write the history of others and have a romance of their own. He was a man when I was a boy; a leader long before I aspired to be a follower; and lived to see more of men and to shape more of measures than many who were bred to public affairs.

When Amos Kendall left New England for Kentucky on the 21st of February, 1814, he had little idea that his future would be cast first in the family of Henry Clay as an humble teacher, and that in less than twenty years he would be called to Washington as one of the advisers of Andrew Jackson, and one of the sternest opponents of the great Kentucky statesman. Reared a Democrat in the hardy school of early Massachusetts Republicanism, temperate and even frugal in his habits, literally without a vice, of delicate and almost feminine organization, he was not well prepared for a Western experience, and, above all, for the quarrelsome manners of the frontier. Gentle and unimpassioned, yet nevertheless quick to act, and fertile of resources, it was strange what an influence he finally acquired over General Jackson, and how steadily he aided to shape the anti-bank policy of Jackson's Administration. Not less interesting was his connection with journalism, first as a religious and neutral writer, then as a political essayist, and, finally, as one of the readiest and boldest pens in the Democratic organ at the national capital. He was the most effective campaign writer until the star of Horace Greeley rose upon the horizon. The short paragraphs of Amos Kendall were sharpened and brightened by contact with the veteran Kentucky journalist Shadrach Pen, and were strangely effective against the solid leaders of Gales and Seaton, when he fired them from *The Globe* into *The National Intelligencer*. Not less interesting was his original connection with Morse and his electric telegraph, an enterprise which, after years of trial and defeat, finally made him a rich man; so that, in the decline of life, he rested from heavy

journalistic labors, and shone conspicuous for his piety, benevolence, and charity. And when, even as he was preparing to meet his God, the storm of the Rebellion broke upon his country, his Jackson Democracy placed him at once on the right side of the question, revitalized his pen, and made him a most effective, because a voluntary and disinterested, champion of the cause of the Union. In no sense an abolitionist, and, I believe, at the end, more of a Democrat than of a Republican, yet, to save the nation, and to put down the Rebellion, which was to him nothing more than theoretical Nullification in arms against the Government, he stood ready to surrender slavery, and even his own property, if necessary. Early in the war, he placed at the disposition of the President his beautiful country home; and Kendall Green was rapidly converted into a military post, from which he removed to more tranquil quarters, happy in the consciousness that he had so far assisted the Administration in its efforts to put down the Rebellion.

His death was preceded by signal acts of generosity to the cause of education and religion, and especially to the Calvary Baptist Church, of which he was a member, as well in its original construction as in its rebuilding after the fire of Sunday, December 15, 1867. Mr. Kendall's journal of his journey from Boston, beginning February 21, 1814, to New York, and from New York to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Elkton and thence to Baltimore, and so on to Washington, which I find in his Autobiography, edited by his son-in-law, William Stickney, Esq., of Washington, is not unlike the incomparable sketch of the travels of Benjamin Franklin on his first visit to the city of Penn. As marking the difference between that day and the present—between 1814 and 1873—it may be stated that Mr. Kendall left Boston on the 21st of February, spent eight days in Washington and eight days in Pittsburgh, and three in Cincinnati, reaching Lexington, Kentucky, on the 12th of April of that year. Four days were occupied from Boston

to New York, a distance now traversed in eight hours; two days from New York to Philadelphia, now traversed in three hours; two days from Baltimore to Washington, now traversed in one hour; nine days from Washington to Pittsburgh, now traversed in as many hours. In these times there was little public conveyance beyond Pittsburgh. Men travelled on horseback, or rowed boats on the river.

Amos Kendall's life may be said to have been divided into four eras. Twenty-seven years in New England, where he was born and educated in New England ways; fourteen years in Kentucky, where he was an inmate of Henry Clay's family as a teacher, while Mr. Clay was abroad as one of the commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent. Afterwards admitted to the bar, he finally made journalism his profession, beginning as a religious or neutral, and closing as an ardent Republican or anti-Federalist. About this time he made the acquaintance of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, who will be remembered as Vice-President with Martin Van Buren; but especially as the hero who is said to have killed Tecumseh, and as a Representative and Senator in Congress from 1815 to 1829. At the national capital, from 1829 to 1845, he was the most trenchant and indefatigable of Democratic agitators and editors, and filled the rôles of Fourth Auditor, Postmaster-general, and political essayist with unexampled integrity and ability. In 1845 he made the acquaintance of Professor Morse of telegraphic fame, and, as his lawyer and confidant, cemented a friendship which continued for twenty-five years without interruption. This new field wholly removed Mr. Kendall from active politics, and founded the great fortune which he employed with enlightened wisdom and munificence.

Rarely has one man filled so large a space with such various acquirements and experiences; rarely have the seeds of early training been rewarded by a growth more healthy or an example more elevated. Four eras, each as different from the other

as if it had been a new life, may be likened to four scenes in a drama: Kendall as the New England student and scholar; Kendall as the Western pioneer and partisan; Kendall as the inflexible official and journalist; and, finally, Kendall as the man of science, joined in close companionship with Professor Morse, under whose patents electricity was "tamed and harnessed until it traversed with equal speed and certainty the depths of the ocean, the snows of the mountains, and the burning sands of the desert."

Amos Kendall always impressed me by his silence. It seemed impossible to believe that this gentle, quiet, and soft-spoken man was the same whose nervous editorials aroused the resentment of the Whigs and the enthusiasm of the Democrats; or that the tranquil and unpretending gentleman whose presence brightened the social circle, and whose liberality encouraged every great charity, had stood unmoved before the ruffian spirits of the wild West, and had led in the war against the Bank of the United States. His spare figure, ashen pale face, snow-white hair, restless eye, and expressive mouth, when he was about sixty, indicated study, work, firmness, and bright intelligence; they did not certainly indicate the aggressive champion of the Cabinet, or the muscular controversialist of the press. He survived generations of political chiefs, and died at last, at eighty, a leader of science and of religion. He knew Henry Clay, Richard M. Johnson, John J. Crittenden, Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; but it was in Washington that his knowledge of men and his labors for the Government introduced him to the chiefs of all opinions, and to men of every class, condition, and persuasion. In his official and editorial situations, he knew Van Buren, Benton, Grundy, Silas Wright, Daniel Webster, Robert Y. Hayne, John C. Calhoun, Duff Green, Francis P. Blair, Joseph Gales, William Winston Seaton, together with Livingston, General Scott, General Macomb, Commodores Stewart and Stockton, Cass, Buchanan, Harrison, John Tyler,



Polk, William Allen, Henry A. Wise, and the hosts that lived and died around them. He knew the great financiers of the country—bank presidents, bank directors, and capitalists—and studied them carefully in his visits to their different institutions, before the Government deposits were removed from the Bank of the United States. He knew the old contractors before the age of railroads and steamboats; the knights of the whip, the “stage,” the turnpike, those dashing pioneers of the wilderness, who won and lost fortunes in carrying the United States mails; the Reesides, Stocktons, Rectors, Falls, and their associates. As Fourth Auditor he had an insight into the expenses of the army and the navy, and so met the leading characters of those arms of the public service. As Postmaster-general and editor of *The Globe* and *The Expositor*, he knew most of the journalists of all the States—Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire; James Gordon Bennett, James Watson Webb, Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, and Charles King, of New York; Charles Gordon Green and Joseph Tinker Buckingham, of Massachusetts; Shadrach Pen and George D. Prentice, of Kentucky; Samuel Medary, of Ohio; George Wilkins Kendall, of Louisiana; and, of course, the writers of Pennsylvania and Washington city—John Binns, Joseph R. Chandler, Joseph C. Neal, Zachariah Poulson, William M. Swain, of the one, and the able men who clustered around the old *Telegraph*, *Globe*, and *Intelligencer*, of the other—from Blair and Rives to Ritchie; from Gales and Seaton to Bullitt, Gideon, and Harvey. From these he received alternate praise and blame, both well laid on, and both now utterly forgotten, or lost before the aggregate of a life crowned with good works and a memory fragrant with genuine patriotism and piety. As I turn my face to the past, it is difficult to reconcile the violent criminations and recriminations of 1834 and 1840 and the calm philosophy and toleration of 1860 and 1869; difficult to realize that the Amos Kendall of the first period is the same so honored and loved in the second. Such a life is a me-

dallion—one side deeply scarred with the passions of youth and manhood ; the other a lasting yet mellowed lesson of magnanimity and forgiveness.

But Andrew Jackson was Amos Kendall's idol. Canning did not worship Pitt, Choate did not follow Webster, Thurlow Weed did not champion William H. Seward, Hamilton did not support Washington, the young Whigs did not idolize Henry Clay, with a deeper devotion. And well might Kendall be true to Jackson ; for Jackson was true to him. He came to Washington a poor editor in 1829. General Jackson saw his worth, utilized and rewarded it. It was Mr. Kendall's association with Jackson, his knowledge of the patriotism and courage of the President, and especially his horror of secession, that confirmed the original love of country of the New-England-born and Kentucky-reared journalist ; and it was this example, strengthened by Mr. Kendall's knowledge of the designs of Calhoun and the Nullifiers, which excited him to those magnificent protests against the Rebellion in 1860, and his final and indignant appeal (January 21, 1864), all of which he published in the Washington *Evening Star*. The following extract from this last paper is pertinent just now :

“It has seemed to be amazing that any Northern man, and especially any Democrat, can entertain the least sympathy for the perjured leaders of this inexcusable and bloody rebellion. They are rebels not only to their country and to mankind, but doubly rebels to the Democratic party, which they betrayed and abandoned. Sympathy with them by any loyal man is a crime ; but by a Democrat it is not only a crime, but a degradation. With what utter contempt must he be looked upon by those proud men ? But let us not confound with the arch-conspirators the mass of the Southern people who have been reduced or driven into rebellion.”

## XIX.

LATER STATESMEN.—THE GREAT DEBATE OF 1854 ON THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE. — SPECIMENS OF THE ORATORY OF S. A. DOUGLAS, BEN WADE, EDWARD EVERETT, SAM HOUSTON, TRUMAN SMITH, CHARLES SUMNER, GEORGE E. BADGER, W. H. SEWARD, LEWIS CASS, L. D. CAMPBELL, A. H. STEPHENS.

I WAS too young to witness the debate on Foote's resolution in the Senate between Hayne and Webster in 1830, and the almost equally interesting discussion on the Force bill in 1833—described in No. XVII. of these "Anecdotes ;" but I was present as an officer of the United States House of Representatives in 1854, when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed, which obliterated the Missouri Compromise and established the following principle, on the motion of Senator Douglas, of Illinois: That "the true intent and meaning of this act is not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

Far more important in its consequences than the Force bill, it is not my purpose to examine into the motives which prompted this measure, but to refer to some of the actors in the memorable scenes in both Houses before the final passage of the bill in the Senate on the night of March 3, 1854. Justice, indeed, requires that I should say, what history will approve when the time comes for impartial analysis and judgment, that from this principle Senator Douglas never swerved down to the hour of his death, in Chicago, June 3, 1861.

There were some extraordinary passages in that great debate, and I have thought it might not be out of place to revive a few, simply to show the temper of the times and the charac-

ter of the leading minds. Douglas was in the prime of life, having just passed his forty-first year, and was the leader of an enthusiastic party which longed to make him President. Though my preference was for Buchanan, and I enjoyed the full confidence of President Pierce, a candidate for re-election, my relations with Douglas were those of daily intercourse and intimacy. Three years my senior, our companionship was almost like the companionship of boys. He was generous, sincere, and candid—ready to run any risk to serve a friend, as unsuspecting as man could be, and never afraid to express his opinions. Instinctively a statesman, he was also instinctively a gentleman; and though he thought and spoke much on public affairs, he could throw off his cares with singular ease. There was nothing unnatural or affected in Douglas. He was a real man throughout, and rarely allowed a political difference to degenerate into personal alienation. Impetuous and rash sometimes, his anger bore fire like the flint, and soon grew cold. He was not an ornamental orator, but his magnetism was more successful than poetry, and his masculine fervor more effective than ordinary logic.

Before his great closing speech on the evening of the 3d of March, 1854, many exciting scenes had taken place in the Senate and the House. On the 3d of the previous February he opened the debate, and stated his position as follows:

“Now, I ask the friends and the opponents of this measure to look at it as it is. Is not the question involved the simple one whether the people of the Territories shall be allowed to do as they please upon the question of slavery, subject only to the limitations of the Constitution? That is all the bill provides; and it does so in clear, explicit, and unequivocal terms. I know there are some men, Whigs and Democrats, who, not willing to repudiate the Baltimore platform of their own party, would be willing to vote for this principle, provided they could do so in such equivocal terms that they could deny that it



means what it was intended to mean in certain localities. I do not wish to deal in equivocal language. If the principle is right, let it be avowed and maintained. If it is wrong, let it be repudiated. Let all this quibbling about the Missouri Compromise, about the territory acquired from France, about the act of 1820, be cast behind you; for the simple question is, will you allow the people to legislate for themselves upon the subject of slavery? Why should you not?"

But no Senator in the opposition took the bull by the horns like Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio. Never shall I forget the impression produced when he broke forth in these daring words:

"Immigration does not go into slave States. Immigration cannot abide there. But is there any constitutional difficulty upon this subject? Senators from the South say they can go into this Territory and take their property with them. Now why should they be let in there with what they call their property? Am I obliged, as a member of the Government of the United States, to acknowledge your title to a slave? No, sir, never. Before I would do it, I would expatriate myself; for I am a believer in the Declaration of Independence. I believe that it was a declaration from Almighty God, that all men are created free and equal, and have the same inherent rights. But, thank God, the Government of the United States, to which I belong, does not anywhere compel any man to acknowledge the title of any person to a slave. If you own him, you own him by virtue of positive law in your own States, with which I have nothing to do, and with which I never have had anything to do. Sir, I hear the gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. Butler] talking to the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Dixon], and I wish it to go forth that the gentleman from South Carolina says, Why should not the free laborer work with the slave? is he not his equal? Is that the opinion of the chairman of the committee?"

If a bombshell had broken through the roof of the Senate

Chamber, it would not have created more amazement ; but Wade was not intimidated by the black looks around him.

And when Dixon of Kentucky rose to ask a question, the bold Ohio Senator met his glance with one as proud and defiant as his own. What follows is taken from the official report :

MR. DIXON. "Will the Senator allow me to ask a question?"

MR. WADE. "Yes, sir ; and your associate, too [Mr. Butler]."

MR. DIXON. "The Senator, if I understood him, said he was a believer in the Declaration of Independence, and in the doctrines of God, which declare that all men are equal. Does the Senator mean that the slave is equal to those free laborers that he speaks of in the North?"

MR. WADE. "Go on."

MR. DIXON. "I desire him to answer that question."

MR. WADE. "Certainly, certainly. The slave, in my judgment, is equal to anybody else, but is degraded by the nefarious acts and selfishness of the master, who compels him, by open force and without right, to serve him alone. That, sir, is my doctrine. When you speak of equality before the law, or equality before the Almighty God, I do not suppose you [addressing himself to Mr. Dixon] stand one whit higher than the meanest slave you have. That is my judgment, and probably it is the judgment that you will understand in the last day, though you will not understand it before."

MR. DIXON. "Will the Senator allow me to ask another question?"

MR. WADE. "Yes, sir ; as many as you please."

MR. DIXON. "Does the Senator consider the free negroes in his State as equal to the free white people?"

MR. WADE. "Yes. Why not equal? Do they not all have their life from Almighty God? Do not they hold it of his tenure? When you speak of wealth, riches, and influence—if that is what you mean—they are generally poor, without influence, perhaps despised among us as well as with you ; but that does

not prevent that equality of which I speak. I say, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, that they were 'created equal,' and you have trampled them underfoot and made them apparently unequal by your own wrong. That is all there is of it. That is my doctrine."

Observe, this was two years before Sumner was struck in that very hall, and about the same time before the present Republican party was organized.

Wade spoke February 6, 1854 ; on the 8th Edward Everett rose. How different the two men ! Wade plain, rugged, outspoken, and fearless ; Everett cool, clear, and precise. I can almost hear him as these exquisite words fell from his lips. He was then in his sixtieth year, and resembled an English clergyman in his careful dress and religious air :

"We are about to take a first step in laying the foundations of two new States, of two sister independent republics, hereafter to enter into the Union, which already embraces thirty-one of these sovereign States, and which, no doubt, in the course of the present century, will include a much larger number. I think Lord Bacon gives the second place among the great of the earth to the founders of States—*conditores imperiorum*. And though it may seem to us that we are now legislating for a remote part of the unsubdued wilderness, yet the time will come, and that not a very long time, when these scarcely existing Territories, when these almost empty wastes, will be the abode of hundreds and thousands of kindred, civilized fellow-men and fellow-citizens. Yes, sir, the time is not far distant, probably, when Kansas and Nebraska, now unfamiliar names to us all, will sound to the ears of their inhabitants as Virginia and Massachusetts, and Kentucky and Ohio, and the names of the other older States do to their children. Sir, these infant Territories, if they may even at present be called by that name, occupy a most important position in the geography of this continent. They stand where Persia, Media,

and Assyria stood in the continent of Asia, destined to hold the balance of power—to be the centres of influence to the East and to the West. Sir, the fountains that trickle from the snow-capped crests of the Sierra Madre flow in one direction to the Gulf of Mexico, in another to the St. Lawrence, and in another to the Pacific. The commerce of the world, eastward from Asia, and westward from Europe, is destined to pass through the gates of the Rocky Mountains over the iron pathways which we are even now about to lay down through those Territories. Cities of unsurpassed magnitude and importance are destined to crown the banks of their noble rivers. Agriculture will clothe with plenty the vast plains now roamed over by the savage and the buffalo. And may we not hope that, under the ægis of wise constitutions of free government, religion and laws, morals and education, and the arts of civilized life will add all the graces of the highest and purest culture to the gifts of nature and the bounties of Providence?”

The next day, February 7, 1854, Truman Smith, of Connecticut, had the floor. He is still living, nearly ninety, at his old home, well preserved for his years. Wholly unlike Wade or Everett, he dealt with the subject in a spirit of the quietest satire. With spectacles on nose, bowed head, and inharmonious voice, with its predominant Yankee dialect, he kept the Senate in a continuous roar of laughter. I give you his words, but I cannot give you a picture of the merriment that followed, in which Douglas heartily participated :

“Old Governor Wolcott, who was a most amiable gentleman, and who had been in the administrations of Washington and Jefferson, got into a lawsuit with a petty bank in his village. The bank, by way of securing the case, employed all the lawyers in the place but himself [Smith], supposing him not to be of sufficient importance to be afraid of. For this reason he got the management of Mr. Wolcott’s case. The old Governor was one of the most honorable, upright, and sincere men he



had ever known—utterly opposed to all artifice, cunning, chicanery, and trickery. He was a frank and straightforward-spoken man—in short, a real specimen of New England character. [Loud laughter.] I mean old-fashioned New England character. [Renewed laughter.] I wish, sir, to be understood as meaning *real* New England character, not such as it is after being transplanted to Illinois. [Laughter.] During the lawsuit I used frequently to see Governor Wolcott, and on every occasion he used to say to me, ‘Mr. Smith, whenever a man gets an idea that he is cunning, he is ruined.’ He [Mr. Smith] was utterly opposed to cunning legislation. He was opposed to making an enactment adding to it excuses. The South wanted no excuses; they wanted the act. Why not, then, speak the matter out plainly? He did not know, however, that he would dispute much about the matter, if it was admitted that this peroration was inserted for the accommodation of the Senator from Illinois, who had already brought into the world five Territories, and was loaded to the muzzle with two more. [Laughter.]

“If the Senator [Mr. Douglas] was correct, the people of Utah had full power to regulate their domestic institutions; then was not this establishment of polygamy under the kind auspices of the chairman of the Committee on Territories? The Senator was not alone in his ideas. It appeared that, in a council of war held on this bill by its friends, it had been solemnly decided, upon due consideration, that the acts of 1850 gave the Utah people full power to regulate their domestic institutions; that Brigham Young and all his crew may practise polygamy and have as many wives as they pleased. It was to be hoped the President of the Senate was not in that council. [Loud laughter.] He intended to expose this business of polygamy and explain its *modus operandi*. [Loud and long-continued laughter.] What he meant was that he intended to explain how it was that Brigham Young and his crew practised

polygamy. [Renewed laughter.] If any one supposed evil from any suggestion of his, he desired it to be done on that person's responsibility, and not on his." [Loud and boisterous laughter, continuing for several minutes.]

The Chair appealed to all present to preserve order and avoid demonstrations unbecoming the Senate.

General Houston, of Texas, was then a Senator, and hostile to the bill, for which he was severely denounced. He bore these assaults with the idle indifference he knew so well how to assume, and when he spoke of them it was with lofty disdain. On the 15th of February he said (and over his honored grave I revive these words, so honorable to his memory),

"When I first saw the Richmond *Enquirer*, in old Rock-bridge County, Virginia, I thought it was the only newspaper in the world. [Laughter.] Sir, I was very young then. It was deemed orthodox at that time. It has changed hands since, and that it should change politics and principles is not strange. I do not claim the charity of the Richmond *Enquirer*, because I am a native of the Old Dominion. I have prided myself on my origin. I have never received any marks of sympathy, favor, or admiration from that State. I shall never ask for them, although I have always endeavored to deserve them. Yes, sir, from the deepest gorges in her mountains I have drunk of her pure streams; on her summits my eyes first learned to look upon nature; and I have never ceased to feel proud that it was upon her soil that I walked in childhood. I remember it still. For her virtues I will laud her; in her misfortunes I will pity her. I will not raise a parricidal hand against my mother. *Some* of her children, though, have, no doubt, been spoiled, sir.

"Mr. President, I came into public life under the auspices of this compromise. More than thirty years ago, I occupied a seat in the other end of the Capitol. Since then I have seen much, and have not been unobservant. I have seen great changes take place in this Government, and but one memorial

remains of the period when I was first acquainted with it in an official position. Mr. Pleasonton, the Fifth Auditor, is the only officer left of all who were then attached to the Federal Government. Even the porters of the public buildings have disappeared. New generations have succeeded. Ten Presidents have filled the Executive chair. Out of nearly three hundred Representatives in the Senate and House of Representatives, but three remain. A distinguished member of the other House, from Missouri [Mr. Benton], who was then a Senator on this floor, the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Everett], who was then a member of the House, and myself, are all the memorials left ; and, sir,

‘ When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I’ve seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.’

“ Others must succeed us and occupy the places which we now fill. They will be instructed by what we do. We are not acting alone for ourselves, but are trustees for the benefit of posterity. Our actions are to inure to them for good or evil. We are, by our legislation, to benefit or to prejudice them. Mr. President, in the far-distant future I think I perceive those who come after us, who are to be affected by the action of this body upon this bill. Our children have two alternatives here presented. They are either to live in after-times in the enjoyment of peace, of harmony, and prosperity, or the alternative remains for them of anarchy, discord, and civil broil. We can avert the last. I trust we shall. At any rate, so far as my efforts can avail, I will resist every attempt to infringe or repeal the Missouri Compromise.”

The next day, February 16, 1854, George E. Badger, of North Carolina—born in that State 1795, and died at Raleigh, the State capital, May 11, 1866—took the floor for the bill. He was a combination of scholar, orator, lawyer, and humorist, with a fine, open face, and quick, dashing manner; popular with his colleagues, genial and warm-hearted, and most conscientious. You have the man before you in this outburst of feeling:

“This is a strange mode of enforcing the observance of compacts; and it shows with what facility we perceive the propriety of obliging others, and how easily we perceive it is not easy to oblige ourselves by the obligation of a compact, when the question returns whether we shall give the consideration for which the other party contracted. I remember having seen somewhere that Dr. Porteus, who was at one time the Bishop of London, and a man of no small celebrity in his day, had written a poem on the horrors and miseries of war, in which he had given so vivid a picture of the dreadful consequences and accompaniments of war, and its utter irreconcilability with the principles of Christianity, that everybody who read the poem was deeply struck with the fervid eloquence and impassioned piety of the right reverend author. It is said that some time afterwards, during the prosecution of a foreign war, he made a strong speech in the British Parliament in favor of the war, and in support of the Ministry who were carrying it on. As he was leaving the House, some noble lord fell alongside of him, and said, ‘After reading your Lordship’s very animated and stirring picture of the horrors of war, I was a little surprised to hear your Lordship’s speech to-day, comparing it to what you have said in your poem.’ ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘my Lord, my poem was not written for this war.’ [Laughter.] It seems to me that this is just exactly the same answer which the honorable Senator from Ohio gives to us. He says, ‘Observe your plighted faith; hold yourselves bound by the bargain; adhere to the Missouri Compromise.’ We ask him, in reply, ‘Will you



adhere to it?' 'Oh!' he answers, 'my position, my argument, my urgency, were not intended for this case, but for the other.'"

William H. Seward, February 17, 1854, opposed the bill. Never was he in finer trim. He saw in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise the opportunity for a new party. The Whigs were fading out. Clay and Webster had died two years before, full of years, with unfulfilled ambitions, and he, not yet fifty-five, had a wide field before him in which to figure. He was the uncontested leader of the antislavery idea, not the oldest, but certainly the best soldier. He was a man of wealth and society, had occupied high station, and was the equal of any other gentleman in manners and experience. Hence he spoke with the emphasis of a judge and the authority of a prophet when he said,

"Senators from the slaveholding States, you, too, suppose that you are securing peace as well as victory in this transaction. I tell you now, as I told you in 1850, that it is an error, an unnecessary error, to suppose that because you exclude slavery from these halls to-day it will not revisit them to-morrow. You buried the Wilmot Proviso here then, and celebrated its obsequies with pomp and revelry. And here it is again to-day, stalking through these halls, clad in complete steel as before. Even if those whom you denounce as factionists in the North would let it rest, you yourselves must evoke it from its grave. The reason is obvious. Say what you will, do what you will, here, the interests of the non-slaveholding States and of the slaveholding States remain just the same; and they will remain just the same until you shall cease to cherish and defend slavery, or we shall cease to honor and love freedom! You will not cease to cherish slavery. Do you see any signs that we are becoming indifferent to freedom? On the contrary, that old, traditional, hereditary sentiment of the North is more profound and more universal now than it ever was before. The slavery agitation you deprecate so much is an

eternal struggle between conservatism and progress, between truth and error, between right and wrong. You may sooner, by act of Congress, compel the sea to suppress its upheavings, and the round earth to extinguish its internal fires, than oblige the human mind to cease its inquiries, and the human heart to desist from its throbbings."

Two interesting men spoke in the other House the same day, February 17, on opposite sides—Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, and Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, both still living, and both now co-operating with the Democratic party. So much has been written of Alexander H. Stephens, and he has himself written so much, he has been so conspicuous an actor on the public stage from 1850 to 1880, that he is as well known as any of our modern statesmen. It is astonishing that one who has looked like a dying man for thirty years should to-day be alive and active. Of boyish stature, the voice of a woman, fragile frame, and delicate sensibilities, his eloquence is as athletic as that of John Bright, and his industry as intense as that of Caleb Cushing. Mr. Stephens was sixty-eight February 11, 1880. On the 17th of February, 1855, he said,

"In behalf of this principle, Mr. Chairman, I would to-day address this House—not as partisans, neither as Whigs nor Democrats, but as Americans. I do not know what you call me or how you class me, whether as Whig or Democrat, in your political vocabulary; nor do I care. Principles should characterize parties, and not names. I call myself a republican, and I would invoke you, one and all, to come up and sustain this great republican and American policy, established in 1850 for the permanent peace, progress, and glory of our common country. If any of you are convinced of its propriety and correctness, but are afraid that your constituents are not equally convinced, follow the example of Mr. Webster, after his 7th-of-March speech, when the doors of Faneuil Hall were closed against him. Meet your constituents, if need be, in the open

air, and, face to face, tell them they are wrong and you are right. I think, sir, that great man on no occasion of his life ever appeared to greater advantage, in the display of those moral qualities which mark those entitled to lasting fame, than he did in the speech he made in an open barouche before the Revere House, in Boston, to three thousand people who had assembled to hear what reason he had to give for his course in the Senate. He stood as Burke before the people of Bristol, or as Aristides before the people of Athens, when he told them, above all things, to be 'just.' In that speech Mr. Webster told the people of Boston, 'You have conquered an inhospitable climate; you have conquered a sterile and barren soil; you have conquered the ocean that washes your shores; you have fought your way to the respect and esteem of mankind, but you have yet to conquer your prejudices.' That was indeed speaking *vera pro gratis*; and that was a scene for a painter or sculptor to perpetuate the man in the exhibition of his noblest qualities, far more worthy than the occasion of his reply to Mr. Hayne or his great 7th-of-March speech. Imitate his example—never lose the consciousness that 'truth is mighty and will ultimately prevail.' The great 'truth' as to the right principle of disposing of this slavery question in the Territories was first proclaimed by the Congress of the United States in 1850. It was as oil upon the waters. It gave quiet and repose to a distracted country. Let it be the pride of us all in this Congress to reaffirm the principle; make it coextensive with your limits, inscribe it upon your banners, make it broad as your Constitution, proclaim it everywhere, that the people of the common Territories of the Union, wherever the flag floats, shall have the right to form such republican institutions as they please. Let this be our pride; and then, with a common feeling in the memories and glories of the past, we can all, from every State, section, and Territory, look with hopeful anticipations to that bright prospect in the future which beckons us on in

our progress to a still higher degree of greatness, power, and renown."

Immediately after he had taken his seat, Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, rose to reply. How irresistibly circumstances control men! Mr. Campbell was for many years a Whig and Free-soiler. In the discussion on the Nebraska bill he was a leader among its adversaries, and so decided that the friends of the measure were roused to anger against him—one of them, ex-Governor Smith, of Virginia, going to certain unparliamentary extremes. The allusion in the close of Mr. Campbell's speech, which I copy, was to that gentleman. To-day these men are all living and all members of the Democratic party, and not the least zealous of the triumvirate is the author of the following peroration:

"As I have before said, Mr. Chairman, I have not the personal acquaintance of the honorable gentleman; and I repeat that in what I said the other day, and in what I now say, I disclaim any design to give personal offence, or to do more than is necessary to vindicate my own rights, and the rights of my constituents, in this Congress of the nation. The character of our future intercourse I leave with him. I desire that my relations with him, and with all men, shall be those of friendship. If, however, he wishes to press a personal hostility because of my sentiments on the question of slavery, or for any other reason, to use his own language, he can every day 'find me when the House adjourns.' If he desires to meet me in friendship, I stand ready for such a meeting. If, on the other hand, he comes as my enemy, I simply ask that he will so telegraph me in unequivocal terms.

"Mr. Chairman, in my digression upon this personal matter I have lost much of the time which I intended to appropriate to a discussion of other features of the proposed repeal of the Missouri Compromise. My hour is nearly spent. The other points which I proposed to discuss must be left for a future oc-



casion, or to others who are more able to do them justice. In conclusion, I can but say that upon this question, as upon every other which involves the extension of slavery, I stand by the Constitution. I stand where Washington stood! I stand where Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, stood! I stand where Patrick Henry, where Lee, and where Harrison stood! I stand, sir, where the patriots of all Virginia stood in her best days! I stand, sir, where Adams and Sherman, and Jay and Hooper, and Caswell and Gadsden, and the Rutledges stood during the Revolutionary contest for freedom! To adopt the language of another, as evidence of my respect for his position on this question, 'I stand upon the ordinance of 1787. There the path is marked by the blood of the Revolution. I stand in company with the "men of '87," their locks wet with the mists of the Jordan over which they passed, their garments purple with the waters of the Red Sea through which they led us of old to this land of promise. With them to point the way, however dark the *present*, hope shines brightly on the *future*; and, discerning their footprints in my path, I shall tread it with unflinching trust.'

[Here the hammer fell.]

February 20, 1854, Lewis Cass supported the bill. He was then seventy-two, a great age, and yet he lived till June 17, 1866. His career resembles that of John Quincy Adams in length and various vicissitudes. Born at Exeter, New Hampshire, he crossed the Alleghanies on foot when he was a poor boy of seventeen. He was in the Legislature of Ohio; was the author of the bill that stopped the conspiracy of Aaron Burr; Marshal of Ohio under Jefferson; an officer of the regular army in 1812; fought in the war against the British on the Canadian frontier; served under General Harrison at the battle of the Thames; Governor of Michigan Territory from 1813 to 1831, in which capacity he laid the foundation of his princely fortune; Secretary of War under Jackson till 1836, when he was sent minister to France

from 1836 to 1842 ; a Senator in Congress from Michigan from 1845 to 1848 ; re-elected after his defeat for President by General Taylor, he remained in the Senate till President Buchanan called him into his Cabinet in 1857, where he remained till December, 1860, when he resigned, really in consequence of the evident defection of his colleagues. His purity of private life, his temperance, literary tastes, and philosophical tendencies doubtless prolonged his years on earth, and always made him an object of interest. He was not a good speaker, but when he spoke these words he was heard with great respect :

“ It requires but little exertion to swim with the current, while he who opposes it must put forth all his strength, and even then may become its victim. Popular feeling is a power hard to resist, and the reproach of being a dough-face belongs to him who panders to it, and not to him who strives to maintain the constitutional rights of all, even in opposition to his own community, which holds in its hands his political life and death. This is precisely the condition which no Southern man has ever had to encounter in connection with this grave subject, and it is precisely the condition which he cannot comprehend, or will not do justice to, when the course of a Northern man is in question. It is not enough, with too many of the Southern politicians, that public men from the free States maintain, firmly and unflinchingly, the rights of the slaveholding portion of the Union, and stand ready to meet the consequences, however disastrous to themselves, rather than participate in their violation : this, I say, is not enough ; sometimes, indeed, it is nothing, unless every opinion of the South upon the general question is adopted, and unreserved allegiance professed to the declaration that slavery is the best condition of human society.

“ Now, sir, I believe no such doctrine, and, not believing it, I will not profess to believe it, from whatever high quarter announced.”

An interesting episode took place during this historical dis-

cussion, which showed the broad difference between Northern and Southern Democrats on the subject of slavery. Albert Gallatin Brown, Senator in Congress from Mississippi, still living (sixty-seven, May 13, 1880) in that State, is one of the best-hearted men I ever knew. His very looks indicate his genial nature. In society a great favorite, and always ready to do a kind act, he never touched the subject of slavery without saying the most violent things. Unlike most other Southern men of his school, it was impossible to believe that this natural gentleman in all his relations, this impulsive, whole-souled fellow, could seriously entertain the wild ideas that fell from his lips in the torrent of his talk. He replied to General Cass, February 24, and expressly to the purpose. I quote as follows :

“Nowhere in this broad Union but in the slaveholding States is there a living, breathing exemplification of the beautiful sentiment that all men are equal. In the South all men are equal. I mean, of course, white men ; negroes are not men, within the meaning of the Declaration. If they were, Madison and Jefferson and Washington, all of whom lived and died slaveholders, never could have made it, for they never regarded negroes as their equals, in any respect. But men, white men, the kind of men spoken of in the Declaration of Independence, are equal in the South, and they are so nowhere else. It is slavery that makes them so.

“In the South we have but one standard of social merit, and that is integrity. Poverty is no crime, and labor is honorable. The poorest laborer, if he has preserved an unsullied reputation, is on a social level with all his fellows. The wives and daughters of our mechanics and the laboring-men stand not an inch lower in the social scale than the wives and daughters of our governors, secretaries, and judges. It is not always so with you, and I will tell you why. The line that separates menial from honorable labor with you is not marked by a caste or distinct color, as it is with us. In the South, as in the North, all

the mechanic arts are treated as honorable, and they are not the less so because sometimes practised by blacks. It may surprise our Northern friends, but all the South will attest its truth, that nothing is more common in the South than to see the master and his slave working together at the same trade. And the man who would breathe a suspicion that the master had sunk one hair's breadth in the social scale in consequence of this kind of contact would, by general consent, be written down an ass.

"But there are certain menial employments which belong exclusively to the negro: these furnish a field of labor that the white man never invades, or, if he does, he is not tempted there by gain. Why, sir, it would take you longer to find a white man, in my State, who would hire himself out as a bootblack, or a white woman who would go to service as a chambermaid, than it took Captain Cook to sail around the world. For myself, in thirty years, I have never found a single one.

"Would any man take his bootblack, would any lady take her chambermaid, into companionship? We do not in the South, for they are always negroes. Mechanics, overseers, and honest laborers of every kind are taken into companionship, and treated in all respects as equals. It is their right, and no one thinks of denying it."

I was in the Senate when this rhapsody was uttered, and was not surprised when Senator A. C. Dodge, of Iowa, a young man not older than Brown, and a Democrat without reproach, took the floor in prompt reply. He was very much excited. His straight, Indian figure, his strong features, his defiant air, added effect to the loud tone which rang like a trumpet-call through the chamber:

"Mr. President, I have heard, with mingled feelings of astonishment and regret, the speech which has just been made by the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Brown]. No sentiments to which I have ever listened during my Senatorial career have



ever made so unfavorable an impression as those which have just fallen from him. With perfect respect for that Senator and the Senate, I desire that he and it shall know my opinions upon some topics connected with the subject under consideration, and to which I think he has most improperly alluded. Upon those matters I wish to say, then, I differ from him widely as the poles are asunder; and if anything were wanting now to satisfy me that there is imminent danger that at some period in the history of this country it is to be brought to the shock of arms, the sentiments which he has avowed, and the antagonistic ones (going to an entire equality between the white and black races) which have been uttered by Free-soilers upon this floor, would satisfy me of the fact beyond doubt. Sir, I tell the Senator from Mississippi—I speak it upon the floor of the American Senate, in presence of my father, who will attest its truth—that I have performed, and do perform when I am at home, all of those menial services to which that Senator referred in terms so grating to my feelings. As a general thing, I saw my own wood; do all my own marketing. I never had a servant of any color to wait upon me a day in my life. I have driven teams, horses, mules, and oxen, and considered myself as respectable then as I now do, or as any Senator upon this floor is."

Brown replied at once in his best temper, and the explanation was received. What added to the interest of the occasion was the fact that, as the son spoke these glowing words, he called as his witness his venerable father, Henry Dodge, then Senator from Wisconsin, who could not have been less than seventy-five, and had been an Indian fighter in the Black Hawk War, a colonel in the army, Governor of Wisconsin, and Delegate when it was a Territory. His romantic history, white hair, and Roman dignity formed a striking contrast with the impetuous manner and vigorous eloquence of the young black-haired Senator, his favorite and devoted son.

February 21, 1854, Charles Sumner opposed the bill. He was a month over forty-three, and, in his appearance, dress, and manner of speaking, an unsurpassed orator. He has since passed away, dying at Washington, March 11, 1874, aged sixty-three, in the full possession of his great faculties; but when he spoke in this debate, he was one of the new men, and, though full of his theme, had not that history at his back which is now the rock upon which many proudly lean, and from which millions defend his convictions, and point to such prophecies as these as having been providentially fulfilled:

“Mr. President, I approach this discussion with awe. The mighty question, with untold issues which it involves, oppresses me. Like a portentous cloud, surcharged with irresistible storm and ruin, it seems to fill the whole heavens, making me painfully conscious how unequal I am to the occasion—how unequal, also, is all that I can say to all that I feel.

“I am not blind to the adverse signs. But this I see clearly. Amidst all seeming discouragements, the great omens are with us. Art, literature, poetry, religion—everything which elevates man—all are on our side. The plough, the steam-engine, the railroad, the telegraph, the book, every human improvement, every generous word anywhere, every true pulsation of every heart which is not a mere muscle, and nothing else, gives new encouragement to the warfare with slavery. The discussion will proceed. The devices of party can no longer stave it off. The subterfuges of the politician cannot escape it. The tricks of the office-seeker cannot dodge it. Wherever an election occurs, there this question will arise. Wherever men come together to speak of public affairs, there again it will be. No political Joshua now, with miraculous power, can stop the sun in his course through the heavens. It is even now rejoicing, like a strong man, to run its race, and will yet send its beams into the most distant plantation—ay, and melt the chains of every slave.

“But this movement, or agitation, as it is reproachfully called, is boldly pronounced injurious to the very object desired. Now, without entering into details, which neither time nor the occasion justifies, let me say that this objection belongs to those commonplaces which have been arrayed against every beneficent movement in the world’s history—against even knowledge itself—against the abolition of the slave-trade. Perhaps it was not unnatural for the Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Badger] to press it, even as vehemently as he did; but it sounded less natural when it came, in more moderate phrase, from my distinguished friend and colleague [Mr. Everett]. The past furnishes a controlling example by which its true character may be determined. Do not forget, sir, that the efforts of William Wilberforce encountered this precise objection, and that the condition of the kidnapped slave was then vindicated in language not unlike that of the Senator from North Carolina, by no less a person than the Duke of Clarence, of the royal family, in what was called his maiden speech, on May 3, 1792, and preserved in the Parliamentary Debates. ‘The negroes,’ he said, ‘were not treated in the manner which had so much agitated the public mind. He had been an attentive observer of their state, and had no doubt that he could bring forward proofs to convince their lordships that their state was far from being miserable. On the contrary, that when the various ranks of society were considered, they were comparatively in a state of humble happiness.’ And only the next year, this same royal Prince, in debate in the House of Lords, asserted that the promoters of the abolition of the slave-trade were ‘either fanatics or hypocrites,’ and in one of these classes he declared that he ranked Wilberforce. Mark now the end. After years of weary effort, the slave-trade was finally abolished; and at last, in 1837, the early vindicator of even this enormity, the maligner of a name hallowed among men, was brought to give his royal assent, as William the Fourth, King of Great Britain, to the immor-

tal act of Parliament by which slavery was abolished throughout the British dominions. Sir, time and the universal conscience have vindicated the labors of Wilberforce. The American movement against slavery, sanctioned by the august names of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, can calmly await a similar judgment.

“One word more, and I have done. The great master, Shakespeare, who with all-seeing mortal eye observed mankind, and with immortal pen depicted the manners as they rise, has presented a scene which may be read with advantage by all who would plunge the South into tempestuous quarrel with the North. I refer to the well-known dialogue between Brutus and Cassius. Reading this remarkable passage, it is difficult not to see in Brutus our own North, and in Cassius the South:

*‘Cassius.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

*‘Brutus.* . . . Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler? . . .

*‘Cassius.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

*‘Brutus.* All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor? . . .

*‘Cassius.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*‘Brutus.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. . . .

*‘Cassius.* A friend should bear his friend’s infirmities:  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*‘Brutus.* I do not, *till you practise them on me.*

*‘Cassius.* You love me not.

*‘Brutus.* I do not like your faults.’

[*Julius Cæsar*, act iv., scene iii.]



“And the colloquy proceeding, each finally comes to understand the other, appreciates his character and attitude; and the impetuous, gallant Cassius exclaims, ‘Give me your hand;’ to which Brutus replies, ‘And my heart, too.’ Afterwards, with heart and hand united, on the field of Philippi they together upheld the liberties of Rome.

“The North and the South, sir, as I fondly trust, amidst all differences of opinion, will always have a hand and heart for each other; and, believing in the sure prevalence of almighty truth, I confidently look forward to the good time when both will unite, according to the sentiments of the fathers and the true spirit of the Constitution, in declaring freedom, and not slavery, *national*; while slavery, and not freedom, shall be *sectional*. Then will be achieved that Union, contemplated at the beginning, against which the storms of faction and the assaults of foreign powers will beat in vain, as upon the Rock of Ages; and Freedom, seeking a firm foothold, will at last have where to stand and move the world!”

Sumner in 1854 and Sumner in 1872 deserve to be studied in the light of this extract. The great Red Sea of the war rolls between these less than twenty years. In the Congress of 1854 he pleaded for peace between the sections. In the Congress of 1872 he pleaded for reconciliation. The quotation from “Julius Cæsar” is something more than an illustration: it is a warning.

It was after this protracted discussion of his bill, which had previously passed the House, that Senator Douglas rose, at 11 30 on the evening of March 3, 1854, to close the debate, to answer his adversaries, and to demand a final vote. I was present and heard it entire. He spoke till dawn on the 4th; and after he had finished, and the great crowd which had hung entranced upon his accents retired down the great steps leading from the Rotunda to the eastern porch or portico of the Capitol, the guns of the Navy Yard proclaimed the triumph of the principle of popular sovereignty. Few saw the future that

sonibre March morning. The South did not know that in supporting the bill they had forever lost their hold upon slavery in the Territories. The North, that portion of it represented by Mr. Sumner and Mr. Seward, did not dream that in opposing it they had opposed what was to make all our future Territories the citadels of liberty. There was much acrimony on both sides, and the invective of Judge Douglas was as strong as the invective of his opponents. Four short years proved that he had not vainly made his solemn pledge to sustain fair play in the Territories. The attempt to deprive the people of Kansas of the rights secured to them under his bill of 1854 roused him to the boldest resistance. In maintaining it, he was re-elected to the Senate over Abraham Lincoln in 1858. In maintaining it, he lost the prize of the Presidency in 1860, and gave it to the Republicans by refusing to support Breckinridge. And in 1861 he died the victim of his heroic efforts to warn the South from the catastrophe that punished their resistance to the will of the majority.

More than twenty-six years ago, in the columns of the *Washington Union* (March 6, 1854), I wrote as follows of the memorable speech of Senator Douglas, which closed the great debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill: "But it is vain to attempt a description of the really great effort of the Illinois Senator. The readiness of his replies, the correctness of his authorities, the extent of his information, the clearness of his views, the new points presented, have elevated it among the finest of forensic triumphs. It may well be ranked with those proud and memorable achievements of intellect which have given to the American Senate the just renown of being the ablest deliberative body in the world. 'Sir,' said he to the President of the Senate, 'the North and South have common and indissoluble interests. There are tariff men North and South; there are distribution men North and South; there are free-trade men North and South. Slavery is the only link that divides us. Let us

be just and generous. Thus far, the people have treated it with eminent wisdom and sagacity. Congress has never acted upon it save to divide the people; the people are always sure to unite and protect themselves. Let us leave it to them. They are the proper judges and the only jurors. The bill under discussion forever removes it from Congress by reasserting that principle for the future which has been the only source of our happiness and glory in the past.' ”

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## XX.

THE WIT, PATHOS, SATIRE, AND REPARTEES OF RUFUS CHOATE, GEORGE W. BARTON, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THADDEUS STEVENS, PETTIGREW, THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, THOMAS HOOD, CHARLES DICKENS, DOUGLAS JERROLD, CHARLES LAMB.

A PROFESSIONAL joker or humorist is sometimes a hopeless invalid, and often dreadfully low-spirited. “I am very unhappy, doctor,” said a bilious stranger to a celebrated physician. “Can you give me a cure for melancholy?” “Yes,” was the reply; “go and see the inimitable clown, Grimaldi.” “Alas, doctor,” was the rejoinder, “I am Grimaldi!” Do you know that Joseph Jefferson suffers unspeakably from dyspepsia, and that, pleasant as he is on the stage, he is compelled to observe the utmost care of his health? John Brougham, a wit himself, and the cause of wit in others, suffers terribly from the gout. The grandfather of Joseph Jefferson, after whom he was called, was very much afflicted by rheumatism. And Rufus Choate was doubtless in poor health when he answered an enemy of General Harrison, who objected to the latter because he had been a man-slayer, “Well, sir, I prefer him to a duelist like Henry Clay!” He died before his time, in his fifty-ninth year, and seemed to anticipate his destiny, as he turned to

his books in his great library and said, "These are the friends who have so far saved me from the fire of insanity and the ice of paralysis." George W. Barton, of Philadelphia, like Choate, in his sombre moods spared nobody. Yet how delightful he could be when he pleased! A memorable passage in one of his great speeches was spoken when he was in high health. As I recall the case, I only recollect that its main feature was the death of a young woman with her child unborn. It was the old story of love lightly given and basely betrayed; and when the orator repeated this magnificent stanza from Canto IV. of Byron's "Don Juan," it was photographed in my memory like a picture never to be effaced:

"She died, but not alone; she held within  
A second principle of life, which might  
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin;  
But closed its little being without light,  
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein  
Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight:  
In vain the dews of heaven descend above  
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love."

Mr. Lincoln, the most skilful story-teller of his time, and the quickest at repartee, had his many hours of gloom. Judge Douglas said to me in 1858, when he heard that Lincoln was to be his opponent for United States Senator in Illinois, and long before the world had heard much of the tall, quaint, gaunt statesman, "I shall have my hands full. He is the strong man of his party—full of wit, facts, dates, and the best stump-speaker, with his droll ways and dry jokes, in the West. He is as honest as he is shrewd; and if I beat him, my victory will be hardly won." Everybody recalls that brilliant mental duel. Douglas had never met his match before. He had traversed Illinois when it was almost a wilderness (1837), when he was just twenty-five years old (the legal age) the day before the election, and was beaten by J. T. Stewart, the Whig candidate,



by only five votes in a poll of 36,000. Never was such a contest known in the North. While at Chicago in September of 1872 I heard a gentleman say that when Douglas came in from that canvass he was the most forlorn object he ever saw. His horse, his clothes, his boots, and his hat—all were worn out. He had to use ropes for his bridle, and his saddle-bags looked as if they had seen a century's service. He was very light and agile, a sparkling boy, vital, keen, impulsive, and confident. They clubbed together and fitted him out in a new suit, and sent him on his way rejoicing. In 1840 he travelled seven months, and addressed two hundred and seven meetings in favor of Martin Van Buren, who carried the State, though Harrison was elected President. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and stayed in the House till 1847, when he was chosen a Senator in Congress, and remained there without a rival till he died, in 1861. His great struggle was with Lincoln in 1858, whom he defeated after an unexampled campaign. But, as I said, Mr. Lincoln had his periods of depression. Many are recalled by those who knew him better than myself. His outburst of uncontrollable emotion at the defeat of the Union army in the Wilderness is often spoken of. "My God! my God!" he exclaimed, "twenty thousand poor souls sent to their final account in one day. I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" One evening I found him in such a mood. He was ghastly pale, the dark rings were round his caverned eyes, his hair was brushed back from his temples, and he was reading Shakespeare as I came in. "Let me read you this from 'Macbeth,'" he said. "I cannot read it like Forrest" (who was then acting in Washington), "but it comes to me to-night like a consolation:

'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.' ”

Thaddeus Stevens was another illustration, not so much on account of ill-health as of conscious physical disability; and doubtless many of his severest things sprang from the latter cause. He met a certain politician of easy virtue who had betrayed him in an important emergency, and, transfixing him with his eagle eye, he whispered, “You must be a bastard, for I knew your father to be a gentleman and an honest man !”

Pettigrew, the great South Carolina lawyer, and a stern Unionist, another atrabilious person, was among a set of friends in Charleston, early in 1861, when a Secession politician broke into the room, exclaiming, “Good news! Florida has gone out !” “What !” said Pettigrew, in affected amazement, “has that miserable abortion died? I am glad of it.” A Philadelphia gentleman of standing, who was present at the time, relates this story.

The bitter things of Theodore Edward Hook were often the result of his own irritability and ill-health, one of which may be directly traced to this cause. “Nobody ever doubted my piety,” was the remark to him of a talkative Pharisee. “I suppose not,” was the retort, “for nobody who ever heard you would doubt your magpiety.” With his dazzling wit, his audacious practical jokes, his astounding improvisations, his faculty of punning, and the facility with which he turned out farces and vaudevilles, he became the welcome guest in every circle. Appointed to office at a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year, he was a defaulter for one hundred thousand dollars, but escaped to resume his position as a diner-out, a comic writer and joker, and finally died, broken in health and fortune, aged fifty-three; to use his own words, “done up in mind, purse, and body.”

His contemporary humorist, Thomas Hood, died at forty-seven, after a career of varied success. Beset by pecuniary troubles, though he wrote much that was successful, he composed some of his finest pieces, among them the renowned "Song of the Shirt," on a sick-bed, from which he never rose.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was another notable instance. Afflicted from his birth with a malignant scrofula which permanently disfigured his face, and injured both his sight and hearing, a prodigious worker and producer of books and pamphlets, a profound and witty talker; wise, shrewd, satiric, and dogmatic, many of his choicest triumphs were the result of hard labor in the midst of the most exquisite tortures of body and mind.

Perhaps no life and work better illustrate my general idea than that of Robert Burton, the learned British writer, born 1576, and died 1639-40. He was a confirmed hypochondriac, and his famous "Anatomy of Melancholy," from which many modern authors have borrowed without giving any credit, was a treasure of profound learning, witty illustrations, and quaint observations.

Even our beloved Washington Irving, whose life was so gentle and so tolerant, whose humor was so calm and clear, who united the tenderness of a woman with the sympathy of a true manhood—even Irving's last hours were hours of sleepless agony; but he bore his sufferings with the patient philosophy of his nature. What a comic scene that was between himself and Dickens at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore in 1842, when they were enjoying one of John Guy's huge mint-juleps, upon which Dickens indited the little note still hanging up in the dining-room of "Guy's," in Philadelphia!

Mr. Dickens acknowledged the receipt of the julep in the following letter, which is carefully and proudly preserved at Guy's, South Seventh Street, Philadelphia:—

"BARNUM'S HOTEL, March 23, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am truly obliged to you for the beautiful and delicious mint-julep you have so kindly sent me. It's quite a mercy that I knew what it was. I have tasted it, but await further proceedings until the arrival of Washington Irving, whom I expect to dine with me, *tête-à-tête*, and who will help me to drink your health. With many thanks to you,

"Dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS."

Side by side with this faded writing of Dickens is a little note of Jenny Lind's thanking Guy for some reed birds, and one from Daniel Webster acknowledging a present of some grouse.

It will be noted that many of the humorists died before they were very old men. Of these Douglas Jerrold was a fine instance—born 1803, died 1857. As I add his name to my list, I extract the following from his obituary, written by Charles Dickens, of whom, for a long period, he was a violent personal enemy:

"The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript, when death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print were, 'And my heart throbbed with exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas-eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms, as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done, and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest.

"He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearances asleep, on the 24th of December, 1862. He was only in his fifty-third year—so young a man that the mother who blessed him in his first



sleep blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall,

‘And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o’er the sea;  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling and making  
A prayer at home for me.’

“Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him they had learned much from him, and one of them has a literary course before her worthy of her famous name.”

Charles Lamb was perhaps the best specimen of the class I am trying to describe, and died aged fifty-nine. He was, to use his own picture of another, “A compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.” He was the associate of Wordsworth, Hood, De Quincey, Talfourd, Leigh Hunt, Southey, etc. He was amiable, fantastic, witty, subtle in his style, and will live in literary history as one of its most delightful characters. There was insanity in his family, and at twenty he was himself six weeks in a madhouse. His sister Mary was frequently insane, and killed her own mother in one of her paroxysms. I always thought Joseph C. Neal, so well beloved in Philadelphia for his quiet manners and easy humor, who preceded me in *The Pennsylvanian*, and died July 3, 1848, aged only forty-one, greatly resembled Lamb in the graceful beauty of his writings and the feebleness of his frame. One of Lamb’s infirmities was that he stammered. He was sent by his physician to an English watering-place to recover his strength, and was put into the hands of two stout bathers. As they got him into the water, he said, “My doctor orders that I am to be dipped.”

"Yes, your honor," was the reply, and down he went. As the little man rose in terror, he exclaimed, "I mean that I am to be dipped!" "Yes, your honor," and in they doused him again. As he came up he recovered his speech and lost his temper, and shouted, "Damn it, my doctor said I was only to be dipped—*once!*"

Thomas De Quincey, the English "Opium-eater," died in 1859, aged seventy-four, a great age for one whose life was wasted and great intellect destroyed by his slavish surrender to an appetite he could not control. He was not so much a humorist as a dreamer; but some of his visions were gorgeous, and much that he wrote took a high rank in standard literature and secured him a large circle of admirers.

I might extend the list, but I think what I have written will serve the purpose. The comic men of our day soon wear out. There are few such perennial spirits as Sydney Smith and Francis Jeffrey, few such sparkling and exhaustless fountains of fun and satire as Theodore Hook. American humor of this generation is typified by the school of Artemus Ward (another melancholy man, who died very young, in the zenith of his fame), Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Petroleum V. Nasby, and the Man of the *Danbury News*. Unique as they are, they find it difficult to be always original. The demand for their wares is greater than the supply. Of this fraternity Mark Twain and Petroleum Nasby are the steadiest and most enduring, but yet the latter (Mr. Locke) varies his lectures and letters with other work, and is far more a journalist than a joker. He, at least, cannot be added to the saturnine and dyspeptic catalogue. Life to him is a broad and tempting field; and though his letters from the Confederate X Roads may be out of fashion, he finds many other themes for his rare talents; and in working the mine of fact he will, I predict, be as successful as he has been in exploring the regions of fancy.

## XXI.

NEWSPAPER MEN DEAD AND LIVING.—THEIR AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL TASTES.—THURLOW WEED, NATHAN SARGENT, ROBERT DALE OWEN, JOHN WENTWORTH, SCHUYLER COLFAX, ETC., ETC.

WHAT was the exception in other days, so far as personal recollection is concerned, is now the rule. Autobiographies are as frequent as they used to be scarce; and presently they will be as necessary to the public or private library as a dictionary or an encyclopædia. I could name a dozen scholars who were busily engaged on their reminiscences. The noted writers of the time were Thurlow Weed, Nathan Sargent ("Oliver Old-school"), Henry S. Foote, and Gideon Welles. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior; C. M. Conrad, Secretary of War; A. R. Hall, Postmaster-general; and W. H. Graham, Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore, living to a great age, like their venerable chief, met frequently in the hospitable residence of W. W. Corcoran, in Washington, full of written and unwritten memories. There is hardly a retired editor or politician that has not contributed something to the general stock. The comparative neglect of former times bids fair to be followed by a flood of personal literature. It is easy to read the growth of these experiences in current periodicals and newspapers. Nothing is more welcome than Robert Dale Owen's chapters in *The Atlantic*, "The Old Stager" in *Harper*, Justin McCarthy's sketches of European celebrities in the *Galaxy*, or the frequent individual portraits in *Lippincott*. I never open a journal like the Lancaster (Pa.) *Express* or the Delaware County (Pa.) *Republican*, or the *Weekly Democrat* or *Intelligencer* of Bucks County, or the weekly editions of dailies like the Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser*, the Cincinnati (O.) *Commercial*, the Albany (N. Y.) *Argus* or *Journal*, the Indianapolis *Journal*, the St. Louis *Republican*, the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, the Boston *Post* or

*Advertiser*, without finding some addition to the increasing collection. John Wentworth, of Chicago, famous for many years in the national capital, though much of his memoranda was lost in the great fire of October, 1871, has preserved a mass of MSS., and delights to converse about the men of other days. I saw him a few months ago at the Tremont House in Chicago, and found him a treasure of anecdotes of Webster, Clay, and Douglas. There is no readier writer than ex-Vice-President Colfax, with his fresh memory and sparkling style, and, of course, his leisure at South Bend, Indiana, is not neglected. Ex-Speaker Grow is not too busy to forget the scenes through which he passed. Both in the prime of life and full of ambition, they are well qualified to tell us of the characters who figured in the periods before and during the war, and to forecast the destiny of the possible competitors for future honors. The two Democratic ex-Vice-Presidents, one of them an ex-President—John C. Breckinridge and Andrew Jackson, both gone “to form the great majority”—how much they could tell us of their vicissitudes and experiences! In fact, there is hardly an ex-Congressman who has not done something in the way of a biography of himself or somebody else. Hendrick B. Wright, of Pennsylvania, has written an excellent life of his father, and Charles Francis Adams has just finished the voluminous diary of John Quincy Adams. The venerable John Law, who died a few years ago at Evansville, Indiana, and who, in his life, wrote a great deal, left, of course, volumes of commentaries on public affairs. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, has been equally attentive to the men of the past, of whom he was almost the last and the brightest survivor. Excepting ex-President Fillmore, Robert C. Winthrop, and Truman Smith, no man on this continent could talk more freely of the olden time; and none, indeed, ever described the giants of the bar—John Marshall, William Wirt, William Pinckney, Daniel Webster, Roger B. Taney, and their contemporaries and successors—with an in-



telligence so genial and magnetic. He was a wonder of a man, alive to every issue, living to a very great age with faculties singularly fresh and strong. Among his last papers was one in the Baltimore *American*, on the legal aspect of the Cuban question, that read like the vigorous product of a brain of forty.

A recent writer, describing the effect of modern intelligence upon art, refers to the development of tastes unknown to the ancients. They painted and carved and modelled the human figure, and built magnificent temples; but it was reserved for the genius of the nineteenth century to find poetry in the sea, the soil, the sunset, and the clouds; to combine geology, electricity, astronomy, and chemistry with the highest aptitudes of human skill, and to teach æsthetics with the aid of a finished imagination. Is this not true, also, of modern authorship? How curious and varied the personal literature of the day! Not better than, but how different from, autobiographies a century ago! If art has been utilized, so are biography and autobiography. Everybody that writes of the present thinks of the future as well as of the past. There is an ambition to teach by example; whether it is Turner, or Richards, who paints in faithful colors the sandy beach, the gray sea, or the roseate dawn; or Church who copies with inspired ecstasy the snowy foams of Niagara; or Bierstadt who reveals to us the awful glories of the Yosemite; or, turning to literature, those who write of themselves, or try to rescue the experiences of others—they work with a warmer zest because they feel that they are helping to make a better and more correct history when they reveal a thousand things heretofore neglected by the great masters whose luminous footprints they reverentially follow.

## XXII.

## THE OLD CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA, AND THE NEW.—A HOST OF UNFORGOTTEN NOTORIETIES.

I OFTEN amuse myself with anticipations of the manners and customs of those who are to follow us in the Great Hereafter. What sort of newspapers will be printed in 1980? How many new utilities will have been produced from steam, electricity, chemistry, geology, botany, and science generally? Will our posterity traverse the air as we now travel the land? Will the dream of Mr. Maitland in his curious English novel of "Bye-and-Bye" be fulfilled?—the ocean underlaid with telegraphs, light performing the offices of heat, coal exhausted in all the great centres, balloons superseding or surpassing locomotives, women voting and legislating, and men chosen to office only because they are honest and fit? Will our descendants look back to us as warnings or examples?

I was thinking of these things the other evening at one of our Philadelphia Saturday Club assemblies as the guests of the generous host passed before me in unconscious review. This "club" is a social institution peculiar to Philadelphia, the outgrowth of the memorable weekly reunions started seventy-eight years ago, under the auspices of the beloved and learned Dr. Caspar Wistar, whose life was one long unselfish contribution to the comfort and happiness of his fellow-creatures. His paternal grandfather, Caspar Wistar, emigrated from the dominions of the Electorate of Heidelberg, Germany, where he was born September 16, 1717. His parents and ancestors on both sides belonged to the Society of Friends, and he himself was born in Philadelphia, September 16, 1761. He died January 14, 1818, yet in that comparatively short period he created an unforgotten name. The battle of Germantown made him a physician through his anxiety to alleviate the sufferings of the

wounded, and, at the same time, to be consistent with the peaceful precepts of his faith. He graduated in Philadelphia after this, but completed his education abroad, in London and Edinburgh, and returned, after an absence of three years, a polished man of letters and of the world, and an accomplished practitioner. In easy circumstances, favored by a large patronage, professor of the anatomical chair of the University of Pennsylvania, first in every benevolent movement, his lectures were attended by crowds of students, and his patients included rich and poor. His house was open to men of learning, citizens and strangers, once every week in the winter, and at these assemblies were matured many plans for the benefit of science. They were called "Wistar" parties, and, long after his death, were continued, alike in honor of his high character and cultivated hospitalities, and because there was no better way to promote good-will among men and to soften the asperities of business, party, and religion. The card of invitation bore his handsome likeness, and thousands hailed it as the sure sign of an agreeable reunion between people of all opinions, nations, and vocations. Most of these thousands are gone; but there are some yet living who will tell you of Dr. Caspar Wistar, of his gentle manners and princely entertainments, and of the distinguished people they met in his spacious saloons. Here might be seen the men of the Revolution—soldiers and statesmen, for he knew them all. Yet, ardent patriot as he was, he tolerated differences like a true philosopher, and those widest apart on great questions greeted each other like brothers the moment they passed his threshold.

The Civil War terminated these characteristic weekly gatherings, and the Saturday Evening Club, organized two years ago, renews the delightful custom under modern auspices.

Here, as I have said, we may recall the past in the aged survivors of bygone days, and speculate upon the future in the presence of those who will live when we are gone. Their chil-

dren will, perhaps, like to know about a Saturday Night Club in 1880, just as I should like to read a description of the company at Dr. Wistar's house eighty years ago. Watson, in the first volume of his "Annals," page 497, give us this glimpse :

"These evening-parties, for which Philadelphia society is remarkable, were begun by Dr. Caspar Wistar in 1799, by his call of all the members of the Philosophical Society to his house once a week during winter. They were continued to his death, in 1818, by himself alone. They were then continued by the members successively, in turn, at their several houses.

"In 1835, when Job R. Tyson, Esq., became the owner and resident of Dr. Wistar's former house, at the southwest corner of Fourth and Prune streets, they were again begun in that house, and have been continued in Mr. Tyson's turn, as often as it occurs, to the present time. None but members of the Philosophical Society can be members, and they only can be such who can come in by a unanimous vote. A limited number of guests can be invited, an indulgence more than once extended to the writer. Other societies, however, also exist bearing the name of Wistar parties, organized by sundry social circles, in imitation of the former; and they, not being enrolled philosophers, aim more to gratify the sense of good-cheer and hilarity than to discuss philosophy and intellectual abstractions. All these parties comprise only the male sex. Why don't the ladies take umbrage at the exclusion, and have their Blue-stockings parties too?"

The Saturday Night Club is a sight worthy of record and remembrance. It would be invidious to name the courteous hosts; but the guests, in one sense at least, are public property, because they have generally occupied public places, and will live in the history they have made for themselves. They arrived between nine and ten, and always leave at twelve; but these two hours were busy hours. In one group you saw nearly four centuries talking to each other in the persons of Gen-



eral Robert Patterson, eighty-nine, in the year of our Lord 1880; Henry C. Carey (since dead, at eighty-seven); Joseph R. Chandler, eighty-nine; Colonel Charles S. Smith; and Charles Macalester (since dead, at eighty). Two ex-Chief-justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, both familiar in Washington society, both giants in past Congresses, and both Democrats of the old time and new—James Thompson and George W. Woodward—were making a little circle merry with their wit, Thompson's "contagious laugh" ringing over all like a bugle note in an orchestra. Of course, Morton McMichael was there, the youngest man in the room (since dead, at seventy-four), telling Louis A. Godey, of the *Lady's Book*, his last joke, at which the latter closed his merry eyes over his large, round face, and shook his jolly sides. Yes, there were part of the Centennial Commission: Colonel Walter W. Wood and Hon. A. R. Botseller, ex-Confederates, from Virginia; Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; Dr. George B. Loring, of Massachusetts; and Director-general Alfred T. Goshorn, of Ohio. That tall man with the dark-gray beard and a Paganini look is Peter F. Roethermel, the painter of "The Battle of Gettysburg," which you may see as you enter Fairmount Park. In 1874 I would have introduced you to General George Gordon Meade at any one of these parties; now he is in heaven. The handsome face framed in gray locks, and lighted by a pair of flashing eyes, is S. Austin Allibone, whose "Dictionary of Authors," in three large volumes, is on every editor's table. Talking to Colonel Thomas A. Scott is Hon. James Campbell, Postmaster-general under President Pierce, both men of mark. Scott's hair is growing whiter, but he is as bright as if the panic had not just grazed him, and Campbell is as cool and quiet as when everybody honored him for his honest administration of a difficult office. The tall, Spanish-looking person, a little like John A. Logan, and a good deal like General Lew Wallace, is General Hartranft, Governor of Pennsylvania; while next to him is Hon.

Samuel J. Randall, Democratic Representative in Congress from the First Congressional district in the same State: a kindly, honest heart beats under that broad breast. Justice William Strong, of the Supreme Court of the United States, now living in Washington, looks like one of the sacred Nine, and wears well under his years.

Of course, these two pleasant fellows are George W. Childs, of the *Ledger*, and Anthony J. Drexel, inseparable even here, as they are in good works everywhere. They have braved the panic, both of them, and gather in pennies and greenbacks with a wondrous good-fortune, which makes them generous in turn. James L. Claghorn needs no office to make him famous. He lives in his unrivalled pictures and engravings and the just finished Academy of Fine Arts, growing into a glory of marvellous beauty, at the corner of Broad and Cherry streets, Philadelphia. Talking of fine architecture, we must not forget the new Masonic Temple, on Broad Street, near Market, the grand monument of which all the brethren of the Mystic Tie are so proud; and here, near me, is one of the high-priests of the order, Hon. Henry M. Phillips, who was in the Twenty-fifth Congress in 1858-59, and is now President of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, one of the best types of the Jewish people; with a hand always open to the needy, rich in his own deservings and in the respect of all denominations. I need not tell you who that is standing before the picture of *Marguerite*; for though you may never have met him, you detect him from his photographs—that was E. L. Davenport, the actor, the finest *Hamlet* and the best *Sir Giles Overreach* of our day, also gone to his last rest.

No! there is no music at the Saturday Night Club; nothing but conversation and good living, and, as you have seen, no ladies. No doctors? Why, certainly, there were three of the greatest just before you—Professor Joseph Pancoast, Professor Samuel D. Gross, and Dr. J. H. B. McClellan—as well known

in Washington and New York as they are in Philadelphia. Two men of opposite natures are John Edgar Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad (since dead), and Franklin B. Gowen, of the Reading; the one quiet, solid, and reticent, the other built like a gladiator, with a smile like a woman's, and a voice full of command. Gray, small, and full of dignity and ease was the ex-Secretary of the Navy, Adolph E. Borie, who took office with a sigh and gave it up with a laugh, also since gone from among us. Ah! here is a batch of editors—Thompson Westcott, of the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, with his scholar glasses and gray beard, and hearty, honest hand; W. V. McKean, of the *Ledger*, who writes without fear, and likes to talk to you of the old times in Washington when he was chief clerk of the great Congress of 1855-56, before Banks was made Speaker after eight weeks' balloting. Colonel Charles J. Biddle, of the *Age*, was with us in winter every Saturday, the knightly, courteous journalist; but now he sleeps his last sleep. The graceful, pleasant gentleman on the sofa is W. W. Harding, of the *Inquirer*, and the gentleman with the spectacles is Dr. E. Morwitz, of the *German Democrat*, who owns and edits fifty newspapers in Pennsylvania alone, of all sorts of politics. Who is that making such a row in the corner? Ah! that is Daniel Dougherty, with a new story, and you see how he is telling it! People will love him while he lives, and many will regret they never knew him after he is gone. He is a casket of fun, and he scatters his jewels with a lavish hand. Here was David Landreth, the agriculturist, whose seed-farm at Bristol, near Philadelphia, was the resort of the gentleman farmer, and whose books on floriculture are still standard. He has gone too! Here, also, are some of our merchant kings, John O. James, Edward C. Knight, and John Welsh—the man of dry-goods, the man of ships, and the great sugar-dealer, each in his sphere a master, and ready in every enterprise, whether it relates to the Centennial, local reform, or city and State development.

The gentleman near the mantel is E. D. Marchant, who painted the finest picture of Henry Clay, I think, in this country, now in the possession of George B. Butler, of New York.

Colonel A. K. McClure and Colonel W. B. Mann are chatting together in the picture-gallery, warm personal friends, yet decided political adversaries—McClure of almost gigantic proportions, with a round, level head, on broad, square shoulders, showing high intellect and athletic strength; Mann, shorter, yet equally stalwart, brain and passion in every line of his strong face, and every movement of his well-knit frame. They are rich in natural and acquired abilities, and make a fair match in politics and law. You have often heard of General George Cadwalader. There he was, the handsome, erect, black-haired man, with a florid face and Roman nose; a rare old Philadelphia gentleman, "all of the olden time." He did not look as old as his record, but rather as one who enjoyed life and loved his friends. The smaller figure at his side, very pale, with white hair, was his distinguished brother, John Cadwalader, Judge of the District Court for Eastern Pennsylvania, a hard-shell Democrat, an upright jurist, and, while in Congress, an incorruptible legislator. It is many years since Horace Binney appeared at a Wistar party; and if you had seen him in 1873, you would have been astonished at the healthy look of a character who was within a little over six years of being a centenarian; who was older than the Constitution; who was born before Washington was President, and voted in the third election for Chief Magistrate; who dined well, slept well, took his glass of wine, and smoked his cigar, and in 1874 wrote a strong letter in his own hand in favor of the new Constitution of Pennsylvania.

I recollect well what a proud position that of Governor of Pennsylvania was thirty years ago, and how I loved to hear my seniors talk of Simon Snyder and William Hiester thirty years before that. I knew George Wolf, Francis R. Shunk, and Henry



A. Muhlenberg, two of whom filled the chair of state with infinite credit and dignity, and the last lost it by the hand of death. To-day the three surviving ex-Governors of Pennsylvania—William Bigler, also ex-United States Senator; James Pollock, present Director of the United States Mint and ex-Congressman; and Andrew G. Curtin, late American Minister to Russia—are occasionally seen on Saturday evenings. They wear their years as gracefully as their honors, and move together in the ranks of progress. Hon. James H. Campbell, formerly in Congress from Pennsylvania, and American Minister to Sweden a few years ago, resides in West Philadelphia, and has his fine house full of guests on certain winter Saturday evenings, when the club is out in force; and Hon. E. Joy Morris, American Minister to Constantinople during Mr. Lincoln's Presidency, is now in private life, pursuing literature as a pastime, and studying politics as a philosophy. We have also our share of much-abused men, and here is one in the person of William H. Kemble, late State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, at present among the most influential of our party leaders. You cannot fail to be interested in him. He convinces you before he has spoken three sentences that he is fearless and outspoken to a fault. Impetuous and often irritable, he can be liberal, gentle, and forgiving. Starting poor, he has become fortunate and rich. In direct conflict with him on some questions, as I am and have been, I can certify that he is a manly antagonist and a generous friend. We have differed more than once, and sometimes widely, but the end of every discussion leaves us where we started, warmly attached to each other. If he is a mark for criticism, he can safely assert that he has made a mark in the improvement of Philadelphia by the Union Passenger Railroad, that will always remain a monument to his memory.

But I should tire you with the endless procession. About ten the line moves into the wine, terrapins, oysters, canvas-

backs, croquets, and chicken-salad. Here, at least, there is no novelty; all is familiarity; all is hospitality. They may improve on us in the future in other things—in mechanism, in art, in the navigation of the clouds, in the bridging of the seas, and in tearing from the earth the secrets of nature; but they cannot improve on the genius that conceived or the inspiration that completes the glorious fare of a Philadelphia Saturday Evening Club in winter.

In such parties as these—for the Wistar gatherings were prolonged many years after the gentle Doctor had passed away—might have been seen Henry Clay, when he visited Philadelphia as the guest of his friend Henry White; or Daniel Webster, when he came to join William M. Meredith in a great law-case; or Lafayette, the nation's guest in 1824-25; or General Jackson, before and after he was President; or Washington Irving, on his frequent visits to his friends in the Quaker City; or Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, William C. Macready, William E. Burton; or De Tocqueville, the French traveller; Louis Philippe, before he became King of the French; Joseph Bonaparte, from his palace at Bordentown; or Dickens, in 1842, when Colonel Thomas B. Florence received him as the leader of the boys with their hearts in their hands; or Thackeray, when he stopped with William B. Reed, on Walnut, near Ninth; or Edward Everett, Commodore Perry, General Scott, George Poindexter, James Buchanan, and Thaddeus Stevens. In those days Philadelphia was even more national than to-day, Centennial-crowned as it has been. It had the Bank of the United States, with Nicholas Biddle at the head of finance and society, a combination of orator, poet, and banker. It had John Sergeant, Horace Binney, Henry J. Williams, and David Paul Brown among its lawyer kings. It had Paul Beck, Jr., Stephen Girard, Thomas P. Cope, and Samuel Archer among its merchant princes.

During the war, social life in Philadelphia was marred by

the angry passions of the period; but now all is forgotten. Men meet as they met in the days of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, with even less of party rancor or personal alienation. The Southerner is sought out when he visits the city, and made at home. The Democrat once more hails the Republican as neighbor and friend. And if there is any reference to the unhappy past, it is flavored by a harmless jest over a glass of champagne, or lost in the smoke of a fragrant Victoria cigar. Those who fought against each other talk of their battles with a judicial calmness, precisely as I have seen Grant and Mosby conversing in the White House, or Sherman and Longstreet at a Washington reception, or Joe Hooker and Mansfield Lovell hobnobbing at the Astor House in New York. When John C. Breckinridge visited the North after the war, he was welcomed by all his old friends as of yore; and if I had caught him in Philadelphia, I would have been glad to have had him for my guest, as in the days when we went gypsying and lost our way, one dark night, on our return from a famous dinner at Georgetown, District of Columbia, with John Appleton and Moses McDonald (both dead), and T. J. D. Fuller (yet living, I believe, in the city of Washington). Fifty years hence there may be men and women who will not be ashamed to acknowledge themselves our descendants, and not unwilling to linger lovingly over these lines.

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### XXIII.

#### PRESIDENTIAL DINNERS AT WASHINGTON.—ANECDOTES OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

A DINNER at the "White House," as we call the mansion of the President of the United States in 1880, a designation that will be lost when the Chief Magistrate is located in the large

and more commodious residence now in preparation for him—a dinner at the White House has often been described. It is always a state affair, unless the President calls his friends around him *en famille*; but it is not, therefore, always cold and formal. I have been present at a number of these dinners, under Presidents Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Lincoln, and Grant. How many agreeable people surrounded that long table!—titled foreigners, diplomatists, scientists, and men of war; Cabinet Ministers, Senators, and Representatives; ladies of every rank and station; candidates for President and for every sort of office; genteel Bohemians, high-dressed fops; authors, editors, and actors. Here, when very young, I saw the giants of debate—Cass, Benton, Dromgoole, Silas Wright, Hannegan, Corwin, Clayton, Dayton, Mangum, Berrien, Douglas—during Polk's time. Here, later, came young Breckinridge, Bright, Humphrey Marshall, A. K. Marshall, Richard Thompson, Howell Cobb, Thomas H. Bayley, Morrison L. Harris, George Read Riddle, Robert C. Winthrop, George T. Davis, Jefferson Davis, W. L. Marcy, under Fillmore and Pierce; and here, under Lincoln and Grant, I met George Peabody, Charles Macalester, William M. Evarts, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Thurlow Weed, George D. Prentice, and a small army of generals, commodores, and other celebrities. The guests were first assembled in one of the drawing-rooms, where the President received them, all in full dress, and then they filed into the dining-hall, where they were seated, the President taking his place exactly midway, fronting his wife, if there was a lady of the White House, with the most distinguished persons on his right and left. Your next neighbor might be a stranger, but he soon thawed under the influence of good wine, and generally gave you a fund of humor or information. Here all the Presidents, from John Adams to Grant, gave their State dinners (though for a period the accommodations were poor enough), with the exception of President Madison, who vacated the mansion on the ap-



proach of the British in the war of 1812, and occupied the brick building at the corner of Twentieth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue while the White House was being repaired, after it had been burned by the invader. The historian of the future will find other Presidents in other and more spacious quarters, and, let us hope, in harmony with the original plan, happily carried out under the bold and sagacious administration of Governor Shepherd; and perhaps he will recur to these hasty sketches, not to find instruction, but to trace the difference between the manners of a past age and the manners of the generation in which he shall live.

It was at a President's dinner, in the winter of 1869-70, that I first saw Admiral David Glascoe Farragut. He had returned some months before from his splendid European cruise in the frigate *Franklin*, and General Grant seized the first occasion to honor the hero who had made our flag almost as victorious on the water as he had made it on the land. It was a brilliant company, and I was placed next to the veteran seaman, then in his sixty-ninth year. There was another aged man near us, Mr. Dent, the father of Mrs. President Grant (since dead, at the great age of eighty-six), hardly less interesting. His faculties were failing, but he was so kind, humorous, and genteel that he won me over at once by his quaint remarks and curious candor. He was a rare specimen of the gentleman of the old school, showing, in all he said, an independent spirit and a wonderfully retentive memory of the men of the West in the bygone days. I had seen some of these noted persons in my youth, and it delighted him to have me help him to recall their names, so that he might tell me what he knew of them. In this way I heard many things of the leading citizens of the towns west of the Alleghanies when they were villages, among whom Mr. Dent was much esteemed, and, as his intelligent children prove, a man of mark and credit. He slyly said to me, "I am a Democrat, the same as ever, and don't believe

in any other party, though I am not a rebel Democrat ; and you young fellows [here he looked at his son-in-law, the President] cannot bring me over to your new party." Very touching, indeed, was the confiding love for the dear old man that shone from the eyes of his daughter, and the President's eyes twinkled more than once at his harmless and witty observations.

Farragut was charming. I found him almost boyish in his frankness. He talked incessantly ; was full of life, and had much to say of his jaunt among the grandees of the Old World. He had nothing to say of himself ; but he was delighted with the curious presents he had received while in Europe, and the odd bijouterie he had bought ; and he showed them to me with a confidential delight very like a lad at school who secretly exhibits his marbles to his envious playmates. As I looked and listened, I inwardly rehearsed his story. Born in East Tennessee, 1801 ; a midshipman when he was nine years old ; in battle on board the *Essex*, under old Commodore Porter, in 1814 ; fought bravely, was wounded, and reported as follows : "The boy too young for promotion." Again in conflict with the West Indian pirates when he was a midshipman of twenty-two ; and from that time to the Rebellion in active service on sea and land. What he did in the Rebellion, which found him sixty years old, "the world knows by heart."

There is something in seamen, commodore or common sailor, very different from the soldier. Their ocean service removes them from the scenes of *terra firma*, and they are never, or rarely, politicians. They gather a great deal in their voyages to other nations, but life on board ship makes them a peculiar people, who, by their long absences from home, grow to be strangers to local strifes. They are generally intelligent men, but they are so much citizens of the world that they are silent in the midst of statesmanship. I hardly know an exception to this rule. Of the many gallant officers of our naval and marine establishments, I cannot name one. There could not be a bet-

ter illustration than Admiral David D. Porter, now a fixed resident in Washington. Hospitable, impulsive, and generous, he is as utterly indifferent to party quarrels as if he lived on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. Commodore Perry and his contemporaries, Commodores Conner, Paulding, the two Hunters, Charles and William; Admiral Joseph Smith, Commodore Dupont, Admiral Turner, the two Goldsboroughs, Commodores Reynolds, Rogers, and Mullaney, belonged to the same school. Removed from the disputes of the hour or of the land, they are an interesting and a curious community, as well because of their natural and acquired intelligence as because of their invariable integrity and independence.

Another specimen was ex-Surgeon-general Foltz, who lived a few years ago in Philadelphia. Born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1810, a graduate of Jefferson College, he entered the navy as a surgeon in 1831, and, after a most creditable career, reached the highest post in the service, as Surgeon-general of the Navy, in 1870. He died a few years ago, greatly esteemed by a host of friends. Like all the men I have named and have known in the naval service, he looked upon life from the experience of several voyages to other countries, one of which was round the world under that fine seaman Commodore Downes. He was fleet surgeon under Farragut, on the flag-ship *Hartford*, in all of his battles on the Mississippi in 1861, '62, '63, and occupied the same position under the illustrious Admiral on board the frigate *Franklin* during his long cruise to Europe, which began in 1867 and closed in the fall of 1868. He is, therefore, a good authority; and the following pleasant incidents from his pen are published still further to disclose the admirable traits of the character of a hero now dead and gone, but who will always be cherished with gratitude by the American people. The first anecdote is exactly as Farragut used to relate it in his familiar moods :

## ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AS SURGEON'S MATE.

"At thirteen I was an acting midshipman with Commodore Porter [father of the present Admiral] on board the *Essex* when she was captured by the British frigates *Phæbe* and *Cherub* while at anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso. Our topmasts were carried away, and we were at anchor near the shore when the two frigates blazed away at us at their leisure, until one third of the officers and crew of the *Essex* were killed or wounded, when Porter surrendered.

"We could have landed and blown up the ship, but Porter was too honorable a man and too brave for that, even when defeated in the unfair fight. I was sent ashore among the wounded for treatment. My wounds were splinter wounds, and soon healed. Among the wounded was Jack Covington, the captain of the maintop, where I was stationed. I was Jack's "chicken," and he taught me to make knots, splice, reef, and steer. Jack took care of my hammock, sewed on my buttons, and drank my grog, which was served out to all hands on board.

"Poor Jack had a terrible wound in the shoulder. The surgeons held a consultation on the propriety of amputation; Jack begged hard to be permitted to "die with his flipper," and it was decided to try to save it, and I volunteered to be Jack's nurse. The dressings were linseed poultices twice a day, and I soon learned my new duties, under the instructions of the "lob-lolly boy."

"Never was there a better patient. Jack was full of pluck, and, when not suffering from severe pain, always cheerful. The inflammation and swelling were very great, and it was a long time before they began to subside. Judge of our astonishment when, one morning, in the midst of the dressings, we found a piece of a shell over an inch long, and weighing about an ounce. Jack and his doctor were both delighted, and from that day the improvement in the wound and the patient was rapid.

"Jack looked upon the piece of iron as so much gold, and determined at once to take it home to his mother, at Marblehead, for an ear-ring. But with one ear-ring the old craft would not be in trim—she would have a list to starboard. But a jeweller in Valparaiso remedied the evil by sawing the fragment of shell in two, and putting in gold rings, with which old Jack Covington returned to his home at Marblehead as his most valuable present to his dear old mother. That was my first case in surgery, and it turned out well."

## FARRAGUT AT NEW ORLEANS.

"After an amount of labor almost incredible, Admiral Farragut succeed-



ed in lightening and lifting ships of war drawing twenty-two and twenty-three feet of water over the bar in the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi, which at high water carries but eighteen feet. For ten days he took his meals when and where he could find something to eat, and for ten nights he slept with his mattress on lockers, on tables, and on decks. At length he had all his fleet, of one hundred and thirty vessels, in the river at the head of the passes. The mortar fleet, under the gallant Porter, was first in position to open the ball, and then the heavy ships of war were in succession placed in position up the river; and when all were ready for work, last of all came the flag-ship *Hartford* with Farragut. On his way up, on the 17th of April, 1861, he passed the French admiral returning from a visit to New Orleans, where he had been, under a flag of truce, looking after the interests of the French citizens. As the two ships of war passed each other, Farragut hailed his friend, the French admiral: 'Je suis prêt' ('I am ready'); to which he received in reply, 'You will find the forts very strong.' Farragut answered, 'Je les prendrai avec l'audace' ('I will take them with audacity').

"The next morning, April 18, the bombardment commenced, and continued incessant for six days and nights. On the night of the 23d of April seventeen ships of war attempted to pass the forts. Fourteen succeeded. The *Hartford* grounded for a time under Fort St. Philip. The enemy's ram *Manassas* shoved a fire-raft alongside of the *Hartford*, and for a short time she was in flames. Farragut got her afloat, put out the fire, and as the day dawned he was past the forts, and New Orleans was at his command.

"The Chalmette regiment, composed of the élite of New Orleans, was encamped above the forts. The colonel of the regiment [Col. Z.] came on board the *Hartford* and surrendered his command, adding, in his parole, 'If our wives and families are injured, our parole will be broken.' Farragut turned with indignant disgust upon the colonel, and would not permit him to speak to him again.

"On the 25th of April he was before New Orleans with his fleet, and in possession of the city. Now came a struggle of diplomacy. First came Mayor Monroe, then Mr. Soulé, then a committee of the Councils—all asking that the flag of Louisiana, not the Confederate flag, might continue to wave over the city. Farragut was mild and firm. He knew but one flag during the war, and that flag was the 'flag of the Union,' which he would hoist 'over the city, and woe befall that man who dare disturb it.' They begged, they implored, they beseeched, but all to no purpose. The marines were landed; the flag of Louisiana was hauled down; the star-spangled banner was hoisted over the city, the Custom-house, and the Mint. The flag at the

Mint was hauled down by a gambler named Mumford, whom General Butler arrested, tried, and hanged in front of the Mint, and from that hour New Orleans was again an integral portion of the Union."

#### FARRAGUT WOUNDED.

"On the night of the 27th of June, 1862, Admiral Farragut, in the *Hartford*, and a portion of his fleet passed above Vicksburg under a heavy fire. We were close up to the enemy's guns, and Farragut, as was usual with him, was lashed in the rigging, where he could best see and direct the fight. He had just cast loose his lashings and stepped on the poop-deck, when a shot cut the mizzen shroud, the end of which struck him on the head and knocked him down. I was immediately summoned, and found him stunned, very pallid, and almost pulseless. He was carried below, and restoratives applied, which soon revived him. There was a severe contusion on the right side of his head, with heavy raised welts, from the strands of the heavy rope which struck him. His navy cap, which was torn, had been a great protection.

"During the morning I handed to him my report of the casualties of the night—eight killed, thirty-six wounded; among the wounded, Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut, contusion of the head.

"‘Doctor, I see you have my name among the wounded; that cannot be: you must take my name off the list.’ I replied, ‘Admiral, I believe there is no internal injury, and that you will soon be well; but we are not certain of that, and, should the injury prove worse than we suppose, it would not only be bad for you, but to me also. I must state the facts in the case.’ ‘Well, do as you think best; but I don’t want my name among the wounded. I want to die in battle. I am in the condition of the Hottentot when asked by the missionary, “For what purpose did God make you?” “To kill the Caffre,” was the reply. My duty in life is to kill men when I am ordered by my Government to do so. I had hoped and prayed never to see or do any more of such duties; but God has ordered that in my old age I must again perform such work. I hope it may soon end, but I will try to do my duty on all occasions. I would rather die in battle than anywhere else, as I would then die doing my duty. It was some time before he recovered from this blow, and he repeatedly told me that it had impaired his memory.”

#### FARRAGUT AND THE KING OF BELGIUM.

"The cruise of the *Franklin* in Europe was a continual ovation. From Paris to Moscow, from London to Constantinople, visiting every capital and every court in Europe, he was received as the American naval hero; and everywhere, by his modesty, his simplicity, and his sincerity, he left warm

friends. In June, 1868, he visited Brussels, where King Leopold the Second gave him a most magnificent banquet. Covers were laid for eighty guests, and, excepting the American Minister and the American officers, there were no foreigners at the table. It was the King, his Court, his Cabinet, and his distinguished officers of the army and navy. Farragut was on the right of his Majesty, and they soon got into an earnest and agreeable conversation—in short, they at once became friends—which grew warmer and more interesting as the dinner progressed and the wine circulated. During the long dinner the King scarcely spoke to any one else, and at times their joyous, hearty laugh could be heard above the rich music of one of the best bands in Europe.

“After a long state dinner the courses were over, chapeaus were placed in the laps of all the guests; white gloves were drawn on; the dinner was over, and all the guests were ready to rise. Yet the King and Farragut continued to talk, as though there could be no end to their conversation. ‘I have never, in all my life, seen the like of this,’ said the old Field-marshal at my side. ‘Your Admiral makes himself very interesting to his Majesty. The dinner is over, we are all ready to rise, and we are all tired of the table; but the King cannot leave your Admiral. He has captured all Belgium; we are his prisoners: we shall never get away; we shall all die here. I have been in this palace with the King’s father, old Leopold, at many a dinner, but such a scene as this I have never seen before. What is there about Farragut that is so fascinating?’ ‘I cannot tell you, unless it is that the Admiral is very natural.’ ‘No, that is not it,’ replied the Marshal; ‘he has magnetized and charmed and captured the King. Farragut is a magician.’

“The end did come; the King rose from the table, and all were but too happy to follow him into the saloon, where coffee was served. Here all mingled freely in cheerful conversation, and no one more so than the King himself. He was not long in approaching me, and said, ‘I am informed by the Admiral that you were with him in his battles on the Mississippi. He has given me most interesting accounts of your monitors, torpedoes, and breech-loaders. Your whole system of war is different from our European systems. The entire naval warfare of the world must be changed; and while our armies have a higher discipline, your soldiers are all better marksmen. Our soldiers must learn to be better marksmen. I am much pleased in having met with Admiral Farragut; he is a most remarkable and agreeable man.’ The King bowed and passed on.

“*An episode.* How charming are those meetings in Continental saloons! The intercourse is free and unrestrained. A gentleman in court-dress approaches me; by the keys dangling below his decorations, I know him to

be one of the King's chamberlains. Addressing me, he said, 'I am recently returned from Rome, where I was on business of his Majesty to his Holiness the Pope, and on my way back had quite a remarkable meeting with the family of one of your American officers.' 'And how was that? will you please tell me?' 'I had been two days on board the miserable little steamer from Civita Vecchia to Genoa; and one night, in the diligence, crossing the Maritime Alps to Nice, where we took the rail for Paris, two American ladies and three little boys got into the car with me. At Nice the youngest child had hold of the car-door, when the conductor seized the door and was about to slam it shut, as is usual. I saw the danger there was of crushing the child's hand, and dashed it away, but not one moment too soon. The mother, of course, was grateful, and we all soon became friends. We had not proceeded far when the train stopped. There had been a landslide near the river Var, and we were all compelled to walk over the side of the mountain for half a league. I assisted the two ladies and the three boys. When we were again seated in the train, the ladies opened their baskets *de voyage*, which were sumptuously supplied with cold fowl and sandwiches and wine and beer, of which I was invited to partake; and, as I was over my seasickness and much fatigued, I did full justice to the excellent fare. How much I enjoyed that meal!

"His remarks and our meeting were quite surprising, and you may judge of his amazement when I told him that that little hand he had saved from being crushed was the hand of my youngest child; that the three boys were my sons, the mother my wife, and the other American lady our dear friend, Mrs. Haly, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He called around him several of his friends and related to them the remarkable coincidence. We opened another bottle of Rudesheimer, and it ended in his taking me in his private carriage to the Hôtel Belle Vue. How many acts of kindness we receive from utter strangers!"

#### FARRAGUT'S TEMPER.

"Mrs. F.—'I have now been closely associated with the Admiral during two long cruises—one on board the *Hartford*, for war and blood and battles; the other on board the *Franklin*, of sunshine, in which all was enjoyment. During these years of constant daily intercourse, I have never seen Admiral F. in a passion. I have never seen him in a rage. I have often, very often, seen him annoyed, perplexed, and even out of temper. I have seen him order courts-martial on his friends and punish those he liked, yet I have never seen him in a passion.'

"Mr. B.—'Does he ever get into a passion? Have you ever seen him in one?'



"Mrs. F.—'Yes, once, and only once. We have been married for twenty-five years, and only once have I seen him in a passion, and then he was like a fury, a madman. Oh, it was frightful! Nothing could quiet him.'

"Mr. B.—'The cause must have been great. Would you have any objections in telling me what could have so enraged him?'

"Mrs. F. (with hesitation).—'I have never mentioned it, and I had determined I never would.'

"Mr. B.—'I will not ask for names or particulars; but, knowing him as I do, I would very much like to know what could have enraged him.'

"Mrs. F.—'Well, I will tell you. It occurred at our dinner-table when he was First-lieutenant of the Navy Yard at Norfolk. During the dinner, he suddenly sprang to his feet, seized a heavy decanter, and told a gentleman at our table (he was the only guest) that if he dared to repeat what he had just said, he would kill him where he sat; that he should not leave the house alive.'

"Mr. B.—'And what had your guest said?'

"Mrs. F.—'Our guest was a prominent and influential man at Richmond and at Washington. He told Mr. Farragut, then a young lieutenant, that he had made money out of his position as First-lieutenant or Executive Officer of the Navy Yard by his patronage and by his position. Farragut jumped to his feet, seized the decanter, and said he would kill him if he dared to repeat what he had said. "I am a poor young officer, but I will be pure—*sans reproche, sans tache*; and if you dare impugn my honesty, I will take your life." He was wild with rage; nothing could quiet him. The gentleman afterwards visited our house; but he was never received as a friend. We have been married for twenty-five years, and that was the only occasion I ever saw him in a passion.'

"It may not be proper to relate this incident of his private life; but his character belongs to the nation, and I record it that we may learn to emulate his virtues, his honor, and his valor."

As part of the memoirs of this heroic character, I add a chapter gathered from a recent conversation with Hon. E. Joy Morris, American Minister at Constantinople, when the *Franklin*, with her splendid armament, officers, and crew, was allowed to enter the Bosphorus, and to anchor in front of that gorgeous Oriental city. It is not a new incident, but it serves to round that which contains some facts never published before:

"Admiral Farragut was obliged to go up to Constantinople

in the eight-hundred-ton steamer *Frolic*, the treaty regulations not allowing vessels of the size and armament of his flag-ship—the *Franklin*—to pass the Straits of the Dardanelles. As soon as the *Frolic* dropped anchor off the Golden Horn, Hon. E. Joy Morris, our Minister to the Sublime Porte, went on board to welcome the Admiral. The usual courtesies were hardly exchanged before Mr. M. asked where he had left the *Franklin*, and if he did not propose, with the permission of the Porte, to bring her up to the capital. The Admiral replied that she was at Smyrna, under orders to repair to the entrance of the Dardanelles, to receive him there on his descent from the city, and that he had been informed by the Turkish Ambassador at Florence that the Turkish Government would not allow the *Franklin* to proceed to Constantinople. Mr. Morris said he did not care what the Turkish Ambassador or his Government had said; that the *Franklin* ought to come up, and he would undertake at once to negotiate for her passage through the Straits if the Admiral would give his assent.

“‘Go ahead,’ said Farragut, ‘and, though I can’t back you, I shall be glad to see you succeed.’

“‘Have a little patience,’ responded Mr. M., ‘and we shall see.’ The Minister, with that promptitude of action and determination of purpose characteristic of him, ordered his boatmen to pull up the Bosphorus to the palaces of the Grand-vizier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He announced to these functionaries the arrival of the Admiral, and having asked for him an audience of presentation to the Sultan, he requested that permission might be given for the passage of the Dardanelles by the *Franklin*. ‘War vessels of her capacity and calibre are forbidden entrance to the harbor of Constantinople by the treaty with the Great Powers,’ said the Grand-vizier. ‘I am aware of that,’ responded the Minister; ‘but you have occasionally made exceptions.’ ‘Yes, but only in favor of naval vessels bearing sovereigns or royal princes.’ ‘Well, then,’ rejoined Mr. M., ‘a refusal to

make an exception in the case of the *Franklin* would be invidious and unjust; for she is the flag-ship of the Admiral of the American Navy, whose exploits are the glory of his country, and who has been received with the highest honors at all the courts of Europe. As we have no princes, we are excluded from the benefit of an exceptional privilege awarded to others, in derogation of a treaty to which we are not parties, and which ought not to apply to us. I claim for Admiral Farragut the same favors as have been awarded to royal and princely visitors to Constantinople in ships of war.' The Grand-vizier was, at first, not a little dismayed at the apparent presumptuousness of the envoy in placing an American admiral on a footing of equality with royalty; but as he insisted, with republican audacity, on what he deemed to be right, his Highness begged time for consideration.

"Mr. M., on retiring to his residence, forthwith drew up and transmitted to the Porte a formal request in writing for the entry of the *Franklin*. The fact of the application soon got wind among the diplomatic corps, and there was in consequence a great commotion among the red-tapists. The different ambassadors telegraphed for instructions to their respective governments, stirred up the Turkish ministers to resistance, and so beclouded the counsels of the Divan that the Turks were at a loss what to do, fearing to offend the Great Powers or to wound republican sensibilities. In the meanwhile, the American representative continued to fight his battle with the more energy from the powerful influences he had to contend with. Some eight days elapsed before Mr. M. could make any headway, when, perceiving his inflexible resolution not to yield, the Minister of Foreign Affairs said, as soon as he received a special note from him [Mr. M.] on the subject, covering certain specified points, he would telegraph to the Governor of the Castles of the Dardanelles to allow the *Franklin* to pass up. In a few hours the desired note was in the hands of the Turk-

ish Minister, the order was transmitted, and on the following morning the *Franklin* was seen rounding the Seraglio Point under full canvas and steam, and shaking the seven hills of Byzantium with the saluting thunder of her mighty guns.

"The old Admiral was rejoiced beyond measure to see his noble ship floating in the Bosphorus before the palace of the Sultan, and the American Minister, by his indomitable perseverance, achieved a signal diplomatic triumph, honorable alike to his country and himself. Admiral Farragut was often afterwards accustomed to say that this transaction was one of the most pleasing incidents of his whole European tour. The *Franklin* lay at Constantinople two weeks, where she made a great sensation, and was visited not only by the diplomatic corps and Turkish civil and military authorities, but also by over a hundred thousand persons of every garb and speech. Since this occurrence exceptions are no longer made from the treaty in favor of royal personages, and its provisions are inflexibly enforced in all cases."

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## XXIV.

THURLOW WEED AT HORACE GREELEY'S GRAVE.—PHILIP R. FREAS AND THE "GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH."

THURLOW WEED will be eighty November 15, 1880, and is living in good circumstances, and in fair though feeble health, at his residence on Fourteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York city. He is passing his last hours in recalling and editing the memories and events of a long and exciting career. His gentle manners, warm heart, and generous spirit have always been the sustaining elements of his life; and, with his graceful and still active pen, his retentive recollections of past men and measures, aided by a fine library to confirm what he



writes, he will leave behind that which will be better than a fortune to his family and his friends. A cabin-boy on the Hudson at ten, a type-setter at fourteen, fifty-nine years a printer-journalist, in that long stretch of time he has never held an office, either by appointment or election; yet, for this very reason, he wielded an irresistible power over parties, politicians, and statesmen. With ardent impulses, strong convictions, chivalric friendships, and elastic energies, he moulded and mastered leaders and organizations, and at a great age may proudly assert that he has survived the vicissitudes of two generations, outlived the envies and enmities of victory and defeat, and stands almost alone in a posterity that honors him for his worth. As the dead body of Horace Greeley was borne along the aisles of the Church of the Divine Paternity, in the city of New York, December 4, 1872, Thurlow Weed followed the hearse of his recent foe, with his grand white head bowed under a grief not the less earnest because he had been a chief contributor to the re-election of General Grant to the Presidency, or because the defeated candidate in the campaign just closed lay before him cold in death. How these two men had contended, sometimes as friends, more lately as antagonists, the world knows. What a genius was Horace Greeley! To-day I bring back his work as one brings back the odors of the sweetest flowers, the strains of the choicest music, the colors of unforgotten pictures, the echoes of the applause that moved some magnetic orator. His skill in tracing corrupt motives through all their concealed anatomy; his specific and technical knowledge of great questions; the splendor of his written eloquence; his ready wit; his full, impartial, and accurate insight into the intricate machinery of elections; his simple life; his honesty and his truth—all returned to me as, among a thousand others, I saw what was left of all these treasures passing before me on its way to the grave. And there stood Thurlow Weed; with his longer history, with less genius than Greeley, but with

equal energy, and far more tact in the management of men. I could imagine him, as he stood before the corpse of the departed philosopher, reciting part of the lines of *Mark Antony* over the body of the self-slaughtered *Brutus*, never more just than if spoken by Weed at the coffin of Greeley :

“ This was the noblest Roman of them all.

. . . . .  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*”

One remark made to me by Thurlow Weed, several years ago, when we were conversing about our experience in public life, recurs to me as I am thinking of another character : “ I can imagine no better way to finish my career than as the editor of a weekly paper in a rural town ; a paper that I would make a model of typography and good temper, in which I might speak freely and kindly of everybody and everything. With my love for elegant printing and for preparing leaders, and my fondness for paragraphs, I would be a reasonably busy and almost entirely happy man.” He seems to have preferred a different and perhaps a wiser course ; and now, in the circle of a devoted family and hosts of old friends, he is filling out the hours of a well-spent life in agreeable conversation and occasional contributions to the periodicals.

Thurlow Weed’s dream of a newspaper elysium as the editor of a prosperous weekly, in which at once to enjoy perfect independence and perfect ease, is fully realized in *The Germantown Telegraph*, in the County of Philadelphia. Fifty years ago (March 14, 1830), a boy called Philip R. Freas resolved to start a newspaper in the sparsely settled village of Germantown, now a part of the great city of Philadelphia, which, to use the words of his genial biographer, Eugene H. Munday,

Esq., "has since opened and received both the village and the paper." His platform was to be "thoroughly independent and straightforward in upholding what he conceived to be right, and denouncing what he conceived to be wrong," and his objective point to make a first-class family and agricultural newspaper. And, now that the lad has grown to ripe manhood, he can look over his past life with the consciousness that he has been true to his platform, and that his little weekly has expanded into a source of usefulness to the community and of profit to himself. Like Thurlow Weed, he has never held an office, though more than once high honors have been tendered to him, ex-President Grant having, a few years ago, offered him the valuable position of Commissioner of Agriculture, now held by Hon. Frederick Watts, which he gratefully yet firmly declined. Germantown has outgrown its village small clothes, and is a lovely suburban city of twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, while *The Telegraph*, originally fourteen by twenty-two inches, and five columns to a page, is now thirty-one and a half by forty-eight inches, each page of nine columns, in forty years changing its size six times. The limited spot from which it was first issued has increased into a splendid country seat, where the kindly owner cultivates the soil, indulging his tastes as a gentleman farmer and horticulturist, and where he points with just pride to his manifold varieties of fruits, from the luscious grape to delicious pears, peaches, and apples. The gold-fish in his pond are the wonder of the neighborhood; and his fine collection of shade and ornamental trees, including specimens from every clime, attest alike his own success in business, and prove the theories intelligently discussed in his columns by these practical evidences on his own premises. There is no publication which I read with more pleasure than *The Telegraph* (and this with thousands of others), because it is the work of a gentleman, and, certainly, there is no place near Philadelphia more beautiful than the grounds of its hospitable proprietor. Here,

for many years past, Major Freas has at intervals invited his friends. They are always welcome, winter and summer. The good Major knows how to select his company and how to entertain it. Nothing is wanting to complete these occasional reunions. He is as proud of his madeira and champagne as he is of his fruits and his fishes; but that which adds to the flavor of his greeting is the earnest cordiality of his manners and the raciness of his humor. The manly candor in his writings is always reflected in the frankness of his conversation. He prints exactly as he talks; has his own notions of men and of parties; cherishes his friendships and his prejudices; strikes very hard when he is angry; and forgives very readily when he is cool. In his cosy rooms I have spent more than one happy evening with witty and learned men; while on his broad porch I have enjoyed the delicious breath of spring and summer and autumn, as we discussed the past and anticipated the future. How different such a life and how much more comfortable and contented than the experience of the rich man who is harassed between the cares of keeping, and the responsibility of spending, his money; or the bitter struggles of the statesman, who alternates between the triumph of to-day and the defeat of to-morrow; or the feverish trials of the speculator, often brought to sudden bankruptcy in an hour! Perhaps no part of the story of *The Germantown Telegraph* is so full of compensation as its great influence in the cause of good government. A stanch Republican, the veteran editor is no less resolute in opposing what he conceives to be wrong in his own party than he is prompt in denouncing it in the other.



## XXV.

## THE METAMORPHOSES OF MEN AND TIMES SINCE THE ABOLITION OF HUMAN SLAVERY.

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1863, was marked by the first proclamation of emancipation, and great was the resulting alarm. Now everybody is satisfied. Colored men sit in Congress side by side with their former masters. There are colored lawyers, doctors, and professors in full business at the national capital. Former rebels practise in the courts of the North, and former slaves in the courts of the South. Nearly all the early champions of slavery, nearly all the early apostles of abolition, have gone to their graves. But their double warning and example survive, and it is surprising how completely the passions they produced have subsided. A generous Government enfranchises the colored man and forgives his oppressor, and they move along in their respective spheres equal in law and in fact, each dependent on his own exertions, and each entitled to a fair chance in the struggles of the future.

In the centuries that lie beyond, no chapter of history will be so curious as this. Men will wonder that an experiment which produced such astonishing blessings should have been so long avoided and postponed. Our posterity will look back with as much surprise that slavery was ever tolerated in this country as we look back to the existence of the Spanish Inquisition or the fights of the gladiators in the Roman arena.

A few years ago there died in Philadelphia a venerable colored man, aged eighty-six, who had lived three remarkable experiences. He voted for General Jackson in 1828 and 1832, and lost his vote in 1838 by the insertion of the word "white" in the Constitution of Pennsylvania; and, thirty years after, in 1869, became a free man again under the Fifteenth Amendment of the National Constitution. I remember him as a Democrat

when I was a boy, next as an alien, and, finally, as a Republican leader.

About the same time I attended a public meeting in Philadelphia and heard a colored orator address an immense audience in strains of singular eloquence. He was my correspondent at Richmond in 1865, after the fall of the Confederacy, and, while writing letters for *The Press* in the State House, was insulted by an angry Confederate, whom he deliberately knocked down and soundly thrashed. He is now an accomplished member of the bar of Louisiana.

Senator Wigfall, of Texas, returned to his allegiance a few years before his death, at Marshall, Texas. Never shall I forget the scene in the Senate, in 1860, when he predicted that the people who were applauding Andrew Johnson would soon come down from the galleries and take possession of the Government.

Roger A. Pryor is practising law in New York, and may be counted as a possible successor of Fernando Wood or S. S. Cox.

R. M. T. Hunter was a candidate for United States Senator before the conservative Legislature of Virginia—an able, cool, and cautious statesman; while close in the same race we may enumerate A. H. H. Stuart and John Letcher, the first a heavy talker, the latter a rapid declaimer, full of rugged wit.

Let us not be surprised to see Robert Toombs, of Georgia, once more in the Senate, with his strong passions calmed by time, his black locks turned gray, and his strong convictions tempered by unchangeable revolution.

Perhaps nothing in these holiday times is more surprising than the declaration of Alexander H. Stephens, the old associate of Mr. Toombs, as early as 1873, in favor of the civil rights of the colored man—not their political, but their entire equality, as contended for by the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts. Sumner and Stephens square on the same platform! The opposition on a logical level! Both see that there can be

no such thing as a divided liberty. That which is inherent cannot be conferred. And this is the end of all. Till we secure it, there cannot be perfect peace.

And so they are gradually coming back, these repentant statesmen ; and as they come they are flanked and followed by the sable column. For every ex-rebel we have an ex-slave, and it is an even wager that the latter will not be left long in the rear if the next ten years be as revolutionary as the decade we have passed. The old stagers have lost just that many years out of their lives. They have been absorbed by fatal theories. They must unlearn contempt of the successful philosophy to be harmonious with the age. The new men, the dark men and the yellow men, have been gathering the harvest neglected by their former masters, and they gather quickly and generously. They have learned what others have lost. They are apt scholars, and not the less apt because they have copied much from the proud chiefs of the old parties. The master has slept while the pupil has been awake.

Nor are we any longer frightened by what was called amalgamation. There is a new meaning to the word. The North amalgamates with the South. They marry and intermarry in every way ; by the nuptials of the railroads, by the weddings of the telegraph, by the incessant intercourse of the press. There is hardly a Northern town in which a Union soldier does not glory in his Southern wife. There is not a Southern town in which a Southern man does not glory in his Northern wife. How vain the effort to separate a people so reunited? Amalgamated by law and love, by trade and temperature, by necessity and by accident, by destiny, by memory and hope !

“ See, through plots and counterplots,  
Through gain and loss, through glory and disgrace,  
Along the plains where passionate Discord reared  
Eternal Babel, still the holy stream  
Of human happiness glides on !

"Let us own it : there is One above  
 Sways the harmonious mystery of the world  
 Even better than prime-ministers.  
 Our glories float between the earth and heaven,  
 Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,  
 And are the playthings of the casual wind ;  
 Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags  
 The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition  
 May from its airy height drop gladness down  
 On unsuspected virtue ; and the flower  
 May bless the cloud when it has passed away."

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## XXVI.

GENERAL JACKSON'S VINDICATION OF A COLORED CITIZEN OF  
 PHILADELPHIA UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE FATHER OF  
 RICHARD VAUX, THE DEMOCRATIC LEADER.

THURSDAY, January 8, 1880, was sixty-five years since the  
 victory of New Orleans. A short time in the history of a  
 creation of unknown antiquity, a brief span in thousands of  
 years, and yet that little more than half a century has seen  
 the Old World made almost new, and astonishingly changed  
 the habits and capacities of the human race.

Andrew Jackson is the main figure on the anniversary of the  
 battle of New Orleans, not alone because he won a great victory,  
 but because from that event he passed into a still grander his-  
 tory. For many years he was honored as a successful soldier  
 and party-leader, and the 8th of January was made a Demo-  
 cratic jubilee, especially in the South. Tammany held high  
 carnival to celebrate his valor in the field and his patriotism  
 in the Cabinet, and the true diploma of Democratic deserving  
 was a speech in favor of Andrew Jackson. When the Rebell-  
 ion burst upon the nation, the 8th of January and the 4th of  
 July were ignored in the discontented section, probably because



the hero of the first had declared that "the Union must and shall be preserved," and certainly because the hero of the second had written that antislavery document, the Declaration of American Independence. But time cures all things, and in another decade these two national holidays will be as warmly welcomed as ever.

Andrew Jackson will be the more honored as increasing years prove the value of his example. An incident, never before published, sheds a new light upon his character. It came to my knowledge only a few days ago, and deserves to be printed immediately preceding January 8, 1874. I have alluded once or twice, in these sketches, to my friend Robert Purvis, a leading colored citizen, born in South Carolina nearly seventy years ago, and for more than fifty a resident of Philadelphia. He is still living, in his seventieth year, as I write these lines, July, 1880, and there is not anywhere a more honored citizen or a better man. In all private relations and public trusts he is an example. The passport mentioned below, over the name of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, forty-six years ago, is a wonderful proof of the courage and sagacity of the hero of New Orleans. The colored men fought under him in New Orleans in 1815, and under his ideas against secession in 1861-64, and he never joined in their persecution. I met him accidentally one day recently, and, alluding to the late declaration of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in favor of the Civil Rights bill, I predicted that the Democrats in Congress would be found on the same side, and that the measure would, of necessity, soon be the law of the land.

The influence of a great name is often irresistible. Mr. Stephens leads manfully in the right direction, and thousands who have long hesitated will follow. Jackson was a bolder pioneer. He startled the whole world when he whipped the British by his unique and daring generalship on the plains of Chalmette. He broke up the Nullification scheme in 1832. He destroyed

the Bank of the United States in 1834-35. Ridicule was changed to admiration of his genius as a soldier, and timid friends first faltered and then followed him in the two other crises. It was in our brief conversation about the stand taken by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, on the Civil Rights bill, that I gathered the following :

Forty-six years ago, Robert Purvis, of South Carolina, was married to the daughter of the highly esteemed James Forten, of Philadelphia. Highly educated and in comfortable circumstances, he resolved to visit Europe, and, to this end, applied to the State Department at Washington for his passport. After a delay of several days, he received what was in no sense the certificate always given to Americans travelling in foreign countries. Mortified beyond measure at the slight, he accidentally met the philanthropist, Roberts Vaux, father of the highly esteemed ex-Mayor, Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, and instantly showed him what he had received from the State Department. Roberts Vaux was a member of the Society of Friends, and was universally beloved for his kindly disposition, his active benevolence, and his blameless life. He was also an antislavery man, and a personal friend of President Jackson. He heard the story of his young friend Purvis, and earnestly sympathized with his complaints. Taking from his hand the insulting paper he had received from Washington, he wrote a personal letter to President Jackson, in which he enclosed the paper in question, and demanded a passport for Mr. Purvis, as an American citizen entitled to the protection of his Government in his travels abroad. The appeal of the Quaker Democrat struck home. General Jackson carried it himself to the Department of State, and, by due course of mail, came the following, under the broad seal of the American Government :

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:*

## DESCRIPTION.

Age, 23 years.  
 Stature, 5 feet 10½ inches Eng'h.  
 Forehead, high.  
 Eyes, hazel.  
 Nose, sharp.  
 Mouth, small.  
 Chin, ordinary.  
 Hair, dark.  
 Face, oval.  
 Signature of the bearer,  
 ROBT. PURVIS.

No. 3373.

I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass Robert Purvis and his wife, both citizens of the United States, and, in case of need, to give them all lawful aid and protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of the seal of the Department of State, at the city of Washington, the 19th day of May, 1834, in the fifty-eighth year of the Independence of these United States.

LOUIS McLANE.  
 Sec'y of State.

.....  
 : L. S. :  
 .....

So that, forty-six years ago, President Jackson set his example by the recognition of the citizenship of the colored man. In May of 1834, Jackson was deep in his conflict with John C. Calhoun. He had conquered him in the Nullification troubles; he had beaten him and Henry Clay in the Presidential election of 1832; and the South Carolinian, stung by his double overthrow, united with others to oppose Jackson in his war upon the Bank of the United States. The iron President may have remembered these things as he ordered the passport to be issued to Robert Purvis, who, like Calhoun, was also a South Carolina man. Robert Purvis made his European tour, armed with the pledge of his country. He was a citizen of that country in Europe, yet an alien at home. But Old Hickory did not stop to think of the contradiction. He acted on the best of impulses in his response to his friend Roberts Vaux, and "took the re-

sponsibility" in the name of justice, if not in the name of the law.

I wish I were permitted to tell you of the trip of Mr. Purvis to Europe, as he relates it himself; it is as rich a narrative as ever was printed, a story that would read well in the light of the providential changes he has lived to enjoy. Perhaps some day I may add his interesting experience to these hurried memoirs.

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## XXVII.

### THE DEAD-HEADS OF THE LIVING AGE.

WHEN General Washington rode in his carriage from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia, and took the best part of a week to it, and John Randolph cantered down dusty or muddy Pennsylvania Avenue, with his boy Juba following; and Mrs. John Adams got lost in the woods between York and Baltimore, on her way to assume her post of mistress of a half-finished White House, did they ever think of an age when people would breakfast in New York and on the same day dine in Washington (two hundred and forty miles away); when they could travel from Georgetown to the Navy Yard in Washington in elegant cars, over an iron road, for five cents; and when a message that could not be conveyed from Washington to New Orleans in less than a month would be flashed a distance of two thousand miles in a few seconds? These old-fashioned people also paid the expenses of their own passage. The stage-coaches of their day did not hold more than nine or ten inside and two on the box with the driver, and the proprietors could not afford to be generous, and, indeed, few expected it. But in this era of railroads and telegraphs, to get a valuable thing for nothing has become not only a fashion, but a passion. Hence the word "dead-head" has grown deep into our American language, and



has a varied definition. And, what is strangest of all, it is applied without opprobrium to many who would shrink from it had it not been coined into a custom.

Every meeting of a new Congress, polite gentlemen are seen quietly distributing cards to the more than three hundred Solons who make our laws. These are free passes over six or seven thousand miles of railroads, often including palace-cars, sleeping-coaches, and sometimes meals and beds in the floating hotels on the Mississippi and the North River. So universal had this business become that at last very few refused them. Even the five-cent fares on the city railroads are saved to these poverty-stricken statesmen! Imagine John Marshall and Thomas Jefferson travelling free to save half a dime!

And what is the darkest view of this subject is the fact that most of the great men who take and use these gratuities also vote for and receive mileage for travelling that costs them nothing!

The new Constitution of Pennsylvania contains the following:

Section 8 of Article XVII.—“No railroad, railway, or other transportation company shall grant free passes, or passes at a discount, to any person except officers or employes of the company.”

An officer of a great railroad told me last week that he regretted this section could not be made to extend to the States through which his line runs, as it would save a great deal of annoyance. “I must supply four legislatures and their dependents with annual passes, and I cannot describe to you what a nuisance it is.”

The system is of modern, and almost entirely, I think, of American, growth. All the legislatures of our thirty-seven States and our nine Territories, the various city councils and commissions, the chief office-holders (National and State), most of the clergy, the hotel-keepers, the politicians of both parties, the theatrical managers, and the newspapers and the maga-

zines (from the daily to the weekly, from the monthly to the quarterly) have been "dead-heads," and most of them are so to this day. And this vast army is supplemented by another army who base their demand for free passes on a variety of pretexts, generally that of friendship for the special company or its officers, or influence with Congress and the State legislatures, or connection with editors; and, what is the almost exceptionless rule, the favor goes generally to those who are able to pay, and rarely to the poor and the needy.

The practice suggests many reflections, none of them agreeable. It is a principle as old as the stars that every favor accepted is a debt incurred, to be repaid in some way. I have deplored the practice, and, though using my privileges as a journalist, have done my best to induce the men of my profession to unite against it. At one Editorial Convention—I think before the war—we passed a resolution to this effect; but soon found it impossible to make ourselves an exception. To the eternal honor of the newspaper-men of Pennsylvania, their late stand in favor of the new Constitution made it invincible; and nothing met their sanction more fully than the section cutting off free passes. To many of them it was a serious sacrifice; but all felt that if the system were permitted to go on, it must end in the disgrace of those who sanctioned or tolerated it. I have only hinted at the abuses that have grown up under it. It had become with us in Pennsylvania something more than a nuisance, and the Convention did wisely in closing it out. It was a potent weapon of corporate corruption in public and even in private life; and, though an attempt is making to employ it in defiance of the Constitution, it must die under the contempt of the people. "Pay as you go" was the remark of the Virginia Congressman when he put down his share of a bounty bill which he opposed. "I will contribute my portion," he said; "but I will not take from others that which does not belong to me." What more right have I to a

free pass than my neighbor? Why should a rich Senator evade his five-cent fare and the poor man at his side be forced to pay? More than once I have seen a wounded and broken soldier buying his ticket with a self-reproach that he ought to be passed gratis, and not I. Treat this subject in any way, and the conclusion must be the same. Whenever a man accepts a favor for which he has given no equivalent, especially from a corporation, he will feel, if he has any sensibility, that he is under bonds, and will not dare to refuse repayment, no matter how harsh the terms. The lavish diffusion of these passes is proof at once of the vast resources and far-reaching designs of organized capital and corporate power.

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## XXVIII.

PARTISANS ON THE SUPREME BENCH OF THE UNITED STATES.

—TANEY, CHASE, McLEAN, JOHN A. CAMPBELL, CLIFFORD, FIELD, AND STRONG.—ASSAULT ON THE LOYALTY OF CALEB CUSHING.

A JUSTICE of the Supreme Court of the United States is generally a venerated as well as a venerable personage. I remember Chief-justice Taney very well. A bowed, lean figure; a sharp, keen face, with sunken eyes—he sat in his black gown like a skeleton in a shroud; and yet, to the hour of his retirement, the light of his intellect shone clear through his shattered frame, and the greatest men of the law and of the land bent in humility before his impartial and passionless example. I saw him administer the oath to Mr. Lincoln, March 4, 1861. It was a bright and beautiful day; but the atmosphere was full of treachery and war. There was James Buchanan, almost as white as his own white cravat; Judge Douglas, eager to hear the first words of the new President; the new Cabinet, headed by

Seward and Chase; Senator Sumner, with the young Marquis de Chambrun, just arrived from Paris with his bride, the great-granddaughter of General Lafayette; the venerable General Scott and his staff; the foreign legations, Senators and Representatives, and members of the Supreme Court. The feeble Chief-justice added dignity to the occasion by his presence; and, no doubt, as he recalled the former inaugurations of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan, to all of whom he had administered the solemn oath, he thought of the iron warrior who had fought him into the Chief-justiceship, March, 1836, after he had been twice rejected by the Senate, once for Secretary of the Treasury, and again as Associate-justice of the Supreme Court. Several of the associate-justices were fine-looking men. Robert C. Grier, of Pennsylvania, with his broad brow and Scotch face, his white hair and gold spectacles, a fine impersonation of judicial dignity; Samuel Nelson, of New York, even more imposing. No man bore his years with such grace as this amiable jurist. Nathan Clifford, of Maine—tall and portly, yet signally fitted in manner and form for his place. These—with Wayne, of Georgia, and Catron, of Tennessee; Daniel, of Virginia, and Campbell, of Alabama—were all Democrats. The Republicans had not a man on the bench except John McLean, of Ohio, who was appointed by President Jackson, March 7, 1829, and died at Cincinnati, April 4, 1861. At the next inauguration, March 4, 1865, the oath was administered by Salmon P. Chase. Four of those present in 1861 had died or retired, and one—John A. Campbell, of Alabama, an able lawyer and a violent Confederate—resigned and entered the Rebellion, now back as a pardoned practitioner before the court of which he was a member. The new men around Lincoln in 1865 were Salmon P. Chase, and Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio; Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa; David Davis, of Illinois; and Stephen J. Field, of California—all Republicans at the start. Grier and Nelson



were still living, but have since died. The appointments by President Grant are Mr. Strong, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Bradley, of New Jersey; and Mr. Hunt, of New York. Chief-justice Chase was at that time one of the handsomest men in America, and the flowing robes of his office well became his noble form and massive head. I recollect how much he was exercised by Andrew Johnson's intoxication after President Lincoln had finished his short inaugural in 1865, and how earnestly he appealed to me, as Secretary of the Senate, to get the disguised Vice-President back into the Senate Chamber. Swayne and Davis, large men, and of fine bearing and dignity; Miller and Field, of lighter build. Taney had died the previous October 12, 1864, and Chase was nominated and confirmed December 6, 1864. As in 1861, so in 1865, the assassin lurked in the vast crowd in the noble space below. Mr. Lincoln had timely warning in the first case, and escaped; the murderer, unconsciously baffled in the second by the necessity that kept the President in the Capitol signing bills, fulfilled his purpose a little more than a month later (April 14, 1865). Chief-justice Chase administered the oath to Andrew Johnson at Kirkwood's Hotel the next day, April 15, 1865, and March 4, 1869, swore in General Grant. He died May 7, 1873, aged sixty-five—all too early for one who seemed built for a longer life, and whose aspirations for high station were as unconcealed as they were honorable. The new court stands at present as follows: Mr. Hunt, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Swayne, Mr. Miller, Mr. Davis, Mr. Field, Mr. Strong, Mr. Bradley.

The discussion over General Cushing's politics revives some of the many recollections of the politics of the other justices. And I have wondered how his numerous critics could have afforded an investigation into their records. President Grant seems to have enjoyed a fuller insight into men than those who rushed forward to tear General Cushing to pieces. In nominating Cushing for Chief-justice he forgot, with a splendid oblivion,

the fact that he had been a friend of Frank Pierce or Jeff Davis; but, as he forgot this, he remembered that he (Grant) was a Democrat before the war, and that at least two of the members of his Cabinet were made Republicans because of the Rebellion. It would be a curious thing to find out exactly where all the violent enemies of Cushing stood at the period he wrote the letter which compelled the withdrawal of his nomination by the President. Justices or chief-justices of the Supreme Court were not gods in the olden time. The very nature of their employment, before entering that lofty sphere, made them politicians; and their supposed elevation above the passions of the hour suggested several of them as available candidates for President. John McLean, of Ohio, was often named for that high post, and was anxious for it. Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, was hardly less prominent as a candidate for President. In 1868 Chief-justice Chase was a willing aspirant for the Democratic nomination, and in 1872 Justice David Davis was near being the Liberal candidate against General Grant. A fortunate thing it was for both that they were saved a defeat before the people by the adverse vote of the conventions to which they confided their fortunes. Roger B. Taney, one of the purest and most renowned Chiefs of the Supreme Court, was chosen almost entirely because he had carried out President Jackson's policy against the Bank of the United States.

If we turn over the pages of the "Lives of the Chief-justices," by my esteemed friend Henry Flanders, of Philadelphia, we shall find that all of them were politicians before they were judges. John Jay had a stormy life, backed even as he was by Washington and Hamilton; and John Marshall, the model jurist, appointed by John Adams, and lasting almost to the close of Andrew Jackson's Administration, over thirty-five years, had his share of troubles because he had his share of convictions. He was the idol of Webster, Everett, Clay, Binney, Rawle, Choate, Wirt, Reverdy Johnson, and their contem-

poraries. Like Jay, he was a Federalist, a man capable of asserting his own ideas and resisting others. But he was so clear in his great office that when he died he left footprints that others were afraid to tread in. He hated and scorned Secession; and when Jackson struck Nullification in the forehead, he fairly worshipped him. Disunion was a disease born of the modern growth of slavery, and died with slavery.

These judges or justices of the Supreme Court are rather jovial, with all their gravity. They have exceptional social advantages. They are asked everywhere, and they go everywhere that is proper. A sort of divinity hedges them round about. They are first at every State occasion, or nearly first. They are welcome figure-heads at great weddings. They dominate great dinners. They decorate receptions and balls. A justice or a chief-justice at a party in Washington is like a prince at a drawing-room in London, or a cardinal in Rome. They flutter in and out of the Senate with a sage and solemn air of possession. I think it is in evidence that they often condescend to sherry and champagne, and I fear that Grier and Nelson exceptionally descended to old rye whiskey. The whole nine affect the drama. John Marshall undoubtedly shed tears over Fanny Kemble, just as the eminent Pennsylvania Chief-justice, John Bannister Gibson, idolized old Joseph Jefferson. Davis, of Illinois, and Swayne, of Ohio; Miller, of Iowa, and Clifford, of Maine, do not deny their weakness for a good opera or ballet; and Joseph Story, like Caleb Cushing, enjoyed a good novel, and wrote some very fair poetry when he was a young man.

So that there are many reasons why a statesman who has got through with other offices should aspire to round his career by a seat on the velvet cushions of the Supreme Bench. It is for life. It is a social power. It is a cosy lookout on politics. It is a solid dignity. It is not an exhaustive labor. The salary is good, and never touched except to be raised. As the

law is the royal profession in this country, so a place in the Supreme Court is the only diadem that can be placed on an American lawyer's brow.

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## XXIX.

### NEWSPAPER ATTACKS ON PRIVATE CHARACTER.

A POLITICIAN without a record of which he is not ashamed is a bird without a wing. A candidate must always expect investigation, and he who is entirely spotless is a sort of white crow. The "unco guid" are not always the best to lead or follow. A celebrated Frenchwoman is quoted as saying that she preferred the men who had all the strong passions of their sex, and distrusted those who denied them. Judge Douglas had a favorite story that the only time he ever attempted to deny a great scandal on his character, that same scandal was proved upon him by sworn witnesses; and a greater man than Douglas outlived a world of enmities, because he never replied to small enemies. Who now recalls the story of Alexander Hamilton's affair with Mrs. Reynolds, or Benjamin Franklin's disputes with his rivals, or the angry expressions of John Adams, or the allusions to Thomas Jefferson's private relations, or the bargain and sale by which Clay cast the vote of Kentucky in 1825, or the row in Andrew Jackson's Cabinet about Mrs. Eaton—who recalls these forgotten stories, except as curious novelties for the new generation that never heard of them?

They do not hurt the great names connected with them, because each of these great names had "a record" to stand by. They were not neophytes, born of faction, but characters of deep mould and high mark; and posterity only recollects their glorious deeds. Anybody who cared to go into the business



of raking up the cinders of dead accusations could find many bitter things against those whom we have justly elevated among the saints of our American calendar. But who would care to handle these crumbling calumnies? It would be like trying Cæsar by the witness of the dust that "stops a hole to keep the wind away."

Only little people perish under criticism. Bad men, if they get any immortality, get it by their supreme villany. But the great ones of the earth are only remembered for their genius and their valor, and the more so because they prove themselves human by their very infirmities.

I have often thought of these things in reading the personalities in the newspapers—personalities which are first laughed at and then forgotten. There is a vast difference between the editorial that boldly questions a measure—as I did every day of my life in *The Press*—and that which assails private character, which I never do. The one belongs to permanent, the other to transient, journalism. You do not help your case by abuse of your adversary. History takes little note of what Freneau said of Washington, or Binns of John Adams, or Duff Green of Jackson; but it preserves among its choicest treasures the tributes of these famous men to their contemporaries and rivals.

A great name is only lost by its association with a great crime. Arnold could have outlived every other imputation but that of absolute treason to his chief and his country, and Aaron Burr would always have been remembered for his genius if he had not been a sort of imitator of the military traitor.

An incident I have often related to my friends in private life will serve to illustrate the golden value of a good record, and the weakness of public men who allow themselves to be affected by newspaper calumny. One of the best characters I ever knew was president judge of a certain judicial district in the interior of Pennsylvania. He was gentle, susceptible, and

delicate as a woman, and as honest a man as ever lived. But he could not bear criticism. No braver spirit ever sat on the bench, but he could not imagine such a thing as a newspaper complaint of his rulings. He was a strict temperance man withal, but did not believe in the prohibitory law, regarding it as illegal and unconstitutional. And he said as much, in a case brought to his attention, in a somewhat elaborate opinion. No notice was taken of it, because his judgment was right and his law sound—no notice, except by a little paper not more than six by eight inches, in the interest of the ultra temperance men, called *The Bee*, and that enjoyed its own tempest in its own teapot. I was sitting with Mr. Buchanan when the irate Judge—— came in with *The Bee* in his hand. He was a warm friend of the Pennsylvania Senator ; and when the latter said, “Won’t you take a glass of wine with us, sir?” the answer was, “I thank you, sir ; but I came to show you this terrible article against my opinion in *The Bee*.” “The what?” said old Buck, then a very handsome bachelor of fifty. “*The Bee*, sir,” said the little Judge, in high anger. “And where the devil is *The Bee* printed, Judge?” “Why, Mr. Buchanan, it is printed in this very town, and has a very large circulation among the temperance people, and it has given me much pain by its censure of my judicial action ; and by G—d, sir, I intend to take notice of it from the bench to-morrow!”

These words were uttered with much feeling. The honest and sensitive jurist had been stung to the quick by the little *Bee*, yet I never can forget Buchanan’s words as he pushed a cold, bright glass of old “Wanderer” Madeira to his judicial friend :

“Let me have the honor of a glass of wine with you, sir. I declare to you I never to this day heard of the paper you call *The Bee* ; but you have made a good record as an impartial and honest judge, and you will be remembered for this long after the name of that paper is forgotten. The faithful public man who

feels that he is right, must expect criticism, but he will outlive it as sure as that both of us must die."

They are both gone ; but the story of *The Bee* lives like a moral without a sting.

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### XXX.

GENERAL GEORGE CADWALADER.—GENERAL ROBERT PATTERSON.—COLONEL JAMES PAGE.—THADDEUS STEVENS.—THE BUCKSHOT WAR, ETC.

THE first time I saw General George Cadwalader was in my native town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1838. He was as handsome a young fellow as I ever met. I was a boy ; he was a man, and captain of one of the Philadelphia companies called to Harrisburg during the celebrated Buckshot war, and they were passing through Lancaster on their way to the State capital. He and General Patterson and Colonel James Page—all dead but Patterson—were the conspicuous ornaments of that renowned military era. It was a very cold winter morning, and as they defiled along the streets of Lancaster I thought they were an army equal to any conquest. Forty-two years is a long stretch in an individual life, though little in that of a nation ; and yet to-day, as I remember General Cadwalader walking the streets of Philadelphia, healthy, erect, and alert, I wonder at the rare art with which he preserved all his faculties. He was really one of the heroes of three wars—the Buckshot war, the war with Mexico, and the war against the Rebellion. The Buckshot war, I need not tell my elder readers, was produced by the resistance of the friends of Governor Ritner to the inauguration of Governor Porter in 1838. Ritner was defeated and Porter elected. Ritner was the anti-Masonic, or Whig, candidate ; Porter the Democratic candidate. Under the leadership of Thaddeus

Stevens, the ground was taken that Porter was elected by fraud, and that Ritner should continue to hold on, notwithstanding the majority in favor of his adversary. Great excitement ensued. President Van Buren was asked to interfere, but he refused, and so the State troops were called out. There were many scenes which threatened to be tragical, but ended in simple comedy. The tempest which followed was without parallel. The affair looked critical for a long time. It became a sort of national question, and crimination and recrimination were the order of the day. But, as proving the evanescence of all popular excitements, that of which I am now writing has probably never been heard of, or, if heard of, only dimly remembered by the young men of the present generation. The speeches of Judge Parsons, Charles B. Penrose, Jesse R. Burden, Thaddeus Stevens, and William B. Reed, the editorials of Ovid F. Johnson and Edwin W. Hutter, the letters between the State and National authorities—these may be found printed in musty volumes, but have never been dignified by anything like written history. If some of the survivors could sit down and relate their experience in a lecture, the present generation would be surprised at the madness of their fathers over what, looking through our spectacles, seems to have been a very small affair.

But I was talking of General George Cadwalader, of Pennsylvania, not of the Buckshot war, nor to give the incidents of his life, but to dwell briefly upon the scene which took place at Washington city in 1874, at the meeting between the Northern and Southern men who fought in the Mexican war—a war which began in 1847, although long prepared for by the politicians. The whole American army, in both divisions, did not amount to more than one of the many army corps engaged in the late civil conflict; and yet it produced results and cemented friendships that will never be forgotten. The war against the South for the maintenance of the Government saved



the Government, but left many harsh and bitter feelings, which it will require many years to overcome. The war with Mexico united the North and the South. The war against the Rebellion divided the North and the South. The war with Mexico made friends of all who fought in it; the war against the Rebellion made many enmities; and while I have no doubt that the latter will be reconciled in the course of time, the attachments produced between the men who fought against Mexico will always endure. And hence it was a pleasant thing to see General Cadwalader presiding over the reunion between the soldiers of both sections who had fought under Taylor in the battle of Buena Vista, and under Scott in the capture of the city of Mexico. He died a few years ago.

And what was pleasant in this gathering was the fact that both President Grant and General Sherman had fought in the Mexican war. Let me see! How old does that make them? Grant was a boy lieutenant, and Sherman was a boy captain; and the one boy was our President, the other boy the head of all our armies. I do not wonder that General Cadwalader was glad to meet his old companions in arms, and that he came back to Philadelphia quite full of the pleasure of having had a chance to take them by the hand.

It was in 1846 or '47 that I attended an evening party in Washington, such an intermingling as you can only enjoy at the national capital. You never realize it in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia; but in Washington you are often pell-mell with the best people of all nations. They rush into society for a few days, and are eager to make acquaintances. I have often said, Washington is a winter watering-place, a sort of hotel life; in fact, a society like that on board an ocean steamer. You meet, you admire, you pledge eternal friendship or love, and part, and rarely meet again. But some of these acquaintanceships stick. And so that night in the spring of 1846 or '47, when I was introduced to a young New Hampshire colonel on

his way to Mexico, I only recollected that he was a handsome, warm-hearted fellow. A few years after, I went to Baltimore (1852) to help to make James Buchanan President. [We were all working to make J. B. President twenty-five years before we got him in, and a pretty mess we made of it!] Buchanan had a great many enemies in his own State. He had none of the ways of making people like him, and we were defeated; and in December, 1852, when I visited Concord, New Hampshire, on the invitation of the President elect, to talk to him about his future policy, the first question Franklin Pierce asked me, as he met my friend and myself at the railroad-station, and put his arm into mine, was about this: "Now, Forney, did you ever think Frank Pierce would be President of the United States the night we met at Washington, when I was on my way to Mexico?"

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## XXXI.

A FEW MEMOIRS OF THE ELECTION OF JAMES BUCHANAN TO  
THE PRESIDENCY IN 1856.

THE people of Philadelphia in 1874 had a stormy struggle over the choice of a Centennial Mayor, and I was about as busy as I was in 1856, when we elected James Buchanan. The bustle and the bitterness of the first campaign recall vividly the scenes of the other, some of which were infinitely amusing. One night John Slidell, of Louisiana, came to my committee-room while I was dictating to three short-hand reporters at the same time. It is not easy work, especially as each had a different subject; but practice made me reasonably perfect. Thus I would speak five minutes to one, say on fair play for the people of Kansas; five minutes to another on the high character and long public services of our candidate; and then five minutes to

the third, say on the tariff or our foreign relations ; and by the time I got through with the last I could return to the first stenographer and resume the subject, and so until the end in steady alternation.

Slidell was inexpressibly amused, and remained a long time. Since that day "short-hand," like most other things, has become a sort of science, and is taught in our colleges and schools as one of the ingredients of a complete education. It is amazing how quickly these men of the "ravenous pen" profit by experience. The most distinguished of them, at least among my acquaintance, are John J. McElhone, head of the U. S. House reporters at Washington ; Dennis Murphy, chief of the U. S. Senate reporters at Washington ; James B. Sheridan, of New York ; and Joseph I. Gilbert and G. B. P. Ringwalt, of Philadelphia. The rapidity, accuracy, and industry of these men are absolutely amazing, and they acquire a vast fund of information in taking down from others their varied stores of learning. Such a short-hand writer as McElhone, with ready wit, tenacious memory, and large reading outside his work, could draw some striking pictures of the men he knew and the scenes he witnessed during the last twenty-five years.

But, to return to the campaign of 1856. We had a tough fight to elect Mr. Buchanan President ; and, after all, though he faltered in his faith, and finally lost his great opportunity, there was some compensation in the fact that we got through by fair play and hard work. There is something cheering in a great political struggle when you feel that you are fighting for a principle, and not for a mere party, and, above all, when you are not forced into personalities with your adversary. Scandal never helps, but invariably hurts. In 1838, when David R. Porter was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, his opponents circulated a story of his connection with a celebrated woman, and from that hour his success was assured. It was a close fight until that circumstance was introduced into

the scene. It fired Porter's friends with indignation, and disgusted all his honorable enemies, and his election was his full vindication. So, too, when Mrs. Eaton's name was associated with that of General Jackson. Nobody thinks now of Alexander Hamilton's affair with Mrs. Reynolds. Buchanan did not escape in 1856, but it stands to the credit of the Republican leaders that they refused to pay any attention to attacks on his private character.

We had a choice set of public speakers in Pennsylvania in that struggle. Among these able and accomplished men was Howell Cobb, of Georgia, altogether a most genial, magnetic, and straightforward fellow. He was not much of a lawyer, but a very adroit and attractive politician, not so witty as he was versatile and plausible. He and John Hickman travelled together in company in the Chester Valley, demanding fair play in Kansas, and nobody drew larger audiences than the whole-souled Georgian. We also had Reverdy Johnson, who died a few years since at a great age, who came over with the Old-line Whigs, and made a speech at Concert Hall. Josiah Randall, a leader of the same school, a contemporary of Clay, Webster, and General Taylor, produced a great impression by his vigorous and impassioned eloquence. Colonel William E. Preston, of Kentucky, still living at Louisville, will easily be recalled by his handsome figure and finished rhetoric. Ex-Governor William Smith, of Virginia, also headed the Buchanan column, and did good service by his peculiar Southern style. My committee-room, where all the men met, was a social as well as a political headquarters. Many a joke and pleasant dinner we enjoyed before the fight was over. Our organization was perfect; and, as I was complete master of the situation, and never called the committee together, but acted entirely upon my own responsibility, the work proceeded without jarring. I was surrounded with friends, and, as my whole heart was in the canvass and I had no axes to grind, Mr. Buchanan's election was my all-



sufficient reward. We spent a great deal of money, but not one cent selfishly or corruptly. When the new Administration was inaugurated, I was "dead broke," having contributed all my personal means to the cause of my favorite.

During this heated campaign, certainly one of the most exciting in modern times, I maintained friendly relations with most of the prominent men on the other side, meeting them in society at frequent intervals; and, I am quite sure, there was hardly a word spoken or a line written with my approval that was not courteous and decorous. One of our chief agencies was, of course, Mr. Buchanan's promise that there should be no interference against the people of Kansas; but next to that was a system of general and liberal advertising. In this way I think we obtained great advantage over our opponents, by soothing the asperities of the leading newspapers, and by showing that we were anxious to reach their own large audiences. The present accomplished editor of *The Ledger*, Wm. V. McKean, was for several months the private secretary of Mr. Buchanan, and contributed considerably to the result. Ex-Attorney-general Jeremiah S. Black was one of the readiest and most powerful writers on our side; so, also, Hon. William B. Reed, who died in New York, and who came over with numbers of other Old-line Whigs, and whose addresses and essays were polished and effective. There was a long struggle after the election over the member of the Cabinet from Pennsylvania. Hon. J. Glancy Jones, afterwards living in Philadelphia with his son, Mr. Charles Henry Jones, candidate on the People's Centennial ticket for City Solicitor, came very near reaching the Navy Department; but at the last moment the new President changed his mind and called in Judge Black. Mr. Jones was subsequently sent as resident Minister to Vienna, and Mr. Reed American Minister to China. In looking back over these vanished years, it is pleasant to feel that in spite of the bitter personalities, rivalries, resentments, and disappoint-

ments which have surged between 1856 and 1880; in spite of a great war, with its overwhelming revolutions, I cannot recall a single individual on either side, or in either section, with any other emotion but kindness. There were alienations, and sometimes disputes; but I am proud to say that the entire recollection is without self-reproach or revenge.

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## XXXII.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE OF THE DEFEAT OF COLONEL McCLURE  
FOR MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA IN 1872.

How to bear a serious defeat requires a peculiar temperament; and as I reflect upon the somewhat significant political overthrow in the chief city of my native State in 1872, I recall some incidents that may not be uninteresting. There is no better way to bear a defeat than to feel that you were right. That compensates for everything. I remember, when a Democratic boy in a printing-office, as long ago as 1835, my agony over the defeat of the Democratic candidate for Governor, and my grief at the defeat of Van Buren in 1840 and of Cass in 1848; but I have lived long enough to realize that a party disappointment is, after all, a most transient affair.

Sometimes a political overthrow is a lesson and a warning. When I fought the Republican State ticket in Pennsylvania in 1872, and refused to support it, but which was elected by a very large, and, as events have shown, by a very questionable, majority, I sat in my editorial rooms, at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets; and, as I heard the passing crowds groan me with lusty rage, I recalled the unforgotten past, and took consolation from the fact that I believed in my course, and that the very men who denounced me would, sooner or later, admit their error. When I took ground against James

Buchanan, in 1858, on the Lecompton question, the Democrats who took my paper dropped off from it by hundreds; but most of them came back again. When *The Press* insisted that the working-people should ride on Sunday, we lost an immense support from the religious classes; but these have returned to its support. When, again, I took the lead in favor of the colored people riding in our city railroad-cars, I encountered another prejudiced, I will not say ignorant, opposition; but that, too, has passed away. And after a steady fight for Colonel McClure against the Republicans, I found the local politicians in another frenzy.

Bless me, how excited they were! After the election they passed my office by thousands, groaning at the top of their voices—most of them holding place under three administrations—precisely as if I had not served the Republican party as faithfully as any man living in Philadelphia to-day. Caricatures, calumnies, satires innumerable, in which my friend Colonel McClure and myself were prominent figures, circulated through the town. Yet the day after these same men would throw up their caps if my convictions led me to agree with them.

So much for what is called Public Opinion in America. A journalist or a statesman who does right can never please a party; and yet that same party, changeful as the wind, is certain to do justice to him if he adheres to his purposes. Perhaps these reflections may be construed to offer an excuse for inconsistency; but the honest man who pursues his own course is always inconsistent in the eyes of men who follow party blindly. Nothing in any country is so seemingly inconsistent as the people. Disliking a man to-day, they almost idolize him to-morrow.

Take the case of Jay Cooke. A few months ago he was an object of almost universal execration. We have already nearly forgotten his part in the great panic of September, 1873.

Indeed, we have so far passed it over that men begin to consider him a very useful man, full of benevolent deeds, who did his best to help others, and finally ended in injuring himself. Few recall poor James Fisk with hatred. Even Tweed, in his cell at Blackwell's Island, was more pitied than despised. Recollect, I am stating facts, not giving opinions.

A political defeat, like a political victory, is soon forgotten. It is true, nothing pleases the American people more than a great victory, military or civil, except the power of being able to overcome and bring back those they have conquered. This is a peculiar American quality. Every party in this country is led by the sometime leaders of the other side. The Republican party of to-day is in a considerable degree marshalled by old Democrats. The Democratic party of the present day is, in a considerable degree, marshalled by old Whigs. We had Morton, Carpenter, Hamlin, and Boutwell in the Senate; and Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, old Democrats, in the Administration; while, on the other side, we had old Whigs, like William B. Reed, who died in New York; Samuel J. Randall and John C. Bullitt, of Pennsylvania; William E. Preston, of Kentucky; and Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, leading the Democratic party.

The tendency of all such struggles as that through which we have passed is to create an independent spirit among public men; to teach them to prefer integrity to office, and to encourage hostility to fraud of all kinds. Unless this can be done, there is danger, especially in great cities, of the complete overthrow of our liberties. But no such spirit can be aroused or crystallized without sacrifices. To fight in a minority, to work for honest victory, to bear all manner of abuse and loss—these are the prices which must be paid if there is to be any rescue from existing evils.

Henry Clay never was half so great as when he lost the Presidency. Webster was never really himself save when he fought



in a minority. The proud, brave spirit is restive under fetters. It revolts from obedience to party rules. No independent man holds an office without feeling that he is manacled by a chain. Of the men who obey without question, and those who object conscientiously, the latter are the most useful to society and government.

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### XXXIII.

\*NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND CORRESPONDENTS, PRESENT AND PAST.—SECRETS OF THE SANCTUM.

AN editor's sanctum is a sort of exchange. He must read, to know what to write about; but his best books are men. Therefore every genuine journalist is a man of society. There is no exception to this rule. The Washington correspondents and editors are so now, as they have always been. Donn Piatt, the Edmond About of *The Capitol*; George Alfred Townsend, of the Chicago *Tribune*, whose prodigious labors resemble the variety and vitality of Gustave Doré; George De B. Keim, of *The Press*; Smalley and White, of *The Tribune*; L. L. Crounse, of the New York *Times*; Ben Perley Poore, of the Boston *Journal*; George W. Adams, of the New York *World*; H. V. Boynton, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*; D. W. Bartlette, of the New York *Independent*; W. P. Copeland, of the New York *Journal of Commerce*; J. J. McElhone, of *The Congressional Globe*; L. A. Go-bright, M. W. Barr, and D. R. McKee, of the Associated Press; H. A. Preston, of the New York *Herald*; Frederick Douglass, of the Washington *New Era*; U. H. Painter, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*; W. W. Warden, of the Boston *Post*; W. B. Shaw, of the Boston *Transcript*; L. Q. Washington, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; James R. Young, of the Philadelphia *Evening Star*; James Harlan, of the *Daily Chronicle*; W. J. Murtagh, of *The Republican*; C. S. Noyes, of *The Star*; Florence, of *The Sunday*

*Gazette*; J. N. Burritt, of *The Sunday Herald*—like the ladies, Mrs. E. E. Briggs (the sparkling “Olivia”); Grace Greenwood, of the New York *Tribune*; Gail Hamilton, Mary Clemmer Ames, Mrs. H. W. Barnard, Mrs. Mary E. Nealy, of the New York *Home Journal*; Miss M. A. Snead, of the New York *World*—are generally seen at the many receptions and parties, or in their own neat and hospitable homes, where they gathered the ample harvest of gossip and gleaned the shaven fields of fashion.

They are the elaborated growth of an earlier school. Joseph Gales and William Winston Seaton, with their refined and warm-hearted ladies; Francis Preston Blair, with his energetic and wonderful wife, and sons and daughters, and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law; John C. Rives and his interesting family; Thomas Ritchie and his galaxy of handsome daughters and sons; Roger A. Pryor, George S. Gideon, Alexander C. Bullitt, William Overton, Charles Eames, A. G. Allen, John Savage, Alexander Dimitry, J. S. Pike, Albert Pike, James E. Harvey, Father Kingman, W. D. Wallach, Francis J. Grund, and all the host of the dead and living, shone in Washington society like stars. I can hardly recall a newspaper writer that has not enjoyed the attractions of that political centre. Elsewhere it is the same. Charles Gordon Greene, of the Boston *Post*; James Watson Webb, of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*; Whitelaw Reid and William Winter, of *The Tribune*; George Jones and Edward Jennings of *The Times*; James Gordon Bennett, father and son, of *The Herald*; Manton Marble, of *The World*; with N. P. Willis, George P. Morris, and Lewis Gaylord Clark, were and are all known for their social tastes in the world of fashion or in their own homes. And so of that rapid, keen, and whole-hearted genius Henry Watterston, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; the brothers Knapp, of the St. Louis *Republican*; McCrellish, of *The Alta California*; Faran and Wash McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*; the

fearless and independent Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*; the men of the *Boston Advertiser*; Anthony, of the *Providence Journal*; Sam Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*; Francis, of the *Troy (N. Y.) Times*; W. H. Welsh, of the *Baltimore Gazette*, and the brothers Fulton, of the *Baltimore American*; every one of them in his time was full of the sparkle, dash, pluck, and life around them.

I have known, and know, most of these gentlemen; have served with and against them; have returned and long ago forgotten their bitter sayings; and as I look over the past, I freely challenge comparison with any other class for generosity, frankness, and general manliness.

What scenes have passed in their editorial dens! What scenes are passing there now! They are the centres of attraction. The world lies before them like a map. Its echoes are all around them. All professions speak to them. Every interest and prejudice passes before them in procession. They think rapidly, write forcibly, and speak boldly. They cannot long be the slaves of power in such an atmosphere. And that is why there is such a defiant and searching spirit in American newspapers. They find profit in disregard of party. Office has no charms to men who have better offices in their printing-houses. Politicians are tolerable only as they are competent. Editors realize at last that the people are the best paymasters. A good newspaper is like a race-horse, or a first-class patent, or a coal-bed; and one like *The Ledger*, in Philadelphia, or *The Herald*, in New York, or the *Boston Journal*, is a gold-mine.

My own little room at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, has a history of its own, and none of my associates, past and present, have had a generally more agreeable experience. I do much of my work in a crowd, and that is as varied and free in sentiment as if the place were not private. On election nights we have a telegraph-battery, and get the news from all parts of the State or Union. When Grant

was chosen in November of 1868, the wires flashed the returns from almost every town in the nation ; and, between despatches and speeches and the hoarse, glad shouts of the waiting thousands outside, we met the small hours of the next morning about as happy a set of fellows as if every one were winning a royal prize. *The Press* next day had thirty or forty columns of "specials," and paid expenses by the sale of extra copies. This scene was repeated when we carried the new constitution on the 16th of December, 1873. I need not say it was not repeated on the 17th of February, 1874, when we lost Philadelphia. Such a thing as a dispute or a controversy is rare ; plenty of discussion, of course, but good-humor always, whether in victory or defeat.

As I write, I remember with gratitude an event in my little sanctum about a year after I started *The Press*. This was in June of 1858, when we were in the midst of the great fight against Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Lecompton question. It was a dark hour. I had, much against my will, floated into the conflict with my party by adhering to the pledges in regard to Kansas, made in 1856, by the Democratic candidate for President. I made every effort for peace. I solicited toleration for an honest difference of opinion. It was peremptorily refused. The party decree had gone forth. We must consent to deny the pledges made by Mr. Buchanan, and consent to the policy of forcing slavery into the new Territory, or stand excommunicated. Together with Judge Douglas, Robert J. Walker, John Hickman, the late Dr. George W. Nebinger, of Philadelphia, one of the purest spirits of any age ; James L. Reynolds, of Lancaster ; John Luther Ringwalt, now of the *Railway World* ; Thomas Webster, George M. Lauman, of Berks ; Hon. John B. Haskin, of New York ; Thomas L. Harris, of Illinois, and other Democrats, we resisted the insolent order.

Instantly the whole Government power was organized against



us. Everybody who sympathized with us in office was removed. Douglas was degraded from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories. All social intercourse between the rebels and the Administration ceased. *The Press*, as their organ, was the target of merciless abuse. Our subscribers dropped off like leaves in October. It was no uncommon thing for us to get bundles and baskets of returned papers through the subservient post-offices. My heart sank under the pressure, for I had begun my paper with fine prospects, yet without funds; but we were right, and that carried us all through. Poor Broderick was killed a little more than a year after, only for standing with us in that terrible trial, and many other brave fellows went into private life because they would not surrender to the party tyrants.

My editorial room was then a very small affair, on Chestnut Street, near Fourth, Philadelphia; and one evening in June, 1858, as I sat in my "den" alone, thinking over the cost of my independence, and marvelling how I should get out of my troubles, I heard a cheerful voice asking for the editor. "I want to see him. I want to take his paper." I walked forward, and found a very handsome man, who greeted me with a hearty shake of the hand. "And you are John W. Forney? You are a youngster for this fight. It is a big contract, my son. But I have come to help you. They are after you, my friend. I know it! I am a Democrat, like you; but I won't stand this persecution. We agreed to fair play in Kansas, and now we are to be read out of the party because we stand by that agreement." While saying words like these, he was writing out a check, which he handed to me. It was for two hundred and fifty dollars! I was startled, and did not hesitate to show my astonishment. "To whom shall I send the paper?" "Never mind; send it to me." "And who are you, my good, kind benefactor?" "I am Charles F. Wells, Jr., of Athens, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, and when I get home, I will write to you." I

have his letter before me now. I wanted him to send me the names of the persons he wished to receive the papers. These are his words:

"I have not had time to get up a list, but I will do so, or have it done. Any order coming to you with my signature you will honor by sending the paper. God speed you in your noble work of sustaining Right against Might. Stand firm to the last, and all will be well with you. The Administration has few more friends to lose, while you are making them by the ten thousand.

C. F. WELLS, JR."

He never sent me the promised list, and I think I never saw him but once afterwards. The paper still goes in his name. A few years ago my friend died at Athens, universally honored and beloved. He did good without noise, and the voluntary and graceful benefaction I now reveal for the first time may be quoted as characteristic of his nature. Not only in justice to his memory, but as showing how history repeats itself, I print it now, in the face of another conflict with blind and arrogant official power; and to prove, also, that if an independent journalist will "sustain Right against Might, and stand firm to the last, all will be well with him."

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#### XXXIV.

TWO GOOD CLERGYMEN OF OPPOSITE DENOMINATIONS: THE CATHOLIC REV. BERNARD KEENAN; THE LUTHERAN REV. EDWIN W. HUTTER.

REV. BERNARD KEENAN, the beloved Catholic clergyman at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who died in his ninety-sixth year, was one of a very peculiar class. The Church of which he is a pillar is fortunate in a priesthood composed of altogether uncommon qualities. I do not allude to the faith of this large fraternity, but to the curious admixture of social attributes and tastes. In this respect the Catholic clergy excel the Protes-

tants. I have now in mind a dozen such characters. Men abreast with most of the enjoyments of life ; jolly, warm-hearted, generous, fond of society and books, and open-eyed to all the events of the times. Few of them are ascetics. They proselyte by astonishing wit and humor and pleasant manners in their general intercourse. Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia ; the late Dr. Cummings, of New York ; the late Father Mahar, of Pennsylvania ; Father Maguire, of Georgetown ; Father Boyle, of Washington ; and Father Brady, of Connecticut, may be named as eminent representatives ; but none more completely so than Father Keenan, of my native town of Lancaster. Before politics ended in war, he was an accepted Democratic leader, or, rather, a stereotyped officer at Democratic meetings. It was customary for his name to head the list of vice-presidents. The Whigs were not less attached to the amiable priest because he voted on the other side. This was in the long ago. After a long career, death has removed the dear old man ; but I recall him in his long coat, and cane, and pleasant face, as he passed along the streets, with a kind word for everybody, getting an equally kind word in return. Father Mathew had not yet opened his crusade against intemperance, and it was, therefore, no offence for "Mr. Keenan" to order a bottle of Madeira in the dark little parlor of "The Swan," and to enjoy the delicate and now vanished nectar with a chosen friend. He managed his people with a gentle firmness from which there was no appeal. To hear him scold or cheer them was a comedy, not less amusing than their quick obedience and their tearful gratitude. Many a riot among the Irish workmen on the railroad he quelled by his courageous presence. Outside his Church he was the very essence of diplomacy. No difference of opinion disturbed his easy temper. To all he was the same quiet, paternal, and generous adviser. As he grew feeble in body, his mind remained unusually clear ; and he greeted his old friends with a cordial

grasp and an honest smile to the last. He lived literally in an atmosphere of universal love and respect.

There is no virtue, after all, so becoming a minister of God as toleration. It is the surest road to success. It converts more people than argument. There was a Protestant clergyman who equalled Father Keenan in his regard for the feelings and opinions of others. I mean the Rev. Edwin W. Hutter, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Philadelphia, who died September 21, 1873. His career was varied and exciting. He began life as a journalist and a politician, and held high position at Washington and Harrisburg. A strong partisan writer and speaker, he suddenly abandoned the political arena and studied for the ministry, giving the last half (twenty years) of his life to a zealous, absorbing, and self-sacrificing devotion to religion. The change was as sincere and thorough as it was sudden and surprising. He literally died in harness. Toleration was his strong trait, after his fervid attachment to his sacred work. It was rare to hear him denounce the Catholics. Adverse to their doctrines, he had an innate respect for many of their people, and Father Keenan had no more attached friend. Intercourse with diplomatists, statesmen, and philosophers had given him a broad view of human nature, and had taught him that differences among men were not to be removed by blows, but by persuasion and fair discussion. In no sense a bigot, he was in every sense what men call a Christian; not as that word is often misconstrued, as distinct from a Jew, but as the sign of perfect goodness of heart and purity of motive. Dr. Hutter was several years my senior. We began our career as young men about 1838. We never had a difference. He sympathized with me in all my conflicts with power and prejudice. Together we fought under the Democratic flag. Together we wrote and spoke for D. R. Porter for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1838 and 1841; for Van Buren in 1840; for Polk for President and Shunk for Governor in 1844; for Cass



in 1848; for Pierce in 1852; for Buchanan in 1856; for Douglas in 1860; for Lincoln in 1864; for Grant in 1868 and 1872. As an editor he had few equals; but it was as a clergyman that his toleration shone conspicuous, and for this leading characteristic he will ever be quoted as an example and a model.

There is now living in Philadelphia another Protestant clergyman, Rev. E. L. Magoon, who preaches corner of Broad and Brown streets, in that city. His habits of thought and action are the result of foreign travel and rare knowledge of men. In art his specialty is love of painting in water-colors, and his study is adorned by many of the specimens of the great artist Richards. Among his favorite authors are Lacordaire and Montalembert, the great French Catholic leaders. Poetry, science, and society have made the good Doctor a thorough cosmopolitan; and in what he writes or speaks, though full of his own Protestant faith, you feel the spirit of the utmost toleration. Sometimes he makes a picture a text to glorify God; and sometimes a fact in geology and chemistry or astronomy. His short Saturday sketches for *The Press*, entitled "Broad and Brown Thoughts," attracted great attention, as much by their unique structure as by their Christianity and magnanimity.

Toleration is the sure indication of true greatness. Agassiz had it largely; so had the venerable Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian; and so had Mr. Lincoln. The latter began his administration with a declaration of peace to all the elements of war. Charity pervaded it to the end; and when he fell, it was at the moment when he was preparing to restore the conquered South to all her rights under a Union just rescued from her blows.

## XXXV.

## THE DEATH OF CHARLES SUMNER.

No American statesman was more closely fashioned after the best British model than Charles Sumner. His education was of the thorough English type. I write, of course, only of his training, not of his opinions or his convictions. If Boston resembles an English town, Charles Sumner resembled a cultivated English gentleman. His complete experience in the famous Massachusetts University, Harvard, was followed by careful self-study and years of foreign travel. He became that exceptional character in this country, a man of society, a finished scholar, and a profound philosopher. Few excelled him in the graces of the mind and the person. His fine manners were not more captivating than the charms of his conversation. In his youth, he was, according to the pictures and the busts in his library, unusually prepossessing. "I can see him now," said Henry S. Washburn, in his speech before the Massachusetts Legislature, February 11, 1874, in favor of rescinding the resolutions of censure: "I can see him now, when he spoke in the Tremont Temple, July 4, 1847, as he stood before me then, by Nature physically formed and fashioned with a grace and beauty such as she has seldom conferred upon any man of any age." "When I met him first," said my old friend, Dr. John B. Blake, one of the pioneers of Washington, "on his visit to the national city as the guest of the illustrious Joseph Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States, the noble dignity of his presence and the peculiar wealth of his intellect led me to predict that he would one day be Chief-justice of that high court." I heard Mr. Muhlenberg remark that he had met him while he (Muhlenberg) was American Minister at the Prussian Court, and that the young student and traveller attracted universal admiration. In Paris and London he was an object of equal interest in every circle.

I met Charles Sumner in 1846, while he was on a visit to Philadelphia, and there formed an acquaintance that gradually ripened into friendship. The struggle in the Democratic party on the Kansas question, and the election of General Banks as Speaker of the House, after the long contest from December, 1855, to February, 1856, while I was the presiding officer, threw us into very close relations. On the 22d of May following, he was struck down in the Senate, and we got the news at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, just as we were starting to Cincinnati to make Buchanan the Democratic candidate for President. I have always believed that that outrage secured the nomination for Buchanan. He was openly committed to fair play in Kansas. In fact, he was the representative of the strong antislavery sentiment burning and growing in the Democratic party; and the excitement produced by the attack on Mr. Sumner naturally aided his cause. How little he profited by his promise and his opportunity is told in the record of his unhappy Administration.

Mr. Sumner resumed his seat and leadership in the Senate in December, 1859; and then began that extraordinary crusade against slavery which has no parallel. All that had gone before was mere preparation. He was the unconscious marshal of the movement. Political captains there were many—older Abolitionists like Giddings and Lovejoy; but the vigorous Massachusetts statesman, by his varied gifts, was specially armed for the struggle. His imposing form, sonorous voice, and unwearying industry were auxiliaries of a rare memory, a full mind, incessant study, and deep and passionate convictions. Intensifying these attributes was the spectre of a great personal wrong, which, even if he had been disposed to forget—and he never once referred to it—was kept alive by frequent physical suffering. In July of 1861 I was chosen Secretary of the United States Senate, and had occasion to see and study the man. He was in no sense an advocate of war; yet, neverthe-

less, accepted it as the only solution of slavery. He never engaged in personal disputes while Rebellion was knocking at the gates of the Capitol. He subordinated everything to the one great object. All his energies, mental and otherwise, were organized in that direction. His knowledge of books and of men became the ready agent of his earnest convictions. His speeches were the product of an aroused conscience in arms against slavery; and they were rich in historic lore and splendid illustration. Like some of the ancient vestures, they were literally loaded with gems. But they were never heavy or weary. Antithesis and epigram were favorite weapons, wielded with equal skill and grace. His logic was irresistible; for his cause was mighty. It is a mistake to say that Sumner was not a ready debater. I have heard him in more than one discussion sprung upon the Senate, and he was never at fault. But he wrote out most of his elaborate productions, and no lapidary more carefully polished his treasures. Hence, what he has left is a marvellous storehouse, the best record of a great life, and the loftiest monument of unparalleled public services.

When he took the house at the corner of Vermont Avenue and H Street, and removed his works of art from Boston, his books and his antiquities, and furnished it with the elegance characteristic of his tastes—then the world saw Charles Sumner under his own roof-tree. But he never lost sight of his mission. His table was often the centre of the first minds of the nation. The foreign ministers sought his society, and he returned their hospitalities with equal refinement and almost equal magnificence. His plate and his wines were the result of long experience and industrious researches abroad and at home, and his attendants were trained in his own soft and gentle ways. It will be seen that he did not care for money. His hands were unsoiled by corruption. He earned what he expended, and he expended it the more freely because it was



honestly his own, and because he enjoyed the company he collected around him. But he never lowered his flag. He never concealed, and never obtruded, his convictions. Conversing easily in several languages, and specially devoted to foreign affairs, he liked to enlighten strangers and travellers and the ministers of other nations by courteous vindications of the policy of the Government against the Rebellion, and the absolute necessity for the overthrow of slavery. Such an influence was wide and enduring; and the more so because it was as free from the arts of the demagogue as from the display of ill-gained riches.

The war ended, Mr. Sumner did not lose sight of his original purpose—amnesty to the rebel, and complete civil liberty to the negro. His declaration in favor of removing the names of the battles in the late civil war from the standards of the regular army was the fearless sign of his sincerity in the first, and his determined efforts to secure civil rights to the colored race only ceased with his life. His example will keep alive the double duty until that duty is fully discharged.

It is fashionable just now to say harsh things over the grave of a great man, and to select weaknesses which were lost in the splendor of his life; and Mr. Sumner has not escaped. He had his faults, and one most dwelt upon by those who can find no other cause of censure is his alleged arrogance and dogmatism, and a certain self-sufficiency. Beyond a somewhat stubborn adherence to his opinions, and a lofty defiance of adverse public sentiment, I have never known a more tolerant and generous man. That which some call arrogance and self-sufficiency was perhaps a consciousness of superior intelligence, and a restive discontent under the success of notorious inferiority. To be compelled to bear the galling rule of party, not always sensible of the merit of those who serve it best, and to see men elevated to places for which they are confessedly incompetent, was a hard trial to such a spirit; but nothing so

marked Charles Sumner as his general magnanimity and his individual respect for the judgments of others. Had he not been most resolute, had he not broken away from politicians—nay, had he not led his party by sheer force of will in the right direction, his name would not be cherished as the foremost leader of his time.

And now that he is gone, there is something in his complete vindication grander, perhaps, than his complete record. He dies at exactly the right moment. The measure of his work is nearly full. The great State that censured him for an act of supreme forgiveness to the South—for an act looking to the obliteration of all traces of resentment—only a few days before his death sent back to the Senate her act of honorable regret and recantation. The people of both sections, and of all parties, testify to the purity of his life and the nobility of his career. The President of the United States sat at the head of his coffin as chief mourner, surrounded by his Cabinet; and it can do no offence to General Grant, nor to his constitutional advisers, to say that if they owed anything to the great Senator lying dead before them, it was the expression of their gratitude because over two years ago he had boldly and bravely protested against the acquisition of San Domingo; but for which protest that scheme would have succeeded, and, as recent events have painfully proved, would to-day be the source of endless expense and increasing irritation. Apart from Mr. Sumner's heroic hostility to slavery, apart from his persevering insistence of full civil liberty to the enfranchised races, nothing will stand more enduringly to his credit than his determined hostility to the acquisition of San Domingo. But I have neither time nor heart to write more, and perhaps I cannot close this hasty tribute to one who was to me something more than a friend than by quoting the following letter to the Hon. Samuel Hooper from a distinguished Englishman residing near the national capital:

“GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, March 12, 1874.

“MY DEAR MR. HOOPER,—I am so deeply grieved at the sudden farewell of the great and good man we both knew—but I knew too little—that I cannot refrain from expressing to you my sorrow and sympathy. His loss is, indeed, untold, and never can be told—his loss to the bereft. To him the loss is gain. His farewell is only to his labors—not to his triumphs and greatness and goodness. No regrets, however poignant; no wishes, however fervent, can restore to the living the goodness and culture that have died with the dead. But it is a consolation to know that ‘death is merely a commingling of eternity with time, and that in the death of a good man eternity is seen looking through time.’

“It is not for me to refer to the darkening void which his departure has left in the ranks of your nation—and, indeed, of the world—or to do more than mourn the loss of so distinguished a brother of the true brotherhood of mind and conscience which unites our two peoples. But as a unit among tens of thousands I may be allowed, in respect of him whose culture I delighted in, whose goodness I esteemed, whose greatness I admired, and whose friendship I valued, to assure you, and those who were near and dear to him, of my fellow-feeling of grief at his sudden farewell, and of sympathy with your sorrowing. One might, I think, emphatically say of Charles Sumner, ‘Death has opened for him the gate of Fame, and shut the gate of Envy after it.’”

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### XXXVI.

#### PLEASING RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER was a faithful correspondent. He wrote many letters, and rarely used an amanuensis. Even his longest speeches came from his own hand. His industry was prodigious. He liked his work. He read eagerly and carefully. He was intensely systematic in his literary labors. About his own affairs, especially about his money matters, he seemed to have no rule. Art and books were his idols. Conversation with him was the key that opened many histories—not discussion nor controversy, but conversation with friends, in which,

of course, he led the way without monopolizing the time. To him more than to any other man—certainly more than to any other man I ever met—could be justly applied the phrase that he possessed a full mind. He literally overran with information, and delighted to communicate it. Like a fountain, he was alternately giving and receiving. Uncommonly varied in his resources, he was, therefore, uncommonly interesting. I have sat with him in a mixed company, which by its very mixture abjured politics, and he talked better about general subjects than any man present. I have heard him describe an opera as accurately and minutely as if he had been a composer. His knowledge of the great painters, old and new, was complete. He was always a student of the law, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to meet an old jurist. Nobody can read his speeches without seeing that he was a linguist; and his love for antique relics was almost a passion.

You never met Charles Sumner in what is called dishabille. He was always careful of his person—never what is called “foppish,” but every article of his dress seemed to become him. In nothing were his habits better exhibited than in the furniture and arrangement of his household, including his table. Everything was neat, clean, and sweet, and I have more than once remarked to him that the ever-present evidences of care and tidiness in his rooms seemed to evince the constant presence of a female hand—a remark which always provoked a quiet smile or a pleasant retort.

Without being in any sense a high liver, Charles Sumner was fond of the pleasures of the table. In no sense a gourmand, he was still an epicure; and so, when you became his guest, that which impressed you, after his uncommon manners, his delightful talk, his habit of listening to what you said, his avoidance of all controversy—gently correcting your mistakes and always admitting his own—was the ease and dignity with which he presided at his own table. He seemed, in fact, to have



collected his best things and put on his best mood for your benefit. If you asked a question about a picture in his rooms, or a statue, or one of the curious pieces of plate, you would be sure to be regaled by a delightful story or narrative. The picture of the "Deliverance of the Slave" (given by him to Mr. Smith, of Boston), the portrait of Charles James Fox, the bust of himself in early manhood, the ancient torso, the illuminated Missal, or any of the old books scattered round, was a prolific subject for some interesting description. A fresh bottle of wine always provoked a sally of wit, either in allusion to its age or parentage, or to the generous donor who had sent it from New York, Philadelphia, or Boston.

For a busy man he was the most accessible I ever knew, especially to newspaper people, and this accounts for his popularity among the writers for the great dailies on Fourteenth Street, Washington. He was always ready to talk to them; and, while nothing would induce him to violate his Senatorial oath or reveal private conversation, nobody ever left him without being gratified and informed.

The last time I saw Charles Sumner, with the exception of one or two brief intervals, was at the residence of our friend James T. Furness, brother of the Rev. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia. This was a day or two before the meeting of an exciting session of Congress. I dined with him and the family of Mr. Furness in the afternoon and evening of one day, and met him the next morning in company with Colonel Thomas A. Scott. He was in high spirits, and apparently in excellent health. I thought then that his giving up his engagements to lecture was a mistake, and joined Mr. Pugh, chief of the great Lecture Bureau, in requesting that he should repeat his new work before a Philadelphia audience, claiming that he owed his thousands of friends in our city that compliment. But he said, "No; my physician and friends in Boston have demanded that I should abandon all further labors of this sort, and I

will keep my word." He was especially gratified at the change of sentiment in Massachusetts in his favor, and recurred again and again to the warmth of his reception whenever he appeared in the streets, and at the numerous ovations extended to him. He felt that he would be re-elected to the United States Senate, notwithstanding the attack upon his resolution demanding the obliteration from the flags of the regular army of the names of the battles of our late civil war. He was full of his Civil Rights bill. He came back to it again and again. The fact that the colored people had refused to follow his advice and vote against General Grant in 1872 had not in the slightest degree abated his love for them. "They could not do otherwise," he said; "they see the Republican party only; they do not know the recklessness of most of its leaders; and, in truth, between the Republicans and Democrats there was no choice, in view of the prejudices of the latter."

In the evening General Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, called to see the Senator; and these two, differing on many questions—the one an ardent Democrat and the other an ultra Republican—interchanged views and passed several happy hours together. The next morning Colonel Scott called, with me, to talk over the Texas Pacific Railroad question. Sumner was much pleased with Scott, and promised his ardent support to the great measure. While he took care to state his firm opposition to anything like an increase of the circulating medium, he was ready to vote for any relief that did not necessitate an addition to our paper currency.

Since the above was written, my friend Mr. Furness handed me the following letter, written to his wife on the 13th of January, 1871, by Senator Sumner, and allows me to copy it. It throws a clear light upon his character. \* Whatever men may have said about Sumner's opposition to certain of the Republican leaders, they must not forget that he was terribly provoked. His removal from the chairmanship of the Committee on For-

eign Relations was something more than an insult. It was as brutal as the blow from the bludgeon of Brooks. Few men would have submitted without protest to such an outrage ; and if the great Senator spoke strongly, we must not forget that he spoke under a keen sense of wrong. Douglas resisted his degradation from the Committee on Territories in 1858 with infinitely more bitter hostility to the Democratic leaders. Calhoun lost all his philosophy when President Jackson turned upon him. Henry Clay violently assailed the Whig party when they nominated Harrison in 1840. Martin Van Buren never forgave the Democrats after they threw him overboard in 1844. Daniel Webster never recovered from his defeat at Baltimore, when General Winfield S. Scott was made the Whig candidate for President, in 1852. We are all human ; the best, like the worst, are controlled, more or less, by personal motives. But Sumner, I insist, was the supreme exception to the rule. I never knew any man less moved by selfish instincts. True, he had a lofty self-consciousness, or self-assertion ; he liked to speak of his achievements, and he had the precision and the positiveness of a close reader and thinker. But he was not a self-seeker. He never intrigued for place ; he never catered to public opinion. Nobody ever believed his course was governed other than by love of country. He was one of the boldest and most generous supporters of every progressive measure, and yet nobody ever charged that he or any of his friends had any connection with the legislation he advocated. In this respect he was a good deal like Colonel Benton, of Missouri, who stood forth as the advocate of nearly all the great measures of progress, and never was suspected of being a party to incidental or consequential speculation.

To return to Sumner's letter to Mrs. Furness, above referred to. It was written before it became the policy of the Administration to attack Sumner, and before he deemed it necessary to retaliate :

"I fear," he says, "that Mrs. Parker exaggerated my symptoms. I am tired, and not very happy. How could it be otherwise? But I am not unwell. This late discussion has been painful. Never was I more right. Knowing what I did, I felt it my duty to oppose the scheme [the San Domingo annexation project—ED.], which, to my mind, was conceived in heartlessness and indifference to the African race. My arguments and appeals were answered by personalities, and papers pretending to be friendly regretted my bad temper. I was simply earnest. How ineffably absurd the allegation that in the discharge of a great public duty I was influenced by personal hostility to the President! I saw only the people that I wished to save, and I alluded to the President as little as *possible*, and not once with a single word of personality. Excuse this egotism, but your letter tempts the revelation. I had thought that the old pro-slavery days were over, and that I should be relieved from conflicts; but we have seen the same vindictive spirit which you remember in other times. I thank your husband for his good letter and its valued counsel. Good-bye.

"Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER."

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### XXXVII.

#### A LOVING GARLAND ROUND THE BROW OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A FEW days before the Fourth of July, I am not quite sure whether it was in 1847 or '48, I received an invitation to speak at Tammany Hall, in the city of New York, and, in company with the eloquent George W. Barton, of Philadelphia, who had also agreed to participate in the celebration of the anniversary, I took the cars on Saturday, the 2d of July, and reached the Astor House in the evening. Tammany Hall, at that time, was the focus of the intellect and wealth of the Democratic party. Its managers and members were among the first men of the time. Martin Van Buren, Churchill C. Cambreling, Gouverneur Morris, James T. Brady, Daniel S. Dickinson, William L. Marcy, Charles O'Connor, and the brave old Mayor, William F. Havemeyer, added much to the dignity and power of that ven-



erable organization. It was, in fact, very much like the Philadelphia Union League during the war.

The weather was charming and my companion unusually brilliant, and so, after a visit to the theatres and a sound sleep, we were glad to accept the invitation of my old friend Emanuel B. Hart to spend Sunday with an intelligent Hebrew family at Bull's Ferry, on the Hudson. We took the early morning boat, and, while enjoying the exquisite weather and the alternating life around us—the great ships at anchor contrasting with the ceaseless activity of the passing steamers—a gentleman remarked, "There's Fitz-Greene Halleck;" and, sure enough, seated in the corner, with his umbrella in one hand and a book in the other, we saw the author of "Marco Bozzaris." He was then in his fifty-ninth year, and at once became an object of interest to us. Mr. Hart knew him, and presented us; and, though he received us kindly, and even cordially, it was easy to see that he rather shrank from public notice. My gifted friend, who knew all the poet's best things by heart, soon captured the quiet scholar by his magnetic talk and happy quotations, and the time passed swiftly. Mr. Halleck stopped, as we did, at Bull's Ferry, where he intended to spend the day with his friends. And that was the first and last time I ever saw him. But the scene was fixed in my memory. And, now that both are gone—Barton dying on the 25th of January, 1851, when he was only forty-one, and Halleck on the 17th of November, 1867, in his seventy-seventh year—this little incident was recalled by a late perusal of the "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck," by General James Grant Wilson—a most delightful and instructive volume.

Identified as Halleck was with the society of the old Democratic days, and with the historic Astor family, for many years a clerk of that remarkable man Jacob Barker, it was a little curious that we should have met him on our way to pay our respects at the shrine of St. Tammany. And in reading over

the really enjoyable pages of General Wilson's book, I deeply regretted that such a book (it was printed in 1869) should have almost passed out of print, and that such a name as that of Fitz-Greene Halleck should be remembered only by those who are fond of reviving the poetry of the era in which he lived. Such is fame. A renowned scholar or poet must be a Shakespeare or a Milton to maintain a hold upon universal remembrance. About that time I was speaking to a company of intelligent young people of Nicholas Biddle, of his wonderful and varied intellect, when one of them quietly asked me whether Mr. Dickens had not written a book on the character I was describing. I was talking of Nicholas Biddle, and he of Nicholas Nickleby! And only a few days after, in speaking of Fitz-Greene Halleck, a worthy young man at my side asked me whether it was General Halleck to whom I was referring.

It is not often that a flower of such enduring fragrance and beauty is developed between the cold walls of a mercantile house. In 1811, when Fitz-Greene Halleck was twenty-one, he left his native village of Guilford, Connecticut, to seek his fame and fortune in the city of New York. Fortune he never found, and fame came slowly, but came to stay. His first experience in life was as a clerk in the office of Jacob Barker, himself an historical character, who lived to a great age, having passed through all the experiences of prosperity and penury. His first poem was published anonymously, on the 22d of December, 1813, and he continued to write at intervals rather for amusement than profit. Among his quiet occupations and amusements, he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of "The Culprit Fay," and the friendship between the two remained unbroken during their lives. In the same winter, after the publication of his famous poem "Fanny," Halleck made a visit as far south as Virginia, stopping at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Mount Vernon, and Alexandria. "Philadelphia," he wrote, "has attrac-

tions for a man of literature superior to any other place in America. . . . Washington is a mere desert. Well might Anacreon Moore ridicule its 'Goose Creek,' its swamps and marshes. Since he visited it, some slight improvement has been made; but the present generation and its children's children will rest quiet in their graves, or sleep in 'dull, cold marble,' before it will present an appearance worthy of its illustrious founder." The road from York and Lancaster to Philadelphia he was charmed with. "It is the Paradise of America. On the banks of the Schuylkill are some of the loveliest views that the eye of the imagination ever fancied." He was not pleased with the South, and came back gladly to New York. The "Culprit Fay," written by his friend Drake, was begun and finished in three days. "It is certainly the best thing of the kind in the language," he writes, "and is more strikingly original than I had supposed it possible for the language of a modern poet to be."

In 1819 the two attached friends and literary partners, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, began a series of verses known as "The Croakers," published in the *New York Evening Post*, which ran through several months, and kept the city in a blaze of excitement. They were full of wit and personality, and produced a host of imitators. The writers, like the author of Junius, were the sole depositaries of their own secret. Few of the present generation ever heard of them. The "American Flag" was written by Drake between the 20th and 25th day of May, 1819, and is to this day a classic. "Fanny" was begun by Halleck during the summer, and completed in the autumn of the same year, and was also published anonymously. It is a serio-comic poem of nearly fifteen hundred lines, and rose to instant popularity, which was so great that the publisher offered five hundred dollars for another canto, which Halleck accepted, and in 1821 a second edition appeared. Its authorship was attributed to a number of prominent men; but suspicion never rested upon Halleck, who

quietly enjoyed the bewilderment of the town, sharing his secret only with a few faithful friends. In a letter to his sister, Halleck says, "The popularity of 'Fanny' is far above my expectations, and greatly above its merits; but the secret is that it is fashionable to admire it: but, fortunately for its author, the general class of readers do not know good from bad." Many of its passages are exquisitely beautiful.

The literary partnership between himself and Joseph Rodman Drake was preserved up to the death of the latter, on the 21st of September, 1820. It was a sweet companionship, and, says General Wilson, "genius does not readily amalgamate; hence, partnerships in the literary are more rare than in the commercial world. Almost the only parallel to the young American poets is that of Beaumont and Fletcher, the rich conceptions of whose twin-like brain sprang from an equally thorough and genuine communion of congenial minds."

During his European tour, in 1822, he wrote the two beautiful poems "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," among the loveliest contributions to English literature.

"Marco Bozzaris" is better remembered than anything he wrote, and still retains its place among the choice poetry of our school-books, and is, therefore, a favorite in all circles. It is a curious circumstance that in the midst of its vast popularity his sister never heard of it, much less that the great work was written by her brother. He says, in a note to her of the 26th of March, 1827, "I am somewhat surprised and quite amused at your not having heard of my rhymes on 'Marco Bozzaris.' You remind me of the Chinese in one of Goldsmith's essays, who, on inquiring at a bookseller's shop in Amsterdam for the works of the immortal Chongfu (or some such name), a Chinese author of great eminence, was astonished to find that the illustrious and immortal author and his writings were totally unknown out of China. Why, 'Bozzaris' is here considered my *chef-d'œuvre*, the key-stone of the arch of my renown, if re-



noun it be. It has been published and puffed in a thousand (more or less) magazines and newspapers, not only in America, but in England, Scotland, Ireland, etc. It has been translated into French and modern Greek. It has been spouted on the stage and off the stage, in schools and colleges, etc. It has been quoted even in the pulpit, and placed as mottoes over the chapters of a novel or two. It was published some months since in a Philadelphia magazine of foreign literature as selected from an Edinburgh work, and all the newspaper editors in town accused all England of plagiarism. . . . And, after all, that *you* should never have heard of, or read it—*you*, almost the only person living (for I have become accustomed to it) to whom the music of my fame can be delightful—is really worth remark. Keep this letter to yourself; it contains more about myself and my verses than I have ever said or written before, and much more than they are worth.”

There is a good deal of resemblance in this modesty and the manner in which he kept his secrets to the success with which Walter Scott preserved his anonymous connection with the Waverley novels.

This great poem, “Marco Bozzaris,” was composed by Mr. Halleck in utter unconsciousness of its superior merit. Yet Samuel Rogers, the venerable English poet, said, “It is better than anything we can do on this side of the Atlantic.” The family of Marco Botzares is one of the most popular in Greece to this day.

Halleck had many acquaintances in Philadelphia, especially the late venerated Mrs. Rush, who was his intimate friend and correspondent. I do not pretend, in this rapid sketch of one whose character and works deserve to be kept fresh in American memory, to quote from any of his brilliant productions; but the following is so expressive of the hollow eulogies of a great man after his death, especially in view of his recent loss, that I copy it:

“And when that grass is green above me,  
And those who bless me now, and love me,  
Are sleeping by my side,  
Will it avail me aught that men  
Tell to the world, with lip and pen,  
That once I lived and died?”

“No! if a garland for my brow  
Is growing, let me have it now,  
While I’m alive to wear it;  
And if, in whispering my name,  
There’s music in the voice of fame  
Like Garcia’s, let me hear it!”

The failure of his good friend Jacob Barker was succeeded by his employment in the counting-house of John Jacob Astor, the wealthiest merchant in the United States, in 1832; so that he was transferred from the service of one merchant to that of another, and here he remained for seventeen years, on the most friendly terms with the millionaire. Here he met Washington Irving, and these two remarkable men were more welcome to the rich merchant than any of his other acquaintances.

In 1832 Fanny Kemble made her first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, and Halleck was one of her most fervent admirers and closest friends, as well before her marriage to, as after her separation from, Pierce Butler. He was full of anecdotes of the distinguished actress and her family. He seems to have never had a love affair, his gentle sister being his confidante and correspondent down to the close of his life. He was a great favorite in society; was constantly noticed by magazines and newspapers at home and abroad; was the recipient of frequent public honors; but he was so modest that he could hardly be persuaded to speak. Not less exquisite than his poems were his letters to ladies. In 1863 he wrote to a female friend who desired his photograph—he was then seventy-three years old—and said, “It is not by a great deal so handsome, begging its pardon, as I am at present; for, in order to be in

the fashion, I have allowed my beard to grow long, and, to avoid being accused, from my youthful appearance, of being under forty-five and liable to be drafted into the army, I keep it nicely whitewashed; so that were you to meet me you would mistake me for my good friend Mr. Bryant the poet, and would esteem and respect me accordingly."

To another lady he writes, on the same subject, "For my own part, I think that the sun, since it commenced taking likenesses for a living, has been more successful in his hats and great-coats than in the human face divine." And to still another: "In asking your acceptance of the enclosed, in preference to a more modern *carte-de-visite*, I gratify a desire that you should continue to see me rather as I appeared in the delightful days of old than as I now appear in portraits by that new-fashioned painter the sun, who, because he is as old as the creation, takes pleasure in making those who are silly enough to sit to him look as old as himself."

He was very happy in conversation, and could be infinitely satirical. Even out of his limited means, he was generous to a fault. In religion his toleration was supreme; and, though not a Catholic, frequently attended the Catholic services.

Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, requested him to send her his autograph for a young lady, to which he thus pleasantly responded, in quiet allusion to his bachelorhood:

"I here wanted but this drop to fill  
The wifeless poet's cup of fame.  
Hurrah! there lives a lady still  
Willing to take his name."

He survived nearly all the intimates of his early and middle life—Washington Irving, Burton, Mitchell, Elliott, Inman, Porter (of *The Spirit of the Times*), Edgar A. Poe; but there are still living a few who vividly recall his genial nature, sweet companionship, and splendid genius. Since the death of John Brougham and W. C. Bryant, I think Thurlow Weed and George Bancroft remember him best.

John Jacob Astor died March 29, 1848, and left an annuity of two hundred dollars to his friend Halleck. One of the daily journals bitterly commented on the smallness of the sum, which aroused Halleck's indignation, and he said, "Mr. Astor treated me like a gentleman for years; he remunerated me handsomely for my services, and now he pays me the compliment of remembering me as a friend in his will by a trusteeship and a bequest. I have only feelings of gratitude."

In 1849 Halleck retired from the office of Mr. Astor, where he had been employed seventeen years, to his native place, Guilford, Connecticut, about midway between New London and New Haven. He had left Guilford thirty-eight years before. It is said that Halleck, who had given most of his life to prosaic book-keeping, might have referred, on inquiry for his writings, as Charles Lamb did, when he said, "My works are certain ledgers in the India House." He was a great favorite with the ladies, although never married; and no foreigner of distinction, of whatever profession, visited New York during his life that did not eagerly seek his acquaintance.

On the proposition to erect a monument to his memory he wrote, in 1865, "Our flattering and facetious friend Charles Augustus Davis once promised me, if I would die, to impede a statue of me in some one of your city's triangular parks; and when I objected, for fear of taking cold with the park gates open, he kindly assured me that I should stand with an umbrella over my head. Whether he has found a sculptor cunning in carving stone umbrellas, and has patronized his genius, I have not yet been told." Other letters to Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, in 1861-62, made brief allusions to the war, not as a partisan, but as a patriot. She wanted him to write a war-song, and he said, "Moreover, sadly and seriously, is this Southern, is this sin-born war of ours worthy of a poet's consecration?—a poet, whose art, whose attribute, it is to make the dead on fields of battle, alike the victors and the vanquished, look beautiful in the sunbeams of his song."



The celebrated picture by Darley, representing a group of prominent American authors at Sunnyside, surrounding Washington Irving, induced him to write :

“I understand that the artist has considerably made me the ugliest-looking fellow of the group. Remembering, as I do, the boast of the backwoodsman that he had the swiftest horse, the surest rifle, the prettiest sister, and the ugliest dog in all Kentucky, meaning a compliment to each, I feel highly flattered in being portrayed as ‘Poor Tray,’ who, you know, is renowned as the ugliest, the fondest, and the most faithful of all dogs in song and story.”

He liked the character of General Jackson very much, and said during the war, “Would to God we could have my old friend Jackson back again, to put down this accursed rebellion and restore the blessings of peace to our bleeding country !”

But I have written enough to revive some of the traits of one of the best and purest of men, and one of the sweetest and most successful of poets ; and if I have not done justice to the subject, it is simply because, out of General Wilson’s book, I could have coined a very much longer sketch, and still be unable to complete the tribute Fitz-Greene Halleck deserves at the hands of posterity.

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### XXXVIII.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SOUTH.—A DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS (HON. C. B. CURTIS, OF ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA) IN 1855.

WONDERFUL are the changes since the overthrow of the Rebellion ; and he is a poor student of the times who does not take note of them. I write this letter, for instance, at Sanderson’s Congressional Hotel, Capitol Hill, in the city of Washington, and, without entering into the disputes which have grown

out of the local alterations around me, I accept them as indications of a general system. Directly opposite where I write is the last of the old "Mills House," where I have spent many exciting and happy years, now being torn down, and soon to be succeeded by a modern mansion of stately dimensions. Adjoining it is a granite four-story structure intended as a supplement to the Coast Survey, and especially for the preservation of the plates of the accumulated maps and charts of that now extensive organization. These two buildings are the result of the enterprise of Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, who purchased the whole site, and is covering it with edifices built of granite from his Massachusetts quarries. New Jersey Avenue, for seventy years given up to mud and dust, is newly graded and laid almost its entire length with a beautiful wooden pavement; while in place of the old grocery at the corner is the handsome little hotel in which I sojourn. Meanwhile the Capitol is reached by magnificent approaches; and one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty miles of wooden streets and avenues, stretching in all directions, add to the attractions of the city, and invite men of wealth and culture from all parts of the land. These physical changes—these changes of administration—are signs of an almost universal revolution. Reconstruction in the South progresses slowly because the remedy is almost as severe as the disease. You could not break down an institution the growth of centuries, intertwined with the whole body politic, with the frame-work of home and fireside, with all manner of passions and prejudices, and expect the new system to be an immediate success. You could not expect one race to be elevated to freedom, and another to be put upon an equality with that race, without jarring the whole machine, and hence the disruption of several of the States; hence the unhappy condition of Louisiana and South Carolina. Time, which is the great cure-all, must bring order out of chaos, even if remedial legislation should utterly fail.

But, rapid and unusual as have been the changes in the District of Columbia, in the substitution of new thoroughfares for old ones, the reorganization of government, of courts, schools, and churches, the revolution in the South has been equally thorough.

Quietly conversing about these things with my old friend Hon. Carlton B. Curtis, of Pennsylvania, a gentleman who sat in the Legislature of that State from 1837 to 1839, and in the Thirty-second and Thirty-third Congresses, afterwards a Representative in the Forty-third Congress from the Erie and Warren districts, he related a circumstance which I give in his own words, not only because he is a genuine witness, having seen what he describes, but because the illustration he presents marks the great contrast between the recent past and the living present. Recollect, he writes of what took place in 1855, one year before James Buchanan was elected President of the United States, and shortly after Mr. Curtis closed a term in Congress as a Democrat, and just as he was entering into communion with the new Republican party. His narrative might well be doubted if the testimony were not beyond question. That such a tragedy should have transpired in the city of Louisville—to-day the seat of progress and refinement, where, under the authority of national law, the rights of all persons, without reference to race or color, are protected and respected—proves how wonderfully times have changed for the better:

“In the month of June, 1855, I was at a court held in Louisville, Kentucky, and I found on trial four negroes charged with murdering an elderly lady and child for the sake of plunder, under circumstances of great atrocity. The attendance was large and intensely excited. The negroes were ably defended by the late General Lovell Rousseau. The only evidence against them was the testimony of a pretended accomplice, whose evidence was met by proving an alibi, and other circumstances, showing the story of this pretended accomplice false.

Judge Bullitt, a relative, I think, of the distinguished lawyer John C. Bullitt, of Philadelphia, then presiding, an able jurist, set the matter at rest by charging the jury that there could be no conviction on the unsupported evidence of an accomplice. A verdict of Not guilty was rendered by the jury. The crowd at once set up a demand for the acquitted negroes for immediate execution. The sheriff, with his posse, took the negroes to the county jail for safe-keeping; and the police force of the city was called on to aid the sheriff in protecting them. The mob, constantly gaining in numbers, many of them armed with deadly weapons, surrounded the jail, and demanded, with terrific oaths, the negroes for immediate execution. At length, finding the sheriff and his posse unyielding to their demands, the mob went to the Arsenal, where they found a cannon, which they loaded with slugs and other missiles, and brought it to the door of the prison where the negroes were confined, and demanded an unconditional surrender of the prisoners in the sheriff's charge. The sheriff yielding to an overwhelming force, the demand was complied with; and the four negroes, just found not guilty by a jury of slaveholders, were committed to the tender mercies of a mob. One of the negroes, as he came out of the jail, seeing an infuriated mob before him, and knowing that 'judgment' had fled to brutish beasts, cut both sides of his throat, and fell dead before his executioners. The other three were soon manacled, and, with ropes adjusted around their necks, were led to the court-house square, amid an immense throng, making night hideous with their awful profanity and yelling. Forthwith ropes were attached to the trees in the yard and the negroes suspended. Before life was extinct, the negroes, each in his turn, were let down and asked to confess their crime. The only response was a denial of their guilt, and a fervent supplication to the Throne of Grace for mercy. At length, finding every effort unavailing to compel confession, they were once more drawn up, and the ropes



being adjusted by men in the top of the tree, each man jumped down upon the shoulders of the hanging negroes and thence upon the ground below, whereby their necks were broken, which was the last of poor old nig.

“The vengeance of the mob was not yet satiated, and straightway the dead victims were gathered together and burned in a horrible manner in the same yard where they were hanged. From this horrible scene the mob went to the residence of Judge Bullitt, whose crime consisted in charging the jury that the unsupported testimony of a *particeps criminis* was not sufficient to convict the negroes. Arriving at his house, with hideous yells the mob demanded that he should go through the same ordeal as the negroes. The judge met the crowd at the door, and very calmly informed them that he was then in his own castle, with a few friends, and that he should defend it to the uttermost, and that his person could not be obtained while he lived, and that he and his friends were well armed.

“The mob, knowing that Judge Bullitt was a brave, chivalrous man, and meant business, hesitated and wavered, and, as they slowly retired from the house, gave notice that they would carry out their threat on the next morning as he went to the court-house. The next morning the crowd again assembled in the court-house yard, somewhat thinned and less boisterous. At the appointed time for the opening of the court, Judge Bullitt arrived in a hack. The crowd involuntarily gave way, saying, in whispers, ‘There goes Judge Bullitt.’ Coming to the steps of the court-house, the judge alighted, turned, and took a look at the crowd before him, and from thence went into the court-room and took his seat upon the bench. The court then being opened with the usual formalities, the judge commenced his charge to the grand-jury, in which he denounced the action of the mob as guilty of unheard-of atrocity and murder; and that it was the duty of the grand-jury then in session to return forthwith bills of indictment against all participating

therein for the crime of murder ; for such it was, and nothing less. Suffice it to say, the mob gradually dispersed, and the grand-jury found no bill. No reason could be assigned for the action of the grand-jury, save only that it was the rights of the black man which had been so brutally outraged, and not the white man's."

Judge Curtis is now sixty-eight, in fine health, and relates this thrilling incident without the slightest feeling. He represented a district in Congress which had no existence at the beginning of the century, and relates that when he was a young man he long hesitated whether he should settle in Warren, Pennsylvania, or what is now Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but finally preferred the former, which is at present a town of three thousand people, while Milwaukee boasts of a population of over one hundred thousand. The judge has lately fixed his home in the lovely city of Erie, Pennsylvania, on the shores of the beautiful lake of that name. Erie is another of the best illustrations of the modern progress which has done so much to improve our whole country. A calm philosopher, who has studied the world more through men than books, and not indifferently by the latter ; who has known the leaders of both parties, and graduated a Republican after long service as a Democrat—he is one of those who do not believe we have grown worse in the revolutions of the last twenty years. Nor can that verdict be otherwise with any one who reads the past in the light of such a trophy as that of the city of Washington. Judged by this alone, it is impossible to doubt that, with its splendid local improvements, its institutions of science and learning, its magnificent public buildings, crowned by the glorious temple the Capitol, and its rare opportunities for private residences in the midst of the finest climate on the continent, an equally generous influence must rapidly improve the Southern States. There is undoubtedly much discontent in these States, the offspring of an overwhelming revolution ; but the change of sentiment in

Louisville alone is enough to show that another decade will produce the same difference in other quarters. The elements at work cannot be resisted. They operate by a variety of agencies ; chiefly by railroads, schools, emigration, personal liberty, and free opinions freely spoken and published. Men live, die, and are forgotten. The best pass away, to be followed by others equally good. Passions perish, and only principles prevail and survive. And he who writes from Sanderson's Hotel twenty years hence, from Capitol Hill, will find our population nearly doubled, and will describe yet nobler improvements and a degree of happiness found nowhere else on earth. Before that time, and I fancy before the close of the century, the conflict between the races in the South will cease through wise and liberal legislation, complete amnesty, increasing immigration, manufactures, and education, and, above all, by that universal intercourse between the sections which must come from constant social and commercial intercourse.

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### XXXIX.

#### THE FRENCH EXPOSITION OF 1867.—REFLECTIONS ON THE CENTENNIAL OF 1876.

WHAT a crowd of famous characters, including much of the royalty and nobility of Europe, the rich men of America, artists and inventors from all parts of the earth, clustered and crowded into Paris in June and July of 1867 to witness the Universal Exposition, then in full operation under the auspices of Napoleon III. ! Four years after the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence, some reference to the men and the manners and the curiosities of that period may not be inappropriate, and especially in view of the fact that the Empire has passed away, and the French Republic

is a fixed fact ; that Louis Napoleon is gathered to his fathers, his son dead, and his queen a wanderer, and many of those who served at his side and upheld his glittering reign have themselves been retired to private life, where they are vainly hoping for another change in the fortunes of France. On the evening of the 7th of June, 1867, the Prefect of the Seine (the Mayor of Paris) gave a great ball at the Hôtel de Ville to the regal visitors. There were about six thousand guests present. At 11 30 P.M. Louis Napoleon and his retinue made a tour of the brilliant rooms. First came the Emperor of Russia with the Empress Eugénie ; he, with the stately figure and Tartar look, admirably portrayed in the splendid portrait which he presented to Governor Curtin, displayed for a number of months at Earle's picture-gallery in Philadelphia, and she, quiet, yet faded, with her graceful manner and costly dress. Following came the King of Prussia, looking already the prophetic conqueror of 1870. Then came Louis Napoleon with the Princess Mathilde, wife of his cousin, Prince Napoleon. The Princess of Russia came next, followed by the commanding and dominating presence of Bismarck, in white uniform. The ball at the Tuileries, on the evening of the 6th of June, was, perhaps, more gorgeous than that which followed it, and did not cost less than a quarter of a million dollars.

On the 1st of July, 1867, I was present at the Palace of Industry in the Champs Élysées, on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes to the successful competitors at the Universal Exposition, and there saw several of the characters above referred to, and, in addition, the Prince Imperial, who had just passed his eleventh year, and whose olive complexion, Italian face, black hair and black eyes, and graceful movements made him a very interesting boy. Prince Napoleon (Plon-plon) was a startling likeness of his great uncle ; and as he stood directly before me I thought I had never seen a more impressive figure. Then we had the Turkish Sultan dressed in a blue frock-coat,



richly embroidered with gold. There, in this magnificent presence, in a vast hall with arched roof or canopy of glass, springing, in its marvellous tracery, from four sides, and hanging like a mighty balloon, as if suspended by invisible hands in mid-air, with its twenty-five thousand spectators, with Rossini (since dead), in the seventy-fifth year of his age, leading the wonderful orchestra and chorus composed of twelve hundred persons—in this magnificent presence the French monarch distributed the medals to the various candidates as they approached the crimson throne, the saloon resounding with cheers as each retired, proud of his decoration. It was, indeed, an historic spectacle; but that which impressed me most were not the stars and jewels and costly robes, but the fact that art and labor were signally recognized and crowned. How much better such an exhibition than the shining insignia and bloody facts of war! All was peace, order, and gayety. No one then supposed that the great conflict between the two leading powers of the Continent was so near.

To an American the most interesting feature was the large number of prize medals and honors awarded to the American exhibitors. Turning to the exhaustive and careful report of Mr. Beckwith, the United States Commissioner-general at the Paris Exposition (afterwards appointed by Governor Dix on the commission for the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia), I find many facts that may not improperly be revived. They prove not only the generosity and discrimination of the French Government, but constitute an irresistible argument in favor of the completest and boldest exposition in America; for inasmuch as many of these exhibitors are still living, and recall with gratitude the manner in which their genius and enterprise were noticed in that dazzling brotherhood of art and science and industry, so will they appreciate the necessity of reciprocal demonstrations which, while inviting honorable rivalry from the Old World, will present yet more striking proofs

of the vitality and variety of the resources of the New. Mr. Beckwith, to prove his fitness for the great work in his own country, published an elaborate description of the plan of the Paris buildings and park, and closed his report to the Government, dated January 17, 1868, with an elaborate statement of the character and condition of the United States section, and a careful catalogue of the various American exhibitors, together with a list of awards of the International juries. Ninety-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-seven square feet were allotted to the United States section. The total number of exhibitors was five hundred and thirty-six. There were five grand prizes, one artist's medal, eighteen gold medals, seventy-six silver medals, ninety-eight bronze medals, and ninety-three honorable mentions. C. H. McCormick, of Chicago, Illinois ; Walter A. Wood, Hoosac Falls, New York ; C. F. Chickering, New York ; and Elias Howe, Jr., were created Chevaliers of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor—the first for his reaping and mowing machine ; the second for his mowing and reaping machine ; the third for the best piano ; and the fourth for his sewing-machine. Church, of New York, carried off the art medal, with five hundred francs in gold. Gold medals were awarded to the Corliss Steam-engine Company, Providence, Rhode Island, for the Corliss Machine ; to the Grant Locomotive Works, Paterson, New Jersey ; to Victor Meyer, of Louisiana, for short-staple cotton ; to William Sellers & Co., Philadelphia, for machine tools ; to Aaron Wilson, of New York, for sewing and button-hole machines ; to Samuel S. White, Philadelphia, for artificial teeth and dentists' instruments and furniture ; to J. P. Whitney, of Boston, for silver ores from Colorado.

Silver medals were awarded to citizens of various other of the States and Territories, including Surgeon-general J. K. Barnes for surgical instruments and hospital apparatus ; Bement & Dougherty, Philadelphia, for machine tools ; the

State of California for cereals ; Chicago Board of Public Works for the new tunnel ; Deplit & Co., New Orleans, for snuff ; Fairbanks & Co. for scales ; Isaac Gregg, of Philadelphia, for his brick-making machine ; State of Nevada for silver and copper ores. Numerous bronze medals were awarded to the different States and Territories, and honorable mentions in still greater proportion. The variety of products included eighty-two works of art, five of sculpture, die-sinking, and cameo engravings, many fine specimens of printing and books, photography, musical instruments, medical and surgical instruments, furniture, cutlery, gold and silver plate, clocks and clock-works, clothing, jewelry, woollen fabrics, silk and tissues of silk, mining and metallurgy, various kinds of woods, chemical apparatus, leather, ploughs, fire-arms, agricultural machinery, machine tools, methods of weaving, harness, railroads and cars ; navigation, including life-boats, yachts, and pleasure-boats ; food, bread, pastry, meat, and fish ; school-houses and school-books, examples of American dwellings, etc. Mr. Beckwith states that the percentage of awards to exhibitors from the United States was 52.79, the percentage to exhibitors from France 55.57, and from Great Britain and her colonies 26.10. Next after France the United States stood highest upon the list ; and he closes as follows :

“The high position conceded by the verdict of the juries to American industrial products is not due, in general, to graceful design, fertile combinations of pleasing colors, elegant forms, elaborate finish, or any of the artistic qualities which cultivate the taste and refine the feelings by awakening in the mind a higher sense of beauty, but it is still owing to their skilful, direct, and admirable adaptation to the great wants they are intended to supply, and to the originality and fertility of invention which convert the elements and natural forces to the commonest uses, multiplying results and diminishing toil.

“The peculiar and valuable qualities of our products will be adopted and reproduced in all parts of Europe, improving the mechanical and industrial arts ; and it is reasonable to expect, and gratifying to believe, that the benefits will be reciprocal ; that our products will in time acquire those tasteful and pleasing qualities which command more admiration and find a quicker and better market than the barely useful.”

Since these words were written, thirteen years have passed ; and other World's Fairs have been held : one at Vienna in 1873, one in Philadelphia in 1876, and a third in Paris in 1878 ; and all that Mr. Beckwith wrote of France and America in 1867 has been confirmed and increased in both countries. The magnificence of 1867 has been surpassed by that of 1876 and 1878 ; and, to complete the picture, the American Republic has grown more powerful than ever, while that of France has become the model free government of the European continent.

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## XL.

### GERMAN, IRISH, AND YANKEE PATOIS IN POETRY CONTRASTED WITH AMERICAN MELODY.

IN the first volume of these “Anecdotes,” pp. 203-4, I refer to Clinton Lloyd, Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives of the United States, in connection with his peculiar recitations of Charles G. Leland's famous travestie “Hans Breitmann,” and of James Russell Lowell's equally peculiar and remarkable “Hosea Biglow.”

Mr. Lloyd is now living at his old home in Williamsport, and more than ever ready to delight his friends with these amusing and instructive delineations. Within that period a new literature, a new art, has become fashionable, differing somewhat from the popular negro minstrelsy, and partaking of



a more sacred character. The band of vocalists from Tennessee who appeared in Washington and Philadelphia within the last four years, under the patronage of General Fisk, and have since exhibited in Europe before the nobility, followed by imitators of more or less excellence, excited a wonderful enthusiasm by their plantation and religious songs, and were, indeed, in their way, most interesting artistes. The celebrated piano-player Blind Tom, though in all respects a musical prodigy, was hardly more attractive than these sable singers ; and I can easily realize how the British Premier, Mr. Gladstone, and London society generally, were delighted by their original and thrilling performances.

Mr. Lloyd's recitations, however, were of a higher order, precisely as the authors he quoted were scholars and thinkers. It is the misfortune of such writings as those of Mr. Leland and Mr. Lowell that, while they secure a large circle of readers, they are apt to pass out of memory, simply because there are few such interpreters of their strange dialect as Mr. Lloyd, and I have thought it might serve a good purpose to revive some of the passages. If only my readers could hear these quaint and striking satires as they are given by Mr. Lloyd, with his thorough knowledge of the German and Yankee idiom, they would doubly enjoy them. His capital imitations of the Dutchman and the Yankee are gifts of their kind which I have never seen so well done off the stage. Never shall I forget the evening I heard my good friend Lloyd, in the presence of General Grant and a large company of intelligent ladies and gentlemen, at the White House, reciting these productions :

#### HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

" Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
Dey had biano-blain.  
I felled in lofe mid a Merican frau,  
Her name was Madilda Yane.

She hat haar ash prown ash a pretzel,  
 Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
 Und ven dey looket indo mine,  
 Dey shplit mine heart in two.

“Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
 I vent dere, you'll be pound ;  
 I valzet mit Madilda Yane,  
 Und vent spinnen round und round—  
 De pootiest fraulein in de house,  
 She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
 Und efery dime she gife a shoomp  
 She make de vindows sound.

“Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
 I dells you it cost him dear,  
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks  
 Of foost-rate lager-beer ;  
 Und venefer dey knocks de spicket in,  
 De Deutchers gifes a cheer.  
 I dinks dat so vine a barty  
 Nefer coom to a het dis year.

“Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
 Dere all vas souse und brouse ;  
 Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany  
 Did make demselfs to house ;  
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost.  
 De Bratwurst und Braten fine,  
 Und vash der Abendessen down  
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

“Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;  
 We all cot tronk ash bigs ;  
 I poot mine mout to a parrel of beer  
 Und emptied it oop mid a schwigs.  
 Und den I gissed Madilda Yane  
 Und she shlog me on de kop ;  
 Und de gompany fited mit duple-lecks  
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty—  
 Where ish dat barty now?  
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud  
 Dat float on de moundain's prow?  
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—  
 De shtar of de shpirit's light?  
 All goned afay mit de lager-beer—  
 Afay in de Ewigkeit!"

#### FROM HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH IN MARCH MEETING.

"Some call 't insultin' to ask *ary* pledge,  
 An' say 'twill only set their teeth on edge,  
 But folks you've jest licked, fur 'z I ever see,  
 Are 'bout ez mad 'z they wal know how to be;  
 It's better than the Rebs themselves expected  
 'Fore they see Uncle Sam wilt down henpected.  
 Be kind 'z you please, but fustly make things fast,  
 For plain truth's all the kindness thet'll last;  
 Ef treason is a crime, ez *some* folks say,  
 How could we punish it a milder way  
 Than sayin' to 'em, 'Brethren, lookee here,  
 We'll jes' divide things with ye, sheer an' sheer;  
 An' sence both come o' pooty strong-backed daddies,  
 You take the Darkies, ez we've took the Paddies;  
 Ign'ant an' poor, we took 'em by the hand,  
 An' they're the bones an' sinners o' the land.'  
 I ain't o' them thet fancy there's a loss on  
 Every inves'ment thet don't start from Bos'on;  
 But I know this: our money's safest trusted  
 In sunthin', come wot will, thet *can't* be busted,  
 An' thet's the old Amerikin idee,  
 To make a man a Man an' let him be."

#### MILES O'REILLY ON THE DOWNFALL OF RICHMOND.

"Bad luck to the man who is sober to-night;  
 He's a could-hearted boddagh or sacret secesher,  
 Whose heart for the ould flag has never been right,  
 And who takes in the fame of his counthry no pleasure.

Och, murther ! will none of yees hould me, my dears,  
 For it's out o' me shkin wid delight I'll be jumpin',  
 Wid me eyes shwimmin' round in the happiest tears,  
 And the heart in me breast like a piston-rod thumpin'.  
 Musha ! glory to God for the news ye have sint,  
 Wid your own pretty fisht, Mr. Prsident Lincoln,  
 And may God be around both the bed and the tint  
 Where our bully boy Grant does his atin' and thinkin'.  
 Even Stanton to-night we'll confiss he was right  
 When he played the ould scratch wid our have-ye-his-carkiss ;  
 And to gallant Phil Sherry we'll drink wid delight,  
 On whose bright plume of fame not a spot o' the dark is.  
 Let the churches be opened, the althars illumed,  
 And the mad bells ring out from aich turret and staple ;  
 Let the chancel wid flowers be adorned and perfumed,  
 While the soggarths, God bless them ! give thanks for the people ;  
 For the city is ours that we've sought from the start,  
 And our boys through its streets Hail Columby are yellin' ;  
 And there's pace in the air, and there's pride in our hearts,  
 And our flag has a fame that no tongue can be tellin'.  
 All the winds o' the world, as around it they blow,  
 No banner so glorious can wake into motion.  
 And wid pace in our own land, ye know, we may go  
 Just to settle some thriflin' accounts o'er the ocean.  
 To the De'il with the shoddy contractors and all  
 Thim gold-speculators, whose pie is now humble ;  
 The cost of beef, praties, and whiskey will fall,  
 And what more could we ax, for the rints, too, will tumble ?  
 On the boys who survived fame and pinsions we'll press ;  
 Ivery orphan the war's made a home we'll decay it ;  
 And aich soldier's young shweetheart shall have a new dress  
 That will tickle her hero, returnin', to see it.  
 Then come, me own Eileen ; come, Nora and Kate ;  
 Come, Michael and Pat—all your Sunday duds carry ;  
 We'll give thanks in the chapel, and do it in shtate ;  
 And we'll pray for the sowsls of poor Murtagh and Larry.  
 Woe 's me ! in the black shwamps before it they sleep,  
 But the good God to-night, whose throe faith they have cherished,  
 His angels shall send o'er the red fields asweep,  
 In each could ear to breathe, Not in vain have ye perished.



Thin bad luck to the man who is sober to-night ;  
 He's a could-hearted boddagh or sacret secresher,  
 Whose heart for the ould flag has never been right,  
 And who takes in the fame of his counthry no pleasure.  
 Och, murther ! will none of yees hould me, my dears,  
 For it's out o' my shkin wid delight I'll be jumpin',  
 Wid my eyes shwimmin' round in the happiest tears,  
 And my heart in my breast like a piston-rod thumpin'."

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

#### BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE.

- "She has gone—she has left us in passion and pride—  
 Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side !  
 She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,  
 And turned on her brother the face of a foe !
- "O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
 We can never forget that our hearts have been one—  
 Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,  
 From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame !
- "You were always too ready to fire at a touch ;  
 But we said, 'She is hasty—she does not mean much.'  
 We have scowled when you uttered some turbulent threat ;  
 But Friendship still whispered, 'Forgive and forget !'
- "Has our love all died out ? Have its altars grown cold ?  
 Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold ?  
 Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain  
 That her petulant children would sever in vain.
- "They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,  
 Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,  
 Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,  
 And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves :
- "In vain is the strife ! When its fury is past,  
 Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,  
 As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow  
 Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.
- "Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky ;  
 Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die !  
 Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,  
 The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal !

"O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
There are battles with Fate that can never be won !  
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,  
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world !

"Go, then, our rash sister ! afar and aloof ;  
Run wild in the sunshine, away from our roof ;  
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,  
Remember the pathway that leads to our door !"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The two last extracts, that of "Miles O'Reilly on the Down-fall of Richmond" and "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline," are among the most beautiful productions in the English language; the first recalling the handsome features and royal gifts of Colonel Charles G. Halpine, who was endeared to so many during his life, and who is still so sincerely mourned ; and the second the wonderful genius of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose marvellous poetry, humorous and sentimental, so much resembles the extraordinary gifts of Tom Moore.

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## XLI.

### CONFEDERATES ASSUMING THEIR PLACES IN CONGRESS.

A SPECTATOR in the British House of Commons looks down upon three types of men dominated by one. First, the English, with their unmistakable air and voice ; next, the Scotch, with their broad accent ; and, last, the Irish, with their brogue ; but the English manner modifies and controls the whole. The last tries insensibly to imitate the first, but the first never copies the burr of the Caledonian or the brogue of the Hibernian. If that same spectator looks down upon the French Deputies, he realizes no such divisions. The Gaul is everywhere. Differing in face, form, and sometimes in idioms, the Frenchman is omnipresent. An excess of manner, shown in grimace, in

shrugs of the shoulder, in quick gestures of the hand, in rapid talk, and in sudden explosions of temper. The most decorous and solemn are subject to all these variations. Pass from Paris to Berne, and walk into the Swiss Congress, and there you meet three different nationalities, answering to the German, French, and Italian cantons, all generally speaking the language of each.

Now take your seat in the gallery of the American House or Senate, and the contrast is very curious. Before the war, the distinction between the North and the South was almost as plain as that between the Scotch and the Irish in the British Parliament; but new ingredients have since been introduced. The old leaders from the South have all gone. Their successors are moderate men of the same school—Northerners who came in with the Union Army and remained after it was disbanded, and former slaves now free. The result is a strange admixture. But the great ideas which beat the Rebellion permeate and leaven the whole. The new colored vote, equal to eight hundred thousand ballots, increases the Southern force in Congress and threatens to absorb old parties. This influence compels the whites to retire the former leaders and make way for another order of men, of whom Gordon of Georgia; Ransom, of North Carolina; Johnston, of Virginia; and Dr. George R. Dennis, of Maryland, in the Senate; and John Hancock, of Texas; and Waddell, of North Carolina, in the House—all Democrats—are fair representatives.

These new Democrats are very different men from their predecessors. The most pronounced is General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, whose brilliant achievements as a Confederate officer, especially in the last stubborn defence of Richmond, are conceded by all the Union soldiers. His martial appearance, Southern accent, and frank manner make him a conspicuous Senatorial feature. He resembles General Sickles, and bears himself a good deal like John C. Breckinridge. His face indi-

cates fixed and unalterable convictions, but his conversation is gentle and conciliatory. We shall hear of him in the future, and, I am sure, on the side of fair play. Gordon entered the Senate in March, 1873, in his forty-first year. He is a graduate of the University of Georgia. When the war broke out, he was mining coal in Dade County, in his State. He raised a company, and fought his way from captain through all the grades to the position of lieutenant-general, and was badly wounded several times. He is a consistent and strict member of the Methodist Church, and is said to be the most popular man in his State. Georgia sets a good example by elevating such material to her high representative positions. These Southern fighting-men are nearly always quiet fellows. They were never heard of in the North before the war. Most of the Secession talkers in the Senate and House made poor soldiers. I do not want to specify; but if you will run over the list of the violent volubilities in Congress who forced on the conflict, and follow them into the Rebellion, you will find that they were mostly conspicuous failures.

Gordon is one of the leaders of the new Democratic dispensation. To hold the hundred and four Southern electoral votes of the Democratic party in 1880, beginning at Delaware and ending at Texas, the old fire-eaters must stay in retirement, and men like the soldier-senator from Georgia must lead.

The black men, with 800,000 ballots, holding say five of the Southern States, and deciding the majority of several of the closer States North, will play a not less important part in that year. Seventeen years ago a negro was never seen in the halls of Congress, save as messenger or laborer, and never dared to show his face in the galleries. He could not ride in a public conveyance, or go to a place of amusement, or be seen on the streets after nine o'clock in the evening. He had no chance for education, or to learn a trade, and no place save as servant or slave. Now he sits in Congress, practises in all our courts,



is a physician and a college professor, mingles with the crowd of spectators in the galleries, rides on equal terms with the whites in the cars, even fills some of the most difficult offices in the departments, represents his country abroad, educates his children in the public schools, and is a power in elections. An experienced statesman at my side predicts that in a few years he will be a Cabinet Minister.

Next look down into the Senate, and first study the men who represent the pioneer element. There is William M. Stewart, born in New York in 1827, an educated man, with a frontier experience. Two years a poor workman in the California mines, and then rising rapidly from office to office, till he settled down, in 1865, Senator from the new State of Nevada, from which he will soon retire to his magnificent château in Washington city, independent by his lucky ventures in the silver-mines of his State, and at forty-seven in high health, with plenty of money to enjoy his books and his friends. A tall, fair-haired blond, with a bright blue eye, he looks like a Saxon chief who has just walked out of an ancient picture and put on American clothes. There, lounging on a sofa, is James W. Nye, his late colleague, who came into the Senate with him, in 1865, from the same new State of Nevada, and left last March to give way to the man who is the present Congressional curiosity, J. P. Jones. Nye was born in New York, June 10, 1815, and floated into Nevada as Mr. Lincoln's Governor, in 1861, when it was a Territory, after filling a large space in politics in his native State. Out of the Senate as he is, he is still the welcome guest of every intelligent circle. Nye has been described so often that I need only say that years seem rather to increase than to diminish his remarkably handsome features, and to add to the stores of his unequalled wit and humor.

Everybody is asking for his successor, J. P. Jones. A single man, in his forty-fourth year, with a large head, broad brow,

keen eye, stout frame, active, ready, with a rich, deep voice, he seems to have dropped into the Senate full-armed. He is a Welshman, came to this country with his parents when he was less than a year old, settled in the northern part of Ohio, went out to California very young, engaged in farming and mining in one of the inland counties, which he subsequently represented in the Legislature, moved to Nevada in 1860, and within a few years became one of the richest men in the country, if not in the world, judging by the reports of his marvellous profits from a celebrated silver-mine, said to be the most productive on earth. California's Senators are of the same school. Aaron A. Sargent, born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, September 28, 1827, printer and editor in early life, emigrated to California in 1849, elected to the Thirty-seventh and Forty-first and re-elected to the Forty-second Congress, subsequently to the United States Senate to succeed Senator Cole, taking his seat March 4, 1873. He is one of the ablest debaters in either House—resolute, elastic, and energetic. Mr. Sargent tells the story that when he was a journeyman printer he walked the streets of Philadelphia without being able to get employment at his trade. His colleague, John S. Hager, successor to Eugene Casserly (resigned), is a Democrat, was born in Morris County, New Jersey, March 12, 1818, moved to California in 1849, and has filled many judicial and political offices. Both the Oregon Senators, James K. Kelly (Democrat) and John H. Mitchell (Republican), were born in Pennsylvania—Kelly in Centre County, in 1819, and Mitchell in Washington County, in 1835. The first moved to California in 1849, and the second to Oregon in 1860. Senator Thurman, of Ohio, was born at Lynchburg, Virginia, November 13, 1813, and moved to Ohio in 1819. William Gannaway Brownlow, of Tennessee, was born in Wythe County, Virginia, 1805, and moved to Tennessee in 1828. I do not know sixty-nine years of any life so full of incident and novelty as that of the veteran Brownlow, of whom I shall speak

on another occasion. Senator Arthur Boreman, of West Virginia (Republican), was born at Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, in 1823, moving with his father to West Virginia when a child. His colleague, Henry G. Davis (Democrat), was born the same year, in Howard County, Maryland. Senator Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, was born at Livermore, Maine, in 1816, and moved to Wisconsin in 1845. His colleague, Matthew W. Carpenter, President of the Senate, was born at Moretown, Vermont, in 1824; was two years a cadet at West Point; studied law with Rufus Choate; and moved to Wisconsin in 1848. Both of these are distinguished men. Howe would have been a splendid Chief-justice, while Carpenter stands at the head of his profession. Of course, the Senators from the newer States are pioneers or emigrants. Thomas W. Tipton and Phineas W. Hitchcock, the two Nebraska Senators, were born, the first at Cadiz, Ohio, in 1817, and the second at New Lebanon, New York, in 1831. The new Northern Senators from the South are all in the same category. Senator James Lush Alcorn, of Mississippi, was born in 1816, in Illinois, moving early into Kentucky, where he held several offices; and next into Mississippi, in 1844, where he served in various positions in the Legislature as a Whig representative. His colleague, Henry R. Pease, was born in Connecticut, in 1835, entered the Union army as a private soldier in 1861, was sent into Mississippi in 1867, after the war, as Superintendent of the Education of the Freedmen. He succeeded Adelbert Ames (Republican), son-in-law of General Butler, who was elected Governor in 1874. Senator Chandler, of Michigan, was born in New Bedford, New Hampshire, in 1813. Senator West, of New Orleans, was born in that city, September 19, 1822; but is properly a Pennsylvanian, having resided there the best part of his early life. He was in the Mexican war, went to California in 1849, where he was the proprietor of a newspaper, whence he entered the army as a Lieutenant-colonel of the First California Infantry. Elect-

ed to the Senate in 1871, his term expired March 3, 1877. The two Senators from Kansas are comparatively young men, both born in 1833—the one, John James Ingalls, at Middletown, Massachusetts, and the other, James M. Harvey, in Monroe County, Virginia. Ingalls served till 1879, and Harvey till 1877. So with both the Senators from Iowa. George G. Wright was born in Indiana in 1820, and W. B. Allison at Perry, Ohio, in 1829—two strong men. Judge Wright is the brother of the well-known Governor Jos. A. Wright, of Indiana, who sat in the Senate as the successor of Jesse D. Bright from 1862 until 1863, when he was appointed by President Lincoln a Commissioner to attend the Hamburg Exhibition, and in 1865 was sent by President Johnson Minister to Prussia, dying at Berlin March 11, 1867. Senator Pratt, of Indiana, was born at Palermo, Maine, October 26, 1813, and removed to Indiana in 1832. Senator Richard J. Oglesby, of Illinois, was born in Kentucky, July 25, 1824; but settled in Illinois, at Decatur, where he still lives, in 1836. For his high abilities and social qualities, he was one of the most reserved members of the Senate. He has been in that body more than a year, and has made, I believe, but one or two short speeches. Both the Senators from Florida were Northern men, the one, Abijah Gilbert, was born in New York, and the other, Simon B. Conover, in New Jersey, in 1840. The same with both the Senators from Arkansas—Powell Clayton, born in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, in 1833, and Stephen W. Dorsey, born in Vermont in 1842; both Union soldiers, and both educated and competent men. Senator George E. Spencer, of Alabama, was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1836. Senator John J. Patterson, of South Carolina, was born in Juniata County, Pennsylvania. The two Minnesota Senators, Alexander Ramsey, born near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1815, and William Windom, in Belmont County, Ohio, May 10, 1827, complete the list of what I have called pioneer men, or rather men moving from the old States



into the new, or from the North into the South. They constituted powerful elements in an era of assimilation and intercourse.

I could illustrate my point more fully if I had time by showing how the pioneer column is represented in the House in our new States and Territories. The multitudes precipitated upon the Pacific coast in 1849, after the gold discovery, have all been represented in Congress by emigrants like Gwyn and Fremont, Broderick, Casserly, McDougall, Conness, Sargent, Hager, in the Senate; and their associates and contemporaries in the House, including such adventurous and daring men as Joseph McCorkle, Joseph C. McKibbin, Edward C. Marshall, did much to fix the peculiar character of the settlements beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Not less peculiar were the men who planted themselves in the earlier Western States and those thrown by the war into the South. These latter differ from the pioneers on the Pacific coast and those who preceded them in the great Territories between the Ohio and the Missouri, because they must contend against the immeasurable prejudices of the former slaveholders; and yet they were indispensable to the newly emancipated blacks, who could not trust their former owners, and were compelled to choose from the men carried into their midst by the triumphant wave of the war. There are other characters in Congress which deserve consideration. Take the Senators and Representatives who inherited and deserve distinction. These, like the old leaders of the South, are rapidly passing away, and are giving place to new men. Thomas Francis Bayard, the Senator from Delaware, and a very able and incorruptible man, had a grandfather of his name who was a Representative in Congress in 1796, and a Senator in Congress from 1804 to 1813. His father, James A. Bayard, was chosen a United States Senator from the same State, and sat from 1851 to 1854; and his father's brother was a member of the same body, and from the same State, from 1836 to 1839, and again from 1841 to 1845.

Senator John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, is the son of Andrew Stevenson, celebrated in Virginia politics, dying aged seventy-three, January 25, 1857, after having passed through a long catalogue of distinguished offices—Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, Representative in Congress from 1821 to 1834, and Speaker of the National House from 1828 to 1834; also Minister to Great Britain from 1836 to 1841. His son, John W., moving to Kentucky in 1841, was equally fortunate, and is now serving out his first term in the Senate of the United States. The father and grandfather of John P. Stockton, Senator from New Jersey, both served in the Senate of the United States, and his great-grandfather was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His Republican colleague, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, born August 4, 1817, in Somerset County, New York, is the nephew and adopted son of Theodore Frelinghuysen, a Senator in Congress from New Jersey from 1829 to 1835, a candidate of the Whig party for Vice-President with Henry Clay, President of Rutgers College, and a leading member of the American Bible Society and other religious organizations. His father, also named Frederick, served in the Continental Congress. Hon. S. S. Cox, the brilliant Representative from New York city, strong in himself, alike by his acquirements and his native genius, at once a writer and a speaker of the highest order, now in his fifty-seventh year, editor, traveller, linguist, and Congressman, may proudly turn to his ancestry. His grandfather, General James Cox, of Upper Freehold, New Jersey, was for nearly twenty years Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature of that State, and died as a Democratic Representative in Congress in 1808. His father was a printer and an editor, graduated from *The True American* office in Trenton, and in 1818 established one of the first papers in Ohio. His grandfather on his mother's side was Judge Samuel Sullivan, of Delaware. Emigrating to Ohio, he was chosen State Treasurer, and it is a curious fact that every member of

the Legislature went on his bond. Clarkson Nott Potter, Representative from the Eleventh New York District, is the grandson of the Rev. Eliphalet Nott, President of the great Union College of New York, and son of the distinguished Episcopal bishop Alonzo Potter. The father of Roscoe Conkling, Senator in Congress from the same State, was a United States judge (appointed by John Adams), Minister to Mexico (appointed by President Fillmore), and previous to that a Representative in Congress.

But nearly all the men of mark in both Houses are what come under the category of *self-made*. I could fill columns with the romance of many of these lives. The experience of the humorous James W. Nesmith, former Senator and now Representative from Oregon; of Senator Cameron, William D. Kelley, Carlton B. Curtis, Glenni W. Scofield, of Pennsylvania; of Schurz and Bogy, of Missouri; of Henry Wilson and George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; of Reuben E. Fenton, of New York; of John A. Logan, of Illinois; of Alex. Ramsey, of Minnesota; of William Sprague and Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island; of James Gillespie Blaine, Speaker of the House of Representatives; of Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts; of James B. Beck, of Kentucky; of the brothers Hoar, of Massachusetts; of Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; of Samuel S. Marshall, of Illinois; of William G. Brownlow and Horace Maynard, of Tennessee; of Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana; of Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; of John D. Young, of Kentucky, and Pierce M. B. Young, of Georgia; of Marcus L. Ward, of New Jersey; and of the several colored members—Josiah T. Walls, of Florida; Robert B. Elliott and Richard H. Cain, of South Carolina. And if each of these men could tell his own story, describe his own career, we should have a record not paralleled by any political or representative body in the world.

It is easy to perceive that the controlling influences in the American Congress are not the men of wealth, nor the descend-

ants of great families, nor the apostles of extinguished theories. A new, self-made class dominates the situation—men generally highly cultivated, and almost without exception inspired by modern progress and development. The future is in their hands. The war opened a wonderful era to our country. The Whigs of the South joined the Democrats, and hundreds of thousands of the Democrats of the North joined the Republicans, and these two organizations are no longer managed by the old leaders. The ideas that triumphed over the Rebellion are the masters of both ; and the Congress which began with Mr. Lincoln's administration, followed by others made by the same majorities, stimulated by the same motives, and pushing forward the same reforms, whatever may be said of them, accomplished far more for the general benefit than any of their predecessors. These reforms permeate the whole system ; and at the end of another decade nothing will be more clearly and more firmly established than that the Government which was saved by force will be perpetuated by the peaceful principles which gave victory to the Union arms.

P. S.—This, and many of the letters in this part of the Second Volume, was written in 1874-5.



## XLII.

SOME OF THE DUELS IN AMERICA, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE.—  
MASON AND M'CARTY, BURR AND HAMILTON, JACKSON AND  
DICKINSON, BARREN AND DECATUR, BRODERICK AND TERRY,  
O'CONNELL AND D'ESTERRY, CILLEY AND GRAVES, BENTON  
AND LUCAS, GILBERT AND DENVER.—AND SOME OF THE  
HARMLESS DUELS.

IF civilization has not lessened war among nations, it has unquestionably lessened combats among individuals. We hear of an occasional duel in the South, or on the frontiers, and among the gold and silver mines ; but gentlemen have gradually ruled it out of their books, and left it to outlaws and bullies. Nothing has done so much to bring the practice into disrepute as public sentiment. It has been fairly laughed out of fashion, and it requires a very severe provocation to justify a resort to arms for the adjustment of personal differences. In France alone it maintains its influence ; but even there many of the "affairs" are a good deal less tragical than comical. It is nevertheless worth recalling a few of the numerous instances in history to show how many duels were fought for the slightest cause. I was in Washington in 1841 when the difficulty took place between Henry Clay and William R. King, of Alabama, who was elected Vice-President in 1852, and took the oath before the American consul at Havana, where he had gone for his health, and came home to die on his plantation at Cahawba, Alabama, April 17, 1853. Colonel King, of Alabama, was as courtly a gentleman as ever breathed ; but he would have fought Mr. Clay without hesitation if the affair had not been compromised. The cause of the quarrel was a bitter attack of Mr. Clay upon Francis P. Blair, editor of the Democratic organ at Washington, the *Globe*, which Colonel King resented. Clay hated Blair bitterly at the time. They were both Kentuckians,

and Blair was the friend of Jackson, and, of course, the censor of Clay. The only survivor of the dispute between King and Clay is the cause of it, Mr. Blair, who lived in Washington city to honored old age, surrounded by an intelligent and affectionate family. His recollections of the Jackson era, and of the old party men on both sides for the last fifty or sixty years, were very fresh; and nothing pleased him more than to recall them in conversation with his friends.

I was also in Washington, and Clerk of the House of Representatives, when the challenge passed between John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Francis B. Cutting, of New York, in consequence of angry words in debate, March 21-22, 1854, and shared in the solicitude of their friends for a peaceful settlement. They were a high-strung pair, the Northman not a whit behind the Southron, and sectional pride made them obstinate. They were well matched. Cutting, like Breckinridge, was a splendid speaker, and one of the first lawyers of the New York bar, a man of society, culture, and wealth; and the Kentuckian came of a gallant and gifted race. I knew them well, and remember as of yesterday how glad we all were when the sensitive twain were reconciled on the 31st of March. Mr. Cutting has been dead several years. Mr. Breckinridge is living at Lexington, Kentucky, in his fifty-fourth year.

John F. Potter, of Wisconsin, and Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, both members of the House, came very near fighting in April of 1860. I had just been re-elected Clerk of the House by the anti-slavery Democrats and Republicans. The unconscious cause of this fracas was Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois (he died March 25, 1864), whose brother was killed at Alton, in that State, for publishing an antislavery paper. His terrific speech on the 5th of April, 1860, was one of the most thrilling appeals ever heard in Congress. It was the outburst of a heart agonized by undying grief over a brother's assassination. There had been equal violence on the part of the South be-

forehand, and Lovejoy's speech was the overwhelming response. Out of his wonderful denunciation grew the angry discussion between Pryor and Potter, and a challenge from the one, accepted by the other. Potter, being the challenged party, chose bowie-knives as the weapons, to which the other side objected. In *The Press* of April 15, 1860, I commented on this affair, in an "Occasional," as follows :

"The discussion in reference to the Pryor and Potter difficulty is kept up in all circles with uncommon animation. The great question of the hour is whether the bowie-knife is any more 'vulgar,' unchristian, or savage than the pistol, the double-barrelled gun, the small-sword, or the rapier. The friends of Potter are multiplying data and strengthening themselves by going back to the code of honor in the days of chivalry, and coming down to the present era. They allege that the battle-axe was the favorite weapon in the tournaments of old, and was used by the bravest and most polished knights of the Middle Ages. They contend that the small-sword exercise continues to be used in France, and the broad-sword in Germany ; and that the preliminaries of these contests are duly and carefully arranged. They argue, further, that the bowie-knife, being a Southern production, has been for long years regarded as an improvement upon all ; that it is used by many Southern gentlemen ; and that, to this day, the Arkansas 'toothpick' is regarded as an important part of the domestic economy of many of the most ardent advocates of the Southern code of honor. Among a large number of the Southern men, this view of the bowie-knife is heartily sustained. I forbear the use of names, but have heard several distinguished authorities quoted in proof of this remark.

"Had Broderick accepted the knife in place of the pistol, he would have had an even chance for his life ; but, being opposed by an expert—by one who, to use Colonel Baker's language in his eloquent eulogy, 'understood the *trick* of the

pistol,'—and being himself a novice in the use of the weapon, he went to the field as he left the Atlantic shores, profoundly convinced that he would be compelled to yield up his life for his principles. The whole code, as it is upheld in the South, is a barbarous practice, and I have not been able to draw the distinction between that humanity which sends a human soul, unanointed and unshrived, into eternity by a bullet, and that other system which destroys life with 'an ordinary bowie-knife.' The bloodiest transactions of remote and of recent date, some resulting from sudden quarrel, and some deliberately prearranged, have taken place in the Southern States. The terrible duel between Pleasants and Ritchie, near Richmond, not many years ago, was fought with pistols and swords; and the great Jack McCarty duel, also a Virginia affair, was fought upon a basis of this character. I have heard it stated that a formal duel with knives lately took place in New Orleans; and it is alleged that two of the Southern members of the present House engaged in a fearful conflict with the ordinary bowie-knife. Those who know say that there is a manual by which the use of the bowie-knife is regulated in prearranged fights; and it is notorious that many of those who carry this instrument of death use it with as much dexterity as the Indian uses the bow or the scalping-knife."

Among many memorable duels and challenges, some of the most famous were those of Daniel O'Connell, the illustrious Irish "Liberator." For using the phrase "a beggarly corporation" in relation to the city of Dublin, he was challenged by D'Esterre, a member of that body, who would take no apology. O'Connell killed him at the first fire. This was in 1815. In 1835 he stigmatized the present Tory leader, Benjamin Disraeli, who deserted his party, as follows: "I cannot divest my mind of the belief that if this fellow's genealogy were traced, it would be found that he is the lineal descendant and true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crimes on the



cross." Disraeli had been upbraiding O'Connell fiercely, but was, nevertheless, very indignant at this retort, and threatened to chastise O'Connell ; but, instead of this, challenged his son Morgan, who declined the contest, and printed the correspondence. In 1830 Sir Robert Peel, Prime-minister, challenged O'Connell for styling him, while Peel was Secretary of Ireland, "the son of a cotton-spinner;" but a meeting was prevented by the authorities. After that he declined all challenges to fight, saying "he had blood on his hands, and had registered a vow in heaven."

George Canning and Lord Castlereagh fought in 1809, on a misunderstanding in regard to the administration of the Duke of Portland. Canning was severely wounded. The causeless and fatal duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, was fought near Washington in 1838. Mr. Cilley was killed after having previously said he entertained "the highest respect and most kind feelings" for his adversary. There can be no doubt that the leading parties to this affair, whose names I do not wish to recall, pressed the matter so that it was impossible for the Northern man to decline. Henry Clay fought two duels—the first in 1808, with Humphrey Marshall, when both were members of the Legislature of Kentucky. They exchanged two or three shots, and retired from the field each slightly wounded ; the second in 1826, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, near Washington, with John Randolph, while Mr. Clay was Secretary of State, and Mr. Randolph a Senator in Congress. It was a political duel, and was without any just cause. The two men really loved each other, even in the hour of mutual combat. The cause was an attack upon Clay in the Senate by Randolph. They fought on the afternoon of Saturday, the 8th of April, on the right bank of the Potomac, above the Little Falls bridge, each party being attended by two seconds and a surgeon. At the first fire Mr. Randolph's bullet struck a stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked

up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph. The bullets had gone so true and close that it was a marvel they missed. Mr. Clay demanded another fire. The second time Randolph received the fire of Mr. Clay, and discharged his pistol into the air, saying, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and, immediately advancing, offered his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met half-way, Randolph saying, "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay" (the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, near the hip); to which Mr. Clay promptly and gracefully replied, "I am glad the debt is no greater."

Colonel Thomas H. Benton fought several duels, and in one of them killed Mr. Lucas. General Jackson had several affairs, and killed Mr. Dickinson in a duel, described at length in Parton's life of the Iron President. General Alexander Hamilton was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, in 1804, under circumstances reflecting great discredit upon the latter. No event of the Revolution excited more interest. The mortal combat between two post captains in the navy, Stephen Decatur and James Barron, at Bladensburg, on the 22d of March, 1820, will never be forgotten. At the first shot both fell. "They fired so near together," says an eye-witness, "that but one report was heard." Decatur was killed and Barron severely wounded. De Witt Clinton and John Swartworth fought in 1802, exchanging five shots. George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, fought and killed Mr. Dugger, a gentleman of the same State, in 1837, in a border county of North Carolina. David C. Broderick was killed by D. S. Terry, of California, September 16, 1859, in consequence of a difference on the Lecompton question. General J. W. Denver, while a member of the State Senate of California, had a controversy with Hon. Edward Gilbert, ex-member of Congress, in 1852, in regard to some legislation, which resulted in a challenge from Gilbert, that was accepted by Denver. Rifles were the weapons. Gilbert fell at the second shot, and expired in a few minutes. Hon. J. W. McCorkle

and Hon. William M. Gwin, the former a Senator and the latter a Representative in Congress from the same State, had an affair in 1853 in California. The weapon was the rifle, at three paces, the combatants to wheel at the word and fire. After three ineffectual shots the difficulty was settled. General Sam Houston, though a brave man, gave his opinion on duelling as follows: "I never made a quarrel with mortal man on earth, nor will I ever do anything to originate a quarrel with any man, woman, or child on earth. If they quarrel with me, it is their privilege; but I shall try to take care that they do me no harm."

George McDuffie, the celebrated statesman, fought Colonel Cummings, of Georgia, on the 8th of June, 1822, near Lister's Ferry, South Carolina, in consequence of a political quarrel. McDuffie was wounded and disabled for life. A good story is told of General Putnam, the Revolutionary hero. He accepted a challenge and fixed the time, and as his antagonist approached he was greeted with a shot from Putnam's gun at thirty rods. As Putnam was reloading his piece, his adversary approached and said, "What are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American soldier and a man of honor?" "What am I about to do?" was the reply of the General. "A pretty question to put to a man you intend to murder! I am about to kill you; and if you do not fight in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." Of course the other turned and ran away. The second affair was with a British officer who challenged him. Putnam accepted, fixed the time and place; and when the Englishman found him he was seated near a barrel, apparently containing powder, smoking his pipe. The General requested him to take a seat on the other side of the cask, and then set fire to a match communicating with the contents of the barrel. The officer looked at the burning fuse and retired. As he moved off, the General said, "You are just as brave as I took you to be; this is noth-

ing but a barrel of onions with a few grains of powder on the top, to try you by ; but you don't like the smell." While Pierre Soulé was Minister at the Court of Madrid he had a quarrel with the Duke of Alba. Two shots were exchanged. At the second the Duke fell, severely wounded below the knee. John Quincy Adams, in 1838, offered a series of resolutions in the House of Representatives against Andrew Stevenson, son of the present Senator from Kentucky, then the American Minister at England, for sending a challenge to Daniel O'Connell, the great Liberator ; but they were laid upon the table, and, when repeated in another form, were disposed of in the same way.

I could fill several volumes with published instances as they are given in the books, but these will suffice. I cannot better terminate this sketch than by publishing the following statement of the great duel which took place near Washington in 1819 between Colonel Armistead T. Mason, Senator in Congress from Virginia, and the celebrated John M. McCarty. They were brothers-in-law, and fought with muskets. McCarty did not want to fight, but Mason pressed him. Mason's words were as follows : "Agree to any terms that he may propose, or to any distance—to three feet, his pretended favorite distance, or to three inches, should his impetuous and rash courage prefer it—to any weapons or forms—pistols, muskets, or rifles—agree at once." He received the challenge. McCarty proposed to fight on a barrel of powder, or with dirks. Both modes were objected to, and finally McCarty accepted the cartel, and stated his terms as follows: "Gentlemen, I agree to meet and fight your friend General A. T. Mason to-morrow evening at five o'clock, at Montgomery Court-house. As I am at liberty to select the weapons with which I am to fight, I beg leave to propose a musket charged with buckshot, at the distance of ten feet." Afterwards they substituted a single ball for buckshot, and increased the distance to more than twelve



feet. Colonel McCarty killed General Mason at the first fire, the ball passing through his breast.

The following sequel to this deadly feud, which never appeared in print, is from the pen of one of the oldest citizens of Washington, who writes from personal knowledge :

“On the 6th day of February, 1819, at Bladensburg, in the District of Columbia, was fought one of the most remarkable duels known in the annals of the bloody code. The parties were Colonel Armistead Thomson Mason, then Senator of Virginia, and Colonel John McCarty. The parties to this sanguinary conflict were near neighbors in the county of Loudon, and brothers-in-law, and the difficulties between them grew out of the political questions of that day. The fight was pressed by Colonel Mason, against many protestations and expedients of Colonel McCarty to avoid it. The distance finally settled upon was six paces, with muskets, rendering death to one or both certain; and at the first fire Colonel Mason fell mortally wounded. He left a widow with one son, then fifteen months old; and the first intelligence which the wife had of the sad event or the controversy was the announcement of her husband's death accompanied with his remains, from that bloody field called the ‘field of honor.’ Even at that day there were many Christian people who held the duelling code in abhorrence, and thereupon arose a grave question—whether within the consecrated ground of the old Episcopal church the remains of a duellist should have Christian burial. These scruples were finally overcome, and the remains of Colonel Mason now repose in the Old Church burying-grounds at Leesburg, Virginia; but, singularly enough, no head-stone or other monument denotes the spot where the once distinguished and honored Senator Mason's remains now repose. Before the duel, Colonel Mason made his will, devising his entire estate, consisting of some five thousand acres of land under a high state of cultivation, with a large retinue of slaves and other personal

property, to his wife and infant son, Stephen Mason, share and share alike. From the date of Colonel Mason's death until his widow's demise, she was never known to speak his name or personally to allude to her late husband, whose end was so tragic. The popular reason assigned for her singular course was that she thought that her husband had done her a great wrong by engaging in a mortal combat, without any intimation to her under the circumstances in which she was placed. The widow remained in the family mansion, which was capacious, elegantly furnished, and everything thereto appertaining was on a scale of regal magnificence; but during the minority of her son, embracing a period of twenty years, she retired to the back apartments of the house, and never put her foot in the front part until her son became of full age, when, with some ceremony, she took the arm of her son and walked into the rooms so long deserted. At this time Mrs. Mason, with her son, Stephen, was the rightful owner of this immense estate, now very much enhanced in value; but in their possession it was destined to remain only a few years.

"The son, together with his mother, very soon became involved by sundry endorsements and other obligations, by which the entire estate was sold under the sheriff's hammer. From thenceforth the widowed mother and her only son were without shelter and reduced to penury and want. The son, Stephen, being thus without employment or means, sought and obtained a captain's commission in the army, and was killed in the war with Mexico, at Cerro Gordo. Such were the sad results inflicted upon an eminent family and the sacrifice of high position and the wasting of a palatial estate to that which has been falsely called the code of honor. Now as to his antagonist upon that bloody field, Colonel McCarty. His family consisted of a wife, one son, and daughter. His son, a highly educated and promising young man, was accidentally shot while upon the premises of Colonel Mason, whom his father had so cruelly

slain. Although there was nothing especially blameworthy, according to the duelling code, on the part of Colonel McCarty, yet he ever after led a miserably dissolute life, wandering over different parts of the country ; everywhere avoided, dissolute, and unprincipled, he died detested and unmourned."

In some former "Anecdotes of Public Men," we referred to the duel in which General J. W. Denver was concerned, but did not, as perhaps we ought to have done, speak of his high character. General Denver, while in Congress, as chairman of the Committee on the Pacific Railroad, in 1854-55, presented in an authoritative manner the facts demonstrating the practicability of that great enterprise and the advantages to be derived from it. He was afterwards Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and subsequently Governor of Kansas, in both of which positions he secured the confidence of the Government. In 1861 he left California and entered the Union army, and, we believe, is now a resident of Washington, and in the prosperous practice of his profession. One of his old comrades-in-arms, who served with him in Mexico twenty-seven years ago, calls attention to these facts, and we cheerfully give them publicity as an act of justice to an old friend.

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### XLIII.

SUDDEN DEATHS OF STRONG MEN: HENRY WINTER DAVIS, HENRY J. RAYMOND, HORACE GREELEY, EDWIN FORREST, CHARLES SUMNER.—LONG LIFE OF FEEBLE MEN: EDWARD HAMMOND, A. H. STEPHENS, W. G. BROWNLOW.—DRAMATIC SCENES IN THE HOUSE BETWEEN A WHITE EX-SLAVEHOLDER AND A BLACK EX-SLAVE.

NOTHING is so impressive as to see the life that animates a healthy body suddenly extinguished. An unexpected death

like that of Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland ; Henry J. Raymond and Horace Greeley, of New York ; Edwin Forrest, of Philadelphia ; and Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, leaves an aching void and a lasting sorrow. I think we remember those longest who leave us quickly. There are other men who keep our solicitude on the stretch by the extraordinary tenacity with which they preserve existence in defiance of protracted ill-health and feeble bodies. My old friend, Edward Hammond, who sat in Congress from the Ellicott's Mills district twenty years ago, and who suffered inconceivable physical agony, even as he dispensed a princely hospitality, is still living in fair health as president judge of his district. The celebrated clergyman Thomas H. Stockton, for many years chaplain of the United States House of Representatives, lingered a long time in poor health, and his intellect burned brightly to the last. But for heroic invalidism, if there is such a word, I know of no cases like Alexander Hamilton Stephens, of Georgia, and William Gannaway Brownlow, of Tennessee. Stephens was sixty-two February 12, 1874 ; Brownlow sixty-nine August 29th, 1874. Their lives have been crowded with vicissitudes. Born poor, they fought a long and bitter battle with adversity. Stephens was a schoolmaster for eighteen months ; Brownlow was apprenticed to a house carpenter. Stephens became a distinguished lawyer ; Brownlow an equally distinguished Methodist clergyman. Both were Whigs in the old party divisions ; both opponents of General Jackson ; both Union men in 1850 ; and in 1860 both opposed the Breckinridge party, Stephens declaring for S. A. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson, and Brownlow for John Bell and Edward Everett. But when the war broke out Stephens joined the Rebellion, and Brownlow denounced it. Both served in the Congress of the United States—Brownlow in the Senate, an extreme Republican ; and Stephens in the House, a decided Democrat.

The mental powers of these two uncommon men have strange-



ly resisted the ravages of disease. When Alexander H. Stephens, in 1849-50, sat in Congress with Howell Cobb and Robert Toombs, that triumvirate was ranked among the advanced Union men; and when Cobb became the Union candidate for Governor of Georgia against Charles J. McDonald, in 1850, the issue was made square against the Nullification doctrine, all three standing on the same platform. The election of Cobb was heralded as the victory of the national sentiment. The feeble health of Stephens, his treble or tenor voice, his light and boyish frame, his deadly pale face, were an odd contrast to the stern visage, imperious tones, and fierce swagger of Toombs, and the laughing face and rotund figure of Cobb. They were strong men; but the palm of statesmanship was conceded to the fragile Stephens; and, perhaps, the other two yielded to him more readily because he was so much of an invalid. Cobb died several years ago, and Toombs is in Georgia, a discontented, passionate spirit. But Stephens survives, having outlived thousands who fell in battle and died in their beds. He passed through the fiery tempest of the Rebellion, and was heard in all its councils. That ended, he returned to the House of Representatives, in which he had figured among the leaders for many years. The removal of his disabilities, and his greeting by men of all parties, proved the friendly and forgiving spirit of the new *régime*; but no scene of the thousands in the drama of his life—and I have been witness of many a tempest in which Toombs or himself led their fiery hosts—equalled that of January, 1874, when his great speech against the Civil Rights bill was answered by Robert Brown Elliott, a black man, representing the famous Columbia (South Carolina) district, for nearly a hundred years the seat of the aristocracy and culture of the Palmetto State.

No picture of the panelled history of the Capitol, whether the bass-reliefs which preserve the early treaties between Penn and the Indians, or the pictured Marriage of Pocahontas, the

Landing of the Pilgrims, the Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, or the Path of Empire, by Leutze—none of these marked such a transformation or emphasized such an idea as that conflict between the types of a vanishing prejudice and a vindicated principle. Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, of which slavery was the corner-stone, spoke January 6, 1874, and Mr. Elliott, the colored champion of the liberated race, followed him the next day. I give extracts from the two speeches; but I cannot describe the House when the two men addressed it, especially when the African answered the Caucasian. Here we have a new history—a history that may, indeed, be repeated, but which stands alone in the novelty of all its surroundings, and in the eloquence of all its lessons:

MR. STEPHENS, JANUARY 6, 1874.

“It is not my purpose at this time even to touch upon any of the issues involved in the late war, or the chief proximate cause which led to it, or upon whom devolves the responsibility for its dire consequences. But, taking it for granted that the chief proximate cause was the status of the African race in the Southern States as set forth in the decision of the Supreme Court to which I have just referred, suffice it to say on this occasion that that cause is now forever removed. This thorn in the flesh, so long the cause of irritation between the States, is now out for all time to come. And since the passions and prejudices which attended the conflict are fast subsiding and passing away, the period has now come for the descendants of a common ancestry, in all the States and sections of the country, to return to the original principles of their fathers, with the hopeful prospect of a higher and brighter career in the future than any heretofore achieved in the past. On such return depend, in my judgment, not only the liberties of the white and colored races of this continent, but the best hopes of mankind.

And if any breach has been made in any of the walls of the Constitution in the terrible shock it received in the late most lamentable conflict of arms, let it be repaired by appeals to the forums of reason and justice, wherein, after all, rest the surest hopes of all true progress in human civilization. If, 'in moments of error or alarm,' we have 'wandered' in any degree from the true principles on which all our institutions were founded, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, 'let us hasten to retrace our steps and regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety!'

"This I say, in all earnestness, to the members of this House from all sections of the Union—South, East, West, and North ; and especially to those who bear the party name of Republican. If you, Mr. Speaker, and your political associates be really and truly of the old republican school, then be first and foremost to rally in the support of the principles of the great chief who organized that party to rescue the Federal Government from centralization in one of the most dangerous periods of its history, and under the auspices of whose doctrines, when the rescue was accomplished, the country was so happy, prosperous, and glorious for sixty years of its existence. If you do not, be assured your opponents will rally again under the banner of their ancient creed, and seize it from the hands of those who profess it by name, but reject it by their acts—

'That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.'

"Excuse me, sir ; please pardon something to an ardent nature. The dawn of a new epoch in politics is upon us. There will soon be a breaking-up of the elements of present party organizations. The great and vital issue between constitutionalism and centralism must soon be directly met by the people of the States. Seven tenths of the people of the United States, in my judgment, are to-day as true to the principles of liberty on which the Federal Constitution was founded as were their an-

cestors, who, in 1787, perfected its matchless and majestic structure. They are as much opposed to centralization and empire, and the necessary consequence—ultimate absolutism and despotism—as the men of 1776 were. All that this immense majority now want for concert and co-operation are young and vigorous leaders, thoroughly in earnest, as well as thoroughly imbued with the importance and sacredness of the cause. Nothing will hasten action in this direction more than the passage by Congress of this bill, or any like it, because its unnecessary and irritating effects will strike chords which will awaken opposition in every State of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf.”

MR. ELLIOTT, JANUARY 7, 1874.

“Now, sir, recurring to the venerable and distinguished gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Stephens], who has added his remonstrance against the passage of this bill, permit me to say that I share in the feeling of high personal regard for that gentleman which pervades this House. His years, his ability, and his long experience in public affairs entitle him to the measure of consideration which has been accorded to him on this floor. But in this discussion I cannot, and I will not, forget that the welfare and rights of my whole race in this country are involved. When, therefore, the honorable gentleman from Georgia lends his voice and influence to defeat this measure, I do not shrink from saying that it is not from him that the American House of Representatives should take lessons in matters touching human rights or the joint relations of the State and National governments. While the honorable gentleman contented himself with harmless speculations in his study, or in the columns of a newspaper, we might well smile at the impotence of his efforts to turn back the advancing tide of opinion and progress; but when he comes again upon this national arena, and throws himself with all his power and influence across the path which leads



to the full enfranchisement of my race, I meet him only as an adversary ; nor shall age or any other consideration restrain me from saying that he now offers this Government, which he has done his utmost to destroy, a very poor return for its magnanimous treatment, to come here and seek to continue, by the assertion of doctrines obnoxious to the true principles of our Government, the burdens and oppressions which rest upon five millions of his countrymen who never failed to lift their earnest prayers for the success of this Government when the gentleman was seeking to break up the Union of these States and to blot the American Republic from the galaxy of nations. [Loud applause.]

“ Sir, it is scarcely twelve years since that gentleman shocked the civilized world by announcing the birth of a government which rested on human slavery as its corner-stone. The progress of events has swept away that pseudo-government which rested on greed, pride, and tyranny; and the race whom he then ruthlessly spurned and trampled on are here to meet him in debate, and to demand that the rights which are enjoyed by their former oppressors—who vainly sought to overthrow a government which they could not prostitute to the base uses of slavery—shall be accorded to those who even in the darkness of slavery kept their allegiance true to freedom and the Union. Sir, the gentleman from Georgia has learned much since 1861, but he is still a laggard. Let him put away entirely the false and fatal theories which have so greatly marred an otherwise enviable record. Let him accept, in its fulness and beneficence, the great doctrine that American citizenship carries with it every civil and political right which manhood can confer. Let him lend his influence, with all his masterly ability, to complete the proud structure of legislation which makes this nation worthy of the great Declaration which heralded its birth, and he will have done that which will most nearly redeem his reputation in the eyes of the world, and best vindi-

cate the wisdom of that policy which has permitted him to regain his seat upon this floor.

"The results of the war, as seen in reconstruction, have settled forever the political status of my race. The passage of this bill will determine the civil status, not only of the negro, but of any other class of citizens who may feel themselves discriminated against. It will form the capstone of that temple of liberty, begun on this continent under discouraging circumstances, carried on in spite of the sneers of monarchists and the cavils of pretended friends of freedom, until at last it stands in all its beautiful symmetry and proportions a building the grandest which the world has ever seen, realizing the most sanguine expectations and the highest hopes of those who, in the name of equal, impartial, and universal liberty, laid the foundation stones.

"The Holy Scriptures tell us of an humble handmaiden who long, faithfully, and patiently gleaned in the rich fields of her wealthy kinsman; and we are told, further, that at last, in spite of her humble antecedents, she found complete favor in his sight. For over two centuries our race has 'reaped down your fields.' The cries and woes which we have uttered have 'entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth,' and we are at last politically free. The last vestiture only is needed—civil rights. Having gained this, we may, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, and thankful that our prayer has been granted, repeat the prayer of Ruth: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"<sup>1</sup> [Great applause.]

Mr. Elliott, the last speaker, is a full-blooded black, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, where he was born August 11, 1842.

Educated in England, he was not of age when the Rebellion broke out; and in 1868, in his twenty-sixth year, was a member of the South Carolina Legislature, and elected to Congress from the Columbia district in 1872. He received 21,627 votes, against 1079 votes for the Democratic candidate, W. H. McCaw. Had any man predicted that this colored boy, while attending school, in 1853, at High Holborn Academy, and Eton College, England, in 1855, would sit in Congress from the capital of the proud State of South Carolina in 1874, and would there confute the ablest apostle of the old slave power, he would have been pronounced a madman.

And now Robert Brown Elliott is living in high health and hope, and Alexander H. Stephens has gone home to Crawfordsville, Georgia. Types of two facts, the growth of liberty and the death of servitude, they open the doors of an inscrutable future. In after-years those who read these pages will realize the solution of the problem. That South Carolina was long the scene of much misgovernment, even men like Mr. Elliott do not deny. Many of the existing evils seem to be incurable; many of the complaints of the whites are founded in justice; but Time is the great physician, and let us hope the race now in the ascendant may emerge from confusion into a healthy and enduring capacity for administration. There have been greater revolutions within the last decade.

William Gannaway Brownlow died in the beautiful city of Knoxville, Tennessee, several years ago. Wholly different in character and capacity, he may be called the aggressive statesman of an aggressive school. Stephens is the man of thought; Brownlow was the man of action. A writer and a speaker from his youth, he belonged to the rugged school. He never indulged in half-way measures. Slavery had no more fervent defender till it took up arms against the Government, and then he became its relentless assailant. The antagonist of Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Cass, Pierce, and Buchanan, he

never was a Nullifier. The two motives of his life for fifty years were devotion to the Whig and opposition to the Democratic party. He was a defiant clergyman and a fighting editor. He was as ready to peril his life for his religion as for his party. Courage was as natural to him as the breath of his life. He was a combination of the belligerent priest and the tempestuous journalist. A temperance man always, he was frequently intemperate in his spoken and printed words. He had profound principles, but he indulged in the most pointed personalities. His sermons were often as full of adjectives as his editorials. He won by his native energy and honesty; by the pluck of his nature, the suddenness of his attacks, the fiery resentment of his retorts, and his indomitable industry. Even when his enemies hoped he was at death's door, he was a reader of books and newspapers in all his waking hours, and worked down to the hour of his death on his own journal.

Wasted by disease, a paralytic and a valetudinarian, his intellect was bright and his interest in public affairs intense. I remember when he came to Philadelphia, in 1858, to defend the institution of slavery as it existed in the South. Perhaps I could not give a better photograph than that drawn by himself in a work which he calls "Parson Brownlow's Book," published by George W. Childs in 1862, which had an immense sale, and netted the reverend editor a handsome little fortune. You have here a specimen of his style and a picture of the man:

"I was born in Wythe County, Virginia, on the 29th day of August, 1805. After the death of my parents, I lived with my mother's relations, who raised me up to hard labor, until I was eighteen years old, when I removed to Abingdon, in that State, and served as a regular apprentice to the trade of a house carpenter. I have been a laboring man all my life long, and have acted upon the Scriptural maxim of eating my bread in the sweat of my brow. Though a Southern man in feeling and principle, I do not think it *degrading* to a man to labor, as do



most of the Southern disunionists. Whether East or West, North or South, I recognize the *dignity of labor*, and look forward to a day, not very distant, when *educated labor* will be the salvation of this vast country!

"My education was imperfect and irregular, even in those branches taught in the common-schools of the country. I labored, after obtaining a trade, until I acquired the means of again going to school. I afterwards entered the Methodist travelling ministry, and travelled ten years without intermission. I availed myself of this position to study and improve my limited education, which I did in all the English branches.

"I am about six feet high, and have weighed as heavy as one hundred and seventy-five pounds—have had as fine a constitution as any man need desire. I have very few gray hairs in my head, and, although rather *hard-favored* than otherwise, I will pass for a man of forty years. I have had as strong a voice as any man in East Tennessee, where I have resided for the last thirty years, and have a family of seven children. I have been speaking all that time; and for the last twenty-five years I have edited and published a Whig newspaper, having a larger circulation than any political paper in the State, and even larger than all the papers in East Tennessee put together. I have taken a part in all the religious and political controversies of my day and time.

"I am known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the 'Fighting Parson;' while I may say, without incurring the charge of egotism, that no man is more peaceable, as my neighbors will testify. Always poor, and always oppressed with *security* debts, few men in my section and of my limited means have given away more in the course of each year to charitable objects. I have never been arraigned in the Church for any immorality. I never played a card. I never was a profane swearer. I never drank a dram of liquor until within a few years, when it was taken as a medicine. I never had a cigar

or a chew of tobacco in my mouth. I never was in attendance at a theatre. I never attended a horse-race, and never witnessed their running, save on the fair-grounds of my own county. I never courted but one woman, and her I married."

In this volume you find a life full of incident. The pervading thought is devotion to the Union. In conversation with one of his friends several years ago, I found that many of his most exciting adventures had been omitted, especially one in regard to General Jackson. Brownlow was a bitter adversary of Old Hickory; and on one occasion printed in his paper, the Jonesborough *Whig*, a statement based on the authority of a prominent Whig politician, now dead, seriously affecting the character of Jackson. This was in 1844, when Jackson was at home, at the Hermitage, near Nashville, retired from office, an earnest Presbyterian, quietly preparing to die. He saw Brownlow's article, and immediately wrote to the politician referred to demanding to know if he fathered the statement. For answer the politician repudiated Brownlow's version, and said that he had wholly misunderstood him. This denial Jackson promptly printed in the Democratic paper at Nashville. Meanwhile, the politician wrote to his friend Brownlow asking him to sustain his contradiction to the old chief, and pleading old friendship as a claim. But Brownlow was not to be used. He immediately wrote a certificate, and had it signed by many persons who had heard the politician's statement against Jackson, and published that, with a terrible invective against the wily partisan, who was then running as a candidate for a high office. He then printed this vindication in his paper, the Jonesborough *Whig*, and sent a copy of that to the venerable ex-President. Of course, the politician was very indignant, and threatened terrible things. He even came to the town of the Fighting Parson to denounce him from the stump; but when he heard that Brownlow was armed and ready for any issue, and would write or fight him down, he avoided all allusion to this intrepid edi-

tor. Shortly after, the parson-journalist met the old General and exchanged courtesies and buried the tomahawk.

In 1860, Brownlow had to choose between slavery and the Union. How he decided everybody knows. He stood his ground with great firmness, and risked his life repeatedly. His enemies made a serious assault upon his business. He was imprisoned for his bold editorials, but never once yielded to his adversaries. In September, 1860, William L. Yancey, of Alabama, the celebrated Secession leader, came to Knoxville to make a speech, and Brownlow attended the meeting; and, in reply to a question put by Yancey, mounted the platform and took his stand by his side, and said, "I am one of a numerous party at the South who will, if even Lincoln shall be elected under the forms of our Constitution, and by the authority of law, without committing any other offence than being elected, force the vile disunionists and secessionists of the South to pass over our dead bodies on their march to Washington to break up this Government." As he spoke these bold words he stood at the side of Yancey, armed and ready to maintain his faith at the cost of his life.

I remember him well in his place in the Senate of the United States before he left Washington to go home to die. It was gratifying to note that as he approached his final hour, while his attachment to his country was in no sense diminished, he was doing his best to reconcile the sections. I heard daily of his kindness to the ex-Confederates—a very natural sequel to a stormy life. Brownlow was a Southern man, and, with all his attachment to the Union, could not forget the Southern people. Born among them, living in the midst of slavery, defending it for many years, denouncing the Abolitionists, and even going to Philadelphia to take issue with one of their champions, it was easy to watch the process by which, after the victory of his Government, his early affections for his own people should revive. The close of such a life, sweetened

by the consciousness of convictions vindicated, integrity sustained, and courage on the side of his country rewarded, would not be harmonious and happy uncrowned by forgiveness of his enemies.

He was a sort of Cromwellian Christian, striking straight out without fear; but he had also become tolerant in the midst of triumph, and generous in the midst of success.

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#### XLIV.

PATRIOTIC CLERGYMEN OF THE OLDEN TIME.—PROPHECY OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH AND THE ERIE CANAL BY JOEL BARLOW, 1779.

OFTEN as I think of the late civil war, it is difficult to realize that this is the same people only a few years ago ready for conflict and death. There is still unrest in portions of the South, but the peace is so general, the absence of armed authority so marked, and the submission so sincere that we seem to be as far removed from martial habits as if we never had an army or an enemy. But for their titles we should not know the veterans on either side. They are all at work for a living in private or in civil life. Except the few that are kept to maintain the remnant of the regular service, the large remainder are where they were before the war. The brave brigadier who stormed the breach is a busy lawyer, the dashing colonel who attacked the heaviest odds is a master mechanic, the bold captain is a clerk, while the privates are as quietly industrious as if they had not been shooting at each other ten years ago. But where are the clergymen who preached war, who denounced the rebels, who anathematized the Yankees, who held slavery, on the one hand, as a divine institution, and, on the other, as the offspring of the devil? They, too, have vanished, and are heard of only in their earnest prayers for the restoration of fra-



ternity between the sections. Many of them were as violent as the politicians ; and the politicians denounced the preachers who did not pray on their side with especial emphasis. A political parson was the horror of the Confederates if he was an Abolitionist, and of the Unionists if he was a rebel. Reading an interesting little volume, a few days ago, on "The Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution," by J. T. Headly, a very careful and industrious writer, it occurred to me that some allusions to a few of those historic characters would be useful just now. They would show that the lights of the Church were at least as excitable a hundred years ago, and as ready to fight for their politics, as they are to-day ; and that a political parson in the days of '76 was a very familiar and influential personage. These examples will also show how they appreciated the cause for which they fought, and predicted the harvest of the seed sown in the Revolution. Many incidents of their lives possessed a poetic interest, especially as we approached our Centennial year, because all of them lived in the era of the great Declaration.

What were known as "election sermons" were preached before the Governor and House of Representatives, especially in Massachusetts, preceding the Revolution, and from 1770 to 1776 were always in the interest of liberty, going often to the verge of treason. In 1774 the royal Governor of Massachusetts refused to appoint a fast, on the grounds that it was "only to give an opportunity for sedition to flow from the pulpit." After the Declaration of Independence patriotic clergymen took very high grounds, especially in New England. In December of 1775 Washington wrote to the Continental Congress asking an increase of the pay of chaplains in the army ; and on the 9th of July, 1776, he referred to the act by which the chaplain of each regiment was to be paid thirty-three and one third dollars per month, and called upon the colonels and commanding officers to procure chaplains of good character and exem-

plary lives, and that all inferior officers and soldiers pay them suitable respect, adding, "the blessing and protection of Heaven are at all times necessary, and especially in times of public distress and danger." From these examples grew the practice of clergymen preaching what were known as political sermons in great public conflicts. They were generally as remarkable for their piety as for their courage. Rev. John Mills, of Delaware, though of a nervous and timid temperament, knew no fear in his devotion to liberty, and, a few days before the Declaration of Independence, preached to his people, from 1 Kings xii., 16, of the revolting tribes and the times of Rehoboam—"What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel!" Rev. Thomas Read, of Pennsylvania, shouldered his musket, and, with forty to fifty others, marched to Philadelphia, to aid in fighting against Howe. Rev. David Caldwell, of Pennsylvania, had his house plundered, his library and furniture destroyed, simply because of his devotion to liberty. Rev. Robert Davison, of Maryland, addressed the assembled troops, from 1 Chronicles v., 22: "For there fell down many slain, because the war was of God." Rev. Francis Cummings, of South Carolina, present at the Mecklenburg meeting, fought in several battles; and when South Carolina threatened Nullification, in 1833, when he was eighty years of age, said to a brother clergyman, who told him he was ready to draw his sword against the Government, "If you dare do so, I will draw my sword against *you* and cut you down." Rev. Jonas Clarke, of Massachusetts, discussed the question, preceding and during the Revolution, from the pulpit, and aided immensely to fire the people for the conflict. Hancock and Adams found an asylum in his house when proscribed by the Royal Government; and when they asked whether the people would fight, Clarke said, "He knew they would; had he not trained them for this hour? Were his years of labor to be in vain? No, they would fight,

and, if need be, die, too, under the shadow of the house of God !” When he saw the men fall at Lexington, he said over their dead bodies, “From this day will be dated the liberty of the world.” He died in his seventy-sixth year, in 1805. Rev. Jacob Duché, who opened the old Continental Congress with prayer, in Philadelphia, was born in that city in 1738, and the scene connected with that prayer is the subject of one of John Adams’s most beautiful letters to his wife. Rev. Samuel Spring, of Massachusetts, was another soldier-preacher, and accompanied Arnold in his marvellous expedition through the northern wilderness to Quebec, sharing all the vicissitudes and sufferings of the soldiers. In fact, the New England clergymen, by their inspiring addresses and great personal daring, prevented that section from remaining in the hands of the Crown.

Rev. Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, known as the fighting clergyman, baptized John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, was born at the Trappe, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, on October 18, 1746. He was a splendid character. He was the soul of the opposition to the British influence at Woodstock, Virginia, where he settled after his return from Europe. Preaching for freedom, he determined to fight for it, and, as you have often read, he took leave of his people in a farewell sermon full of patriotic fire, and at the close of it declared that “the Bible tells us there is a time for all things—there is a time to preach and a time to pray ; that the time for me to preach has passed away ;” then, raising his voice until it rang like a trumpet through the church, “and there is a time to fight, and that time has now come ;” and, closing the services, he stepped into the vestry-room, laid aside his gown, put on his colonel’s uniform, and stood before his astonished congregation in full regimentals. Before night nearly three hundred men had joined his standard, and afterwards fought with him at the battle of Charleston. He rose to the rank of brigadier-general, took charge of all the Continental troops in Virginia, after which he joined Washing-

ton at Middlebrook, New Jersey, and marched with his brigade to the desolate encampment at Valley Forge. He fought at Brandywine, at Germantown, at Monmouth, and commanded the reserves at the assault on Stony Point. At the close of the war he was elevated to the rank of major-general. Returning to Pennsylvania, he was made chairman of the Executive Council, and afterwards went to Congress ; and in 1801 was elected United States Senator, and the next year appointed collector of the port of Philadelphia, which office he held till his death, in October, 1807. A relative complained that he had left the Church and joined the army, to which he replied, "I am a clergyman, it is true ; but I am a member of society as well as the poorest layman, and my liberty is as dear to me as to any man. Shall I, then, sit still and enjoy myself at home when the best blood of the continent is spilling? You make a comparison which is odious. Did the man you refer to die in defence of his country? Far from it. He suffered for crime, and his life was justly forfeited to the law. Do you think, if America should be conquered, I should be safe? Far from it. And would you not sooner fight like a man than die like a dog?"

A very remarkable character was Rev. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, Connecticut, born January 17, 1743 ; fighting and preaching throughout the Revolution. He died February 12, 1810, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The biographer says, "Though a man of peace, he was also a man of blood ; active and keen ; his efforts were felt everywhere, and his blow fell quick and sudden as a bolt from heaven." There was another clergyman, an Irishman, who came to this country when he was eighteen, and graduated at Princeton in 1771. He became deeply enlisted in the Revolution, and enrolled himself as a private soldier, doing duty alike with his musket and with his prayer-book during the entire conflict. He was killed by the Hessians under the command of a British officer ; and when he saw that his death was certain, he knelt down, committed



his wife and children and his own soul to the hands of his Maker, and quietly awaited his fate. Rev. Abner Benedict was born at North Salem, New York, and died in 1818 at Roxbury, New Jersey. He was with the army in New York, and made inventions in submarine navigation to destroy the enemy's ships by torpedoes. He was a fervent patriot and a learned clergyman.

Perhaps no character has been nearer to us than the venerable Bishop White, of the Episcopal Church, born in Philadelphia, April 4, 1748. A scholar, a statesman, a Christian, and a patriot, he lived until the 17th of July, 1836, and died at the advanced age of eighty-eight. He filled the highest positions in his denomination, and was elected chaplain to Congress in 1777, remaining steadfast at his post till the end. When the British evacuated Philadelphia, every clergyman of the Episcopal Church left the city but himself. Solitary and alone, he remained at his post, and, like Abdiel, faithful to the last, he cast his lot with his suffering country. Rev. Timothy Dwight, another Connecticut man, born at Northampton, in that state, in 1752, a poet, orator, writer, patriot, and statesman, he filled into his sixty-four years an immense amount of labor, sacrifice, and suffering. I might continue this list, but will content myself with referring to several other more prominent characters. Joel Barlow's patriotic ballads and sermons, hymns and foreign travels—including his consulship at Algiers and his mission to France—altogether make up a wonderful history. His celebrated poem "The Columbiad," dedicated to Robert Fulton, written in 1777, is classed among the most remarkable prophecies in uninspired writings. He predicted the construction of the Erie Canal in the following words :

"From fair Albania toward the falling sun,  
Back through the midland lengthening channels run ;  
Meet the far lakes their beauteous towns that lave,  
*And Hudson join to broad Ohio's wave.*"

This extraordinary description of the great internal work of New York State was written in 1787, when almost the entire country west of Albany to Niagara was one unbroken wilderness. American literature furnishes no parallel to this. Still more remarkable is the following prophecy of telegraphic communication :

“ Ah ! speed thy labors, sage of unknown name,  
Rise into light and seize thy promised fame ;  
For thee the chemic powers their bounds expand,  
*The imprisoned lightning waits thy guardian hand :*  
*Unnumbered messages in viewless flight*  
*Shall bear thy mandates with the speed of light.”*

Nor let me forget Dr. John Witherspoon, a clergyman, born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1722, embarking for Philadelphia in 1768. He was elected president of Princeton College before he reached this country, and his arrival at Princeton was celebrated by an illumination of the college and town. Ever since his example and his precepts are remembered and followed. He immediately became a patriotic leader, and maintained that post to the end. Elected to represent New Jersey in the Continental Congress, he joined it a few days before the Declaration of Independence, and gave it his support from the start. The following beautiful passage from his biography may be seasonably recalled :

“ When the ‘ Declaration ’ was reported and laid before Congress for their adoption and signature, every one felt that a fearful crisis had come. Some true patriots wavered. The step which should forever separate them entirely from the mother country and plunge the land in a war, the end of which no man could foresee, was a momentous one to take ; but the hour of decision had arrived, and not only the fate of a great nation, but of man the world over, hung suspended on it. That august body felt the tremendous responsibility that rested upon it, and a deep and solemn silence reigned

throughout the hall. In the midst of it Mr. Witherspoon arose and said, 'Mr. President, that noble instrument on your table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the House. He who will not respond to its accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions is unworthy the name of freeman. *Although these gray hairs must descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country.*' The venerable man sat down, but these great words continued to vibrate in each heart, strengthening the firm and giving courage to the wavering. And when a timid member remarked that the country was not ripe for such a declaration of independence, Witherspoon replied, in a voice that rang through the hall, 'In my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe, but rotten.' With an untremulous hand and a heart firm and steady, he put his name to that immortal instrument."

In closing this rapid retrospect, the fact that the Roman Catholic chaplains sent up their prayers side by side with the Protestants in the Revolution must also be recorded. On the 4th of July, 1779, a French priest in a Roman Catholic church in the city of Philadelphia uttered the following noble words, which I reprint because they deserve to be read, after the close of the century of liberty, and because that event was honored by no one party or sect or race, but by men of all nationalities and religions :

"Gentlemen, we are assembled to celebrate the anniversary of that day which Providence had marked in his eternal decrees to become the epoch of liberty and independence to the thirteen United States of America. That Being whose almighty hand holds all existence beneath its dominion undoubtedly produces, in the depth of his wisdom, those great events which astonish the universe, and of which the most presumptuous, though instrumental in accomplishing, dare not

attribute to themselves the merit. But the finger of God is still more peculiarly evident in the happy, the glorious Revolution which calls forth this day's festivity. He hath struck the oppressors of a people, free and peaceable, with the spirit of delusion, which always renders the wicked the artificers of their own proper misfortunes. Permit me, my dear brethren, citizens of the United States, to address you on this occasion. It is God, the all-powerful God, who hath directed your steps when you knew not where to apply for counsel ; who, when you were without arms, fought for you with the sword of eternal justice ; who, when you were in adversity, poured into your hearts the spirit of courage, of wisdom, and of fortitude ; and who has at length raised up for your support a youthful sovereign whose virtues bless and adorn a sensible, a faithful, and a generous nation. This nation has blended her interests with your interests, and her sentiments with yours. She participates in all your joys, and this day unites her voice to yours at the foot of the altar of the Eternal God to celebrate that glorious Revolution which has placed the sons of America among the free and independent nations of the earth."

Do the men who live in the midst of the blessings that have followed the Declaration of Independence, who strangely resisted the grateful recognition of the close of the century, ever reflect on what the Signers would say to their objections if they could be restored to their old hall in July of 1876 ! If Jefferson could stand in the midst of his fulfilled prophecies of universal liberty ; if Franklin could behold distant nations talking to each other every minute in his lightning language ; if Witherspoon could hail new worlds added to civilization ; the patriotic priest see the great Catholic Church rising to a mighty power on this continent, and Protestantism everywhere spreading its splendid work of evangelism, with education, art, science, and industry extending to all regions under our benign institutions, and our population larger than all Great Britain, what would they say



to the argument that the close of such a century should not be celebrated on the spot where the Government was born?

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## XLV.

### AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE AND STATUARY AT THE NATION'S CAPITOL.

WE have not yet reached the period when we can read history in architecture, as they do in the old countries. But no one can study the growth of the building known as "The Capitol" without anticipating a future at least as interesting as the wonderful records left in stone and marble in such monuments of the centuries as Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. It is not difficult to predict, judging by its extraordinary progress within the last twenty-five years, that within the same period in the future, under the same auspices, stimulated by the same public spirit, the noble eminence upon which it stands, and all the eastern plateau, will be a lovely city, rivalling in magnificence the older settlement extending westward towards Georgetown. The Capitol itself is the successful rival of the splendid structures surrounding the old White House, and is attracting thitherward much of the wealth and intelligence of the country. The English halls of Parliament, grand and imposing as they are, are located in perhaps the most unattractive part of London, doubtless because the spot is historic and so near the unrivalled mausoleum of the English dead, the great Abbey. But we almost began our history with the Capitol, and rapidly have we continued to make it. It is already a vast volume of events, and every day adds to its absorbing interest.

I have now before me two little books, published exactly twenty years' apart—the first called a "Guide to the Capitol and to the National Executive Offices of the United States,"

by Robert Mills, engineer and architect ; printed by J. C. Greer, Washington, 1854 ; and the second, "Keim's Illustrated Hand-Book of Washington and its Environs, for 1874," including a full description of the Capitol building. The author is the accomplished correspondent and *littérateur*, De B. Randolph Keim, of Pennsylvania. From these we gather the romance of the Capitol : its original foundation ; its legislative record ; the accidents that impeded its progress ; the rapid prosecution of the work within the last twenty years, and the present symmetry of what is admitted to be the completest and most impressive group of government buildings in the world. Located in 1791, according to plans submitted by the French engineer L'Enfant to President Washington, and by him approved ; and afterwards actively encouraged by Mr. Jefferson, as well while he resided in Europe as after he became Chief Magistrate, the corner-stone was laid on the 18th of September, 1793, by "brother George Washington, assisted by the Worshipful Master Masons and citizens of the surrounding cities, the military, and a large number of people." The silver plate deposited in the cavity of this stone bore the following inscription :

"This southeast corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the thirteenth year of American Independence, in the first year of the second term of the Presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been as conspicuous and beneficial as his military valor and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties, and in the year of Masonry 5793, by the President of the United States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22 from Alexandria, Virginia.

"Thomas Johnson, David Stewart, and Daniel Carroll, commissioners ; Joseph Clarke, R. W. G. M. P. T., James Hoban, and Stephen Hallate, architects ; Collin Williamson, Master Mason."

The north wing was ready for occupation in 1800. In the completed wing the Senate on the west side, House of Representatives on the east, and Supreme Court in the basement,

first held their sessions. In 1801 the House occupied a temporary structure called the "Oven," erected on the site of the present southern extension. In 1805 it returned to its first apartment in the north wing. In 1803 President Jefferson appointed R. H. Latrobe architect of the Capitol. This gentleman made radical changes in the elevation and ground-plan of the building, raising the floor from the ground story to the principal order over the casement. The south wing was in readiness for the occupation of Congress in 1811. The central portions were still unfinished. An unsightly wooden passage connected the two wings. During the war of 1812 work on the building was suspended. In 1814 the interior of both wings was destroyed by the British, after which Congress, on September 19, 1814, met temporarily in the structure known as Blodgett's Hotel, situated on the E Street front of the square now occupied by the General Post-office. The session of Congress commencing December 18, 1815, assembled in a building erected by the citizens of Washington for the purpose, and was occupied till the restoration of the south wing of the original Capitol.

In 1815 Congress determined to restore the Capitol. In 1827 the central portion of the building, including the rotunda and library, was completed. In 1850 Congress passed an act authorizing the extension of the Capitol. July 4, 1851, the corner-stone of the south extension was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The following is a copy of the record deposited beneath the corner-stone :

"On the morning of the first day of the seventy-sixth year of the independence of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, being the fourth day of July, 1851, this stone, designed as the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, according to a plan approved by the President, in pursuance of an act of Congress, was laid by

MILLARD FILLMORE,  
President of the United States,

assisted by the Grand Master of the Masonic lodges, in the presence of

many members of Congress ; officers of the Executive and Judiciary departments, National, State, and District ; of officers of the army and navy ; the corporate authorities of this and neighboring cities ; many associations, civil and military and Masonic ; officers of the Smithsonian Institution and National Institute ; professors of colleges and teachers of schools of the District of Columbia, with their students and pupils, and a vast concourse of people from places near and remote, including a few surviving gentlemen who witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol by President Washington, on the eighteenth day of September, 1793.

“ If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit brought to the eye of men, be it known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm ; that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure forever !

“ God save the United States of America !

“ DANIEL WEBSTER,

“ Secretary of State of the United States.”

Mr. Webster was also chosen speaker on this occasion, and his magnificent oration, among the very last he uttered, is universally classed among his finest productions. In 1855 Congress authorized the removal of the wooden dome over the centre of the Capitol, and the construction of a new one of iron, according to the plans of Thomas U. Walter, the architect of Girard College at Philadelphia, which was finished in 1865. The south extension was occupied by the House December 14, 1857, and the north extension by the Senate January 4, 1859. The work was steadily continued through the war of the Rebellion, and the mighty edifice itself was alternately a barrack for the troops, a forum for debate and legislation, a judicial tribunal, always in peril, and defended by an army, while a corps



of workmen and artists were adding to its strength and its beauty. The Capitol, according to Keim, has cost up to this date \$13,000,000, as follows: Main building, \$3,000,000; dome, \$1,000,000; the two splendid extensions, north and south, \$8,000,000; miscellaneous, \$1,000,000. It stands  $89\frac{1}{2}$  feet above ordinary low tide of the Potomac, one mile distant. The entire length is 751 feet; the greatest depth 324 feet, including the porticoes and steps. The ground-plan covers  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres. The main or central building is 352 feet in length,  $121\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep, with a colonnaded portico 160 feet wide. Each extension has a front of 144 feet facing the east and west, and a depth of 239 feet along the north and south. The great dome of the Capitol, designed by Walter, rising magnificently out of the centre of the building, and visible from all points of the compass, is 288 feet above the base line of the eastern façade of the Capitol to the top of the lantern, and 360 feet above the west gate of the park. The statue of Freedom, on the apex, is  $19\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and the total height from the base line to the crest of the statue of Freedom  $307\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and above low tide of the Potomac 397 feet.

Among my first recollections, vividly renewed by a perusal of "The Guide to the Capitol" by Mills, was a visit to the Supreme Court of the United States, in a little dark room at the foot of the staircase leading to the Senate chamber, on the ground-floor of the old Capitol building. It was both badly lighted and ventilated; the floor was sunk below the general level, and very unhealthy to the members of the bar. The seats of the judges were elevated considerably above the floor of the bar and near the windows; and I recollect well studying the faces and the manners of the following members of that great court (this was in 1853-54): Roger B. Taney, Chief-justice; associates, John McLean, James M. Wayne, John Catron, Peter V. Daniel, Samuel Nelson, Robert C. Grier, Benjamin R. Curtis, and John A. Campbell. Caleb Cushing was

Attorney-general. General Pierce was then President ; Benjamin C. Howard, reporter ; William T. Carroll, clerk ; and Jonah D. Hoover, United States Marshal. Of this illustrious list, Taney, McLean, Wayne, Catron, Daniel, Nelson, and Grier are dead. The two survivors are Judge Curtis, who resigned some years after, and Judge Campbell, who retired to enter the Rebellion in 1861, and is now a practitioner before the same tribunal. Mr. Howard, the reporter ; Mr. Carroll, the clerk ; Mr. Hoover, the marshal, are also deceased. But now the Supreme Court has been promoted to more distinguished and appropriate quarters. The old Senate chamber, famous as the scene in which the statesmen of our second generation figured from 1830 to 1860, is occupied by what may be called the reorganized tribunal. Nothing could be more impressive than this historic chamber. It is seventy-five feet in its greatest length or diameter, forty-five feet in its greatest width, and forty-five feet high—admirably proportioned, well lighted, accessible, with the adjacent apartments heretofore assigned to the President and Vice-President turned into robing-rooms for the Supreme Court. I have just given you the names of the justices in 1853-54. The present bench is composed as follows : Chief-justice, Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio ; associate justices, Nathan Clifford, Maine ; Noah H. Swayne, Ohio ; Samuel F. Miller, Iowa ; Stephen J. Field, California ; William Strong, Pennsylvania ; Joseph P. Bradley, New Jersey ; Ward Hunt, New York ; John M. Harlan, Kentucky. Under the act of January, 1873, the annual session commences on the second Monday of October in each year, and generally closes in May following. The sessions are from twelve M. to four P.M. The justices, wearing their black judicial robes, enter from the north door of the chamber, and are formally announced by the marshal or deputy. The people in the room rise and remain standing until they are seated. The visitor to this memorable hall unconsciously recalls the great debate between Webster and

Hayne in 1830; the long and acrimonious discussions led by Mr. Clay against the Administration of General Jackson; the dominant and dogmatic oratory of Benton; the courtly and unruffled presidency of Martin Van Buren when he was Vice-President; the cold and severe logic of John C. Calhoun; the brilliant off-hand replies of John Forsyth; the clear argumentation of Silas Wright; the dignity of Buchanan. He will think of the passing-away of all these leaders; the coming-forward of Douglas, Toombs and Slidell, Soulé, Bright, Breckinridge, Sumner, and Seward; their retirement; and the ascendancy of the new school representing the existing parties, in their turn to give place to men, many of them young in life, and wholly unconscious of the destiny before them. The solemn quiet and precision of the Supreme Court sitting in judgment upon legislation, and deciding the gravest issues of individual and national concern, form something more than a contrast with the exciting controversy between the giants of politics, and point out the difference between the passionate polemics of legislation and the calm and inexorable fiat of law in the tribunal of the last resort.

The historian of 1854, Mr. Mills, describes the old hall of the House, and his ecstasies may well be understood as you pass into the National Statuary Hall, into which it was converted when the new south wing was opened to the popular branch of Congress. Nothing in the Capitol is more characteristic and instructive than the *clock*, in marble, over the north door, executed by Charles Franzoni in 1830. "History, her drapery floating in the air, is represented as standing in the winged car of Time and recording passing events. The car is placed on a globe, on which, in *basso-rilievo*, are cut the signs of the zodiac. The hours are marked on the face of the wheel of the car." Art has never achieved a more beautiful idea, and the student only regrets that the varied events which passed in sight of the figure could not have been recorded before the

great science of short-hand was invented for their preservation. The living actors have passed from this gorgeous enclosure, and are to be followed by the marble effigies of the immortals of other days. They are coming gradually into this new Pantheon. Rhode Island sends in her Nathaniel Greene, exquisitely done in marble, by H. K. Brown ; and her founder, Roger Williams, also in marble, by Simmons. Connecticut sends Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman, both in marble, by Ives. New York, her George Clinton, in bronze, by Brown ; and her Edwin Livingston, in marble, by Palmer. New Jersey, Richard Stockton and Philip Kearney, the first in marble and the second in bronze, both by Brown—the latter not quite finished, but nearly ready for delivery. Then we have others, most of them meritorious, and all of them historical. I need not direct your attention to the two new Congressional chambers—the Senate in the north wing, the House in the south.

But here again you note the long strides of time in the changes of government and society. In 1854 the Senate consisted of sixty-four members, representing thirty-two States. In 1880 there are seventy-six, representing thirty-eight States. In 1854 there were two hundred and thirty-two members of the House. In 1880 there are two hundred and ninety-three members, and, including delegates, three hundred and one. The only member of the Senate in 1854 still in that body is Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine ; and the outside survivors are Atchison, of Missouri ; Benjamin, of Louisiana, now a London lawyer ; Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, afterwards a citizen of Kentucky ; C. C. Clay, Jr., of Alabama ; Augustus C. Dodge, of Iowa ; Hamilton Fish, of New York ; William M. Gwin, of California, resident in that State ; R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, living in Richmond ; Robert W. Johnson, of Arkansas, practising law in Washington ; George W. Jones, of Iowa ; Truman Smith, of Connecticut ; Robert Toombs, of Georgia ; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania ; and John B. Weller, of California. Death



has been as active in proportion among the members of the House of that year, although, of course, more of these are alive. While Mr. Mills was writing his little book, Linn Boyd was Speaker of the House, Franklin Pierce President, and David R. Atchison president *pro tem.* of the Senate—William R. King, who was elected on the same ticket with Pierce, having died in April of 1853, one month after the new Administration began. The members of the Cabinet were William L. Marcy, Secretary of State ; James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury ; Caleb Cushing, Attorney-general ; Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War ; J. C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy ; James Campbell, Postmaster-general ; Robert McClellan, Secretary of the Interior.

Within a few steps of the Supreme Court, in its new quarters, was a little alcove, certainly not more than sixteen feet by six, known as "The Hole in the Wall ;" and as I stood near it several years ago, in company with my friend McElhone, the able Congressional reporter, we talked about the men and the scenes we had met in that little recess. It was the exclusive restaurant of the Senators and their friends ; although, as I go down-stairs and look in at the highly decorated and extensive saloon of Howell, on the Senate side, and of Downing, on the House side, for the accommodation of our modern statesmen, it hardly deserved that name. But here they clustered, men of both sides, and from all States. There were no seats, no elaborate cookery, no French dishes, but oysters and cheese and crackers at hand, and endless liquids. Here more than once I have seen standing in close and earnest conversation grave Senators and judges and diplomatists so wedged in that the colored servants could hardly move in response to their demands. Not more than half a dozen could be served at a time, for there was no room. There was a trap-door in the floor, which lessened the dimensions of the place when raised to allow the waiter to descend for supplies to the cavern below.

Our modern ways—shall I say our modern moderation—have closed this little Hole in the Wall, and now the great men of the nation spread themselves in the decorated spaces on the first floor of the two wings, where they enjoy the costly *cuisine* of a luxurious age.

But what a contrast between the two libraries—the libraries of old and new! “A splendid room,” says Mills, writing of the first, “92 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 36 feet high;” while, turning to the fresh and completer work of the younger author, Keim, we read, in addition to the dimensions just given, as follows: “The two wings on the north and south are each 95 feet long, 29 feet wide, and 38 feet high, finished in 1865.” In 1802 there were 3000 volumes. In 1804 the library was destroyed. In 1851 it numbered 55,000 volumes, of which 35,000 were destroyed by fire in that year. In 1874 it numbered 260,000 volumes and 50,000 pamphlets. On the thirty-third page of Mills’s “Guide to the Capitol” I find a series of rules and regulations addressed to the Commissioner of Public Buildings, signed by John C. Calhoun, Vice-President, and Andrew Stevenson, Speaker of the House, No. 4 of which reads as follows: “You will not permit children to frequent the Capitol and square unless in charge of some discreet person, nor people of color except on necessary business.”

Now, if Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Stevenson were alive, they would not only find people of color sitting in both Houses, but representing some of the oldest States of the Union.

But I have already accomplished my purpose, although the subject is attractive enough, with these two interesting guides before me, to extend this anecdote into several pages more.

## XLVI.

JOHN BARTRAM, THE ORIGINAL BOTANIST, ABOLITIONIST, FRIEND AND CONTEMPORARY OF WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, JOHN ADAMS, LAFAYETTE, FRANKLIN, AND JUDGE PETERS.—HISTORY OF BARTRAM'S BOTANICAL GARDEN, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

THE traveller leaving or coming into Philadelphia by the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, before the line was changed by the new track to the north, was attracted, as the train paused at Gray's Ferry, by a white castellated building in the Norman style, handsomely modernized, and surrounded by extensive and highly cultivated grounds, crowning an adjacent southward elevation—now the suburban residence of Andrew M. Eastwick, and originally the property of the renowned John Bartram, whose farm it was forty-six years before the Revolution. James Parton, in his "Life of Thomas Jefferson," third President of the United States (published by Osgood & Co., Boston), refers to John Bartram as one who must have met Peter Jefferson, the father of the illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence. John Bartram was a Quaker, and, one day resting from his plough under a tree on the very farm referred to, pulled a daisy to pieces, and, observing some of the more obvious marvels of its construction, suddenly woke to a consciousness of his pitiful ignorance of the vegetable wonders in the midst of which he had lived and labored from childhood. This discovery was the inspiration which in after-years made him the great botanist of the American continent. One of the European correspondents of Bartram, Peter Collinson—a botanist and an earnest friend of Pennsylvania and of Benjamin Franklin—gave him a letter to one Isham Randolph, the father of Jane Randolph and of the mother of Thomas Jefferson; and it was on his botanical tour of Virginia that he carried the letter to Jefferson's father-in-law. "The botanist,"

says Parton, "visited Isham Randolph's mansion on the James, in and about which, it is said, a hundred servants attended. There he must have seen the eldest daughter of the house at the time she was busy with preparations for her marriage, and he may have stayed to the wedding-feast, and cheered the bride and bridegroom as they rode away on horseback to their new home."

Bartram, like his garden, flourished to a green old age, and "he died," Parton adds, "upon the approach of the British army, during the Revolutionary War, of terror, lest the pride of his life should be trampled into ruin by the troops." He was fortunate in the society and friendship of many literary and eminent characters in America, including Dr. Franklin, Dr. Colton, and James Logan, private secretary and business man of William Penn.

A foreign traveller has left a picturesque account of John Bartram and his garden as they appeared to him during a visit before the American Revolution, in 1769. Mr. Bartram, his guest, his family, and his slaves, all sat down to one large table well stored with wholesome fare—the blacks at the foot, the stranger near the host—the whole group and picture recalling one of the patriarchal pictures of the Old Testament. Some of the slaves whom he had freed remained with him until their death. The low grounds of his farm, at first a putrid, swampy soil, were ultimately reclaimed by draining and ditching. He was born in the year 1701 in Chester County, in Pennsylvania. His grandfather, John Bartram, with his family, came from Derbyshire, England, among the adherents of William Penn when the colony was established and the city of Philadelphia was founded, A.D. 1682. Born in a new-settled country far away from Europe, he acquired the best instruction that the poor schools could afford at that time; and, in his passionate pursuit of plants and trees and flowers, he obtained with difficulty the rudiments of the learned languages, which he



studied with extraordinary application. Early inclined, farmer as he was, to medicine and surgery, his researches into the vegetable kingdom afforded him infinite delight, and supplied him with the ingredients for many cures. He was, in fact, a philosopher, and, whether ploughing or sowing his fields or mowing his meadows, his active mind was investigating the vegetable system and all animated nature. A great traveller in search of specimen seeds and roots, and slips and grafts, together with birds, turtles, squirrels, and other animals, he penetrated into Canada, the Southern wilderness, and examined the shores of Lakes Ontario and Cayuga. At the advanced age of seventy he made a tour into East Florida, having previously travelled many thousands of miles in Virginia and Carolina. While in Florida he embarked on a boat at Picoletta, on the river St. John, which he navigated with three oars and a sail, collecting specimens of flowers and plants and water-fowl. Nothing daunted him in his eager thirst for curious and nondescript vegetables and fossils; and in his thorough inquiry into the economy of nature. These he exchanged for the diverse varieties of European rivers and soils.

Here we quote again from Parton: "It is to his correspondence with the scientific men of the Old World that Europe owes the profusion of American trees and shrubs that adorn so many parks and gardens and highways, and that America was indebted, among other benefits, for those rare varieties of plums, cherries, apricots, gooseberries, and other fruits." Linnæus called him the greatest natural botanist in the world, and his fame became so great that he was appointed botanist to the King of England at fifty guineas a year. He was a true philanthropist, a rare example of temperance, a bountiful host, a man of astonishing energy and endurance, and a Quaker.

He was an early Abolitionist, and one of the slaves he reared from a child, and whom he set free at between twenty and thirty, remained with his family until the end of a long life.

His son, William Bartram, born at the paternal mansion near Philadelphia, in 1739, was also a distinguished man, and, though a merchant, a sincere and conscientious botanist. In 1782 he was elected professor of botany in the University of Pennsylvania, but, from ill-health, declined the appointment. Besides his discoveries in botany, he prepared the most complete table of American ornithology before the appearance of the book of Wilson, whom he assisted in the commencement of that work. Such was his profound love of this delightful science that he wrote a description of a celebrated plant a few minutes before his death, which occurred suddenly, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, July 22, 1823, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Bartram's Garden was always celebrated, and Watson, in his "Annals," speaks of the founder and of his son with the greatest enthusiasm.

All these incidents recur with peculiar force as the visitor stands upon this storied spot and traces back the record of more than a century and a half, surrounded as he is by the attractions added by modern wealth and progress.

Some time since, in company with a few friends, I visited the old Bartram place, then in the possession of Mr. Eastwick, for the purpose of enjoying the difference between the period above described and the year of our Lord 1874. Mr. Eastwick received us cordially, and escorted us through the grounds. They were full of botanical wonders, and crowded with Revolutionary memories. Washington and Franklin were frequent visitors to the old philosopher and botanist; indeed, no distinguished stranger, foreigner or otherwise, failed to seek his acquaintance. Alexander Wilson, the celebrated ornithologist, taught school in this immediate vicinity, and some of his greatest works were written with the information supplied by John Bartram, who was as well acquainted with birds as with flowers, in Bartram's study in the old stone house, which still stands, and which we carefully examined.

The numerous living and perennial monuments to the memory of John Bartram in these historic grounds are preserved with religious care by their present owner. The old mansion, built in 1770, is in excellent condition. Bartram did the mason-work with his own hands. The Ionic columns of the ancient portico and decorations of the window-frames, carved by himself in sandstone, with neat scroll-work, give evidence of his taste for the beautiful. A huge sandstone hollowed out in the form of a basin, also by himself, was used for watering horses, and remains in the position where he originally placed it. Over one of the upper-story windows is the following quaint inscription :

“’Tis God alone, Almyty Lord,  
The holy One, by me adored.

“1770.”

The Virginia creeper, or American trumpet-flower, with massive gnarled roots and clustering branches, clings to the southern front, interspersed with climbing roses reaching to the roof of the building ; and the evergreen ivy completely covers one portion of it with its glossy leaves, and creeps underneath the portico, its fresh young leaves presenting a fine contrast to the darker and more luxuriant growth of other years. Here, too, is a large and evidently very ancient tree, entitled “Christ’s Thorn.” It came from Jerusalem originally, and, as it is the only specimen growing in that locality, it is assumed that it takes its name from the sad purpose for which it was used at the crucifixion of our Saviour. All the varieties of the English esculus and American horse-chestnut and buckeye are now in full bloom, displaying a gorgeous spectacle with their profusion of scarlet, pink, white, and yellow pyramidal blossoms. The finest, and probably the oldest, specimens of the imported purple beech, all the maples, magnificent oaks of the different varieties, the elms, sycamores, locusts, and, in fact, all of the common as well as most of the rarer varieties of the cultivated and deciduous trees of our temperature, and several

supposed to be confined to the tropics, grow here luxuriantly. There is a dense undergrowth of shrubbery, including remarkably fine specimens of the American rhododendron, the white and purple magnolia, the wild honeysuckle trained and trimmed into shapely trees, the Barberry lilacs, shrubs, all the varieties of box from the miniature edging to the full-grown tree, a fine specimen of the *Juniper prostratum*, cedars, hemlocks, arbovitæ, and many other varieties of evergreens. They had evidently been planted with due regard to symmetry, yet avoiding the geometrical plan, and adhering more closely to the curved lines which Nature delights in, and which add so materially to the beauty and attractiveness of the landscape garden. But it is not alone in the collection of trees and shrubbery that Bartram's Garden is interesting to the botanist. Those who love Nature for her own sake enjoy this wonderful exhibition without being familiar with the classes of plants, trees, and flowers, and the properties they possess. Nearly every foot of the sward contains a lovely group of some kind. The rocket grows profusely in several shades and varieties, while violets and tiny blossoms of many kinds are seen on every hand, and many of the varieties of hardy lilies. The white flag and other plants which in the olden time were common, but have latterly disappeared from fashionable modern gardens, grow undisturbed in the rich soil, and perpetuate themselves year after year, glorified by the foliage from the trees which overshadow them.

Conspicuous in this storied solitude towered the giant cypress-tree which John Bartram brought from Florida in 1749, when it was a twig, and could easily be put in one of his saddle-bags. He predicted that it would grow to an immense height, and it has attained an altitude of a hundred and seventy feet, with a circumference at the base of twenty-eight and a half feet! The cypress-tree, of which I saw many magnificent specimens during my several visits to the South, is of Eastern origin; its wood is heavy, aromatic, and durable; foliage dark and



gloomy; form close and pyramidal, and it was held by the Orientals as an emblem of mourning and death. It was used by the Egyptians for coffins and mummy-cases, and has been known to last eleven hundred years. It is cut up into boards and shingles in the South, and has become an important article of commerce, being used largely for railroad-ties and many building purposes. The Petre pear-tree, sent over from England by Lady Petre to John Bartram in 1760, still stands at the south end of the old mansion, and bears delicious fruit. On each side of the lawn, in front of the old stone house, are two noble boxwood-trees sent from Smyrna, Turkey, to Mr. Bartram by the Earl of Bute one hundred and thirty-four years ago. Excellent specimens of the firs and the pine are adjacent. "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious" (Isaiah lx., 13).

Bartram's Garden was bisected by the passage of the old Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad; but enough remains on the southern bank to preserve its solitude. A deep excavation hides the iron track from this charming and quiet retreat.

The spot was pointed out to us where the Washington Arbor once stood. Here Washington and Franklin, in their frequent visits to the Botanic Garden, used to sit enjoying the delightful scenery about the luxuriant banks of the Schuylkill. The magnificent enclosure abounded in fine fruits, upon which the Revolutionary contemporaries of Bartram often feasted. In Mr. Eastwick's study was a cannon-ball fired a century ago from a British man-of-war near the Delaware. One of Bartram's guests called the attention of Washington to this relic, with the remark, "General, this is a different kind of fruit from that which you get here." "Yes," was the reply, "and much more difficult to digest." The stone used by Washington at his door-

way upon the edge of the sidewalk in Sixth Street, below Market, Philadelphia, upon which he stepped when he alighted from his coach, presented to Mr. Eastwick by a friend, is among the interesting relics of this antiquated spot. In fact, the whole place is as redolent of the Revolution as of science and philosophy.

That which lends a peculiar charm to Philadelphia and its vicinity, and to the Centennial, is the constant presence of the memories of the last twenty-five years of the last century—the period beginning, say, in 1770 and closing in 1800. William Bartram figured in the generation beyond that; but whether you look to the west or to the east, to the north or to the south, within a radius of forty miles of Philadelphia, you are literally walking among the living recollections of the Revolution. The defeat of the Hessians at Red Bank, New Jersey; the crossing of the Delaware, and battle of Trenton; the battles of the Brandywine and Germantown; the massacre at Paoli; Chadd's Ford, Fort Mifflin, and the encampment at Valley Forge; the British occupation of the city; the Continental Congress; the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the Presidency of General Washington; and the figures of all who contributed to the romance and the reality of these shifting scenes, foreigners and natives—pass before you in a panorama of unspeakable majesty. Such were the thoughts that occurred to me as I stood one fine day on the beautiful hill on the west bank of the Schuylkill first occupied by William Bartram, the farmer botanist, afterwards in possession of a private citizen, Mr. Eastwick, whose bright and white palatial villa, built in 1851, a short distance from the old dwelling, presents a striking picture, with its lofty tower and battlements, and rampant lions keeping guard over the entrance and ornamenting the fine plateau which overlooks the river.

A captivating chapter might be written from this review of the past, to show what has been done for humanity, civiliza-

tion, and regulated liberty since John Bartram moved from Chester County to the banks of the Schuylkill in the year of our Lord 1728 ; but I leave this grateful task to other hands or to another occasion.

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## XLVII.

ROMANCE OF FAIRMOUNT PARK. — NEARLY THREE THOUSAND ACRES DEVOTED TO THE PEOPLE. — REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS AND MEN.

LONG before the purchase of the great park which bears its name, Fairmount had a national reputation. It was as well known in other states as Independence Hall. Its lovely water-works were almost the first in America ; and yet, strange to say, though visited and extolled by strangers, they had not, in 1842, secured their deserved admiration at the hands of the people of Philadelphia. That beautiful city was first supplied with water in 1799. It is said that William Penn selected Fairmount as his residence, and even gave it its name, precisely as the king gave Penn's name to the State of Pennsylvania. To use his own language, on the 5th of January, 1681, "This day my country was confirmed to me by the name of Pennsylvania, a name the king would give it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country ; but Penn being Welsh for a head, as Penmaen-mawr in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England, they called this Pennsylvania, which is the high, or head woodlands, for I proposed *Sylvania*, and they added *Penn* to it ; and though I much opposed it and went to the king to have it struck out and altered, he said 'twas past, and would take it upon him ; nor would twenty guineas move the under-secretaries to vary the name, for I feared lest it should be looked on as a vanity in me, and not as a respect in the king,

as it truly was, to my father, whom he often mentions with praise."

To-day Fairmount Park comprises nearly three thousand acres, including one hundred and fifteen springs of water, thirty-four thousand trees between eighteen and twenty-seven feet in circumference, seventy thousand under eighteen, and two hundred thousand of hard-wood shrubs and vines. It is a combination of the remains of the primeval forests as they stood in the days of the aborigines, and of the old historic mansions as they stood in the days prior to the Revolution. Of these, the most conspicuous for its beautiful location, interesting memories, and peculiar architecture is Belmont, within a short walk of the Centennial grounds, from the portico of which you have a clear, full view of the city of Philadelphia to the east, the near River Schuylkill, the distant shores of West Jersey, and the Delaware, shining, on a clear day, like a silver ribbon on their border. Girard College, less than two miles away, reveals its noble proportions; and the great Cathedral on Eighteenth Street, near Race, with the new magnificent Masonic Temple at Broad and Filbert, lifts its proud tower above the multitude of spires of the great metropolis—the outgrowth of the little village planted by the illustrious English Quaker in the year of our Lord 1682.

Richard Peters, the uncle of the great judge, after whom he was called, purchased a portion of the ground on which Belmont now stands in 1750, and in 1772 conveyed it to his nephew Richard. William Peters, the father of the judge, purchased in 1762 other portions, and conveyed them to his son in 1774. The Peters monogram, "P. W. P.," is cut in a marble slab set in the wall of the main building, now over one hundred years old, still preserved, with few alterations, a monument of the good old times when it was the seat of refined hospitality, and the resort of the famous men who founded our government, formed our institutions, and fought for them through



seven long years. Here Richard Peters was born in June, 1744, one year before his father's house was finished, and here he died on the 22d of August, 1828, at the great age of eighty-four. He must have been an unusually prepossessing man, if I may judge by his grandson, Frank Peters, whom I knew well fifteen years ago, a singularly agreeable and fascinating person. He had inherited the dazzling wit of his grandfather, and, when in the mood, his handsome face and figure, the sweet tones of his voice, and the contagion of his laugh were irresistible. Never shall I forget his description of the negroes who rode the two celebrated horses in a great Southern race, nor his story of the return of the Englishman, after a long voyage, to the pleasures of home. He died too early, and I shall always remember the happy hours I spent in his company. He was a regular visitor to my editorial den, and his smiling face and happy jokes brightened many a gloomy day. His grandfather, Richard Peters, was the associate and friend of Washington and his contemporaries; and Belmont, the present headquarters of Fairmount Park, and the place of rest after a survey of the Centennial grounds, was the scene of their frequent meetings after the toils of the day in the noise of the politics and intrigues of the distant city. If you visit Belmont, as you are sure to do when you come to Philadelphia, you will sit in the broad hall with its small dormitories, high wooden mantels, window-frames with small imported glass, and broad fireplaces, and you will instinctively bring back the age of the Revolution.

The father of Richard Peters was a royalist, and returned to England before the war, and died there. The son remained, and ignored social, family, and business ties for the sake of his country. He was Secretary of the Board of War during the Revolution, Delegate in Congress from 1782 to 1783, and Judge of the District Court (appointed by Washington)—a position he held for thirty-nine years, and died in commission. He was a patriot, legislator, and jurist, and a pioneer in the agriculture

of Pennsylvania. He wrote excellent songs, told the best story, and was regarded as the most noted wit of his time. His dinners must have been Apician feasts. Imagine him at Belmont on such an evening in May as any of those we have just been enjoying, surrounded by General or President Washington, Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French Minister, whose house was at Schuylkill Falls; Benjamin Franklin; the astronomer David Rittenhouse; John Bartram (described in my last); Baron Steuben, the Inspector-general of the army during the Revolution; Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution; Alexander Hamilton; John Adams; Alexander J. Dallas, father of George M. Dallas; Governor John Penn; and Thomas Jefferson, his neighbor. Imagine these men gathered at Belmont less than a century ago, looking out from the beautiful elevation while conversing upon the topics of the day. In September, 1774, before the war, when Peters was just thirty, he attended a St. George's dinner in Philadelphia, and there the following verses were sung, which he had written, and doubtless frequently repeated afterwards in the presence of the illustrious men I have named, not so much for any peculiar merit of their own as because of their fearless and prophetic tone :

“ When Britain first, by Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang this strain :  
 Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves !  
 Britons never will be slaves !

“ Let us, your sons, by freedom warmed,  
 Your own example keep in view ;  
 'Gainst tyranny be ever armed,  
 Though we our tyrants find in you.  
 Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves,  
 But never make your children slaves !

“ With justice and with wisdom reign,  
 We then with thee will firmly join

To make thee mistress of the main,  
And all the shore it circles thine.  
Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves ;  
We're subjects still, but not your slaves !”

When Peters was quite a young man, he was one of a delegation from Pennsylvania who held a conference with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, in the province of New York, and by his happy jests and exquisite manners so captivated the red men that they relaxed the severity of their character, and offered to adopt him into their tribe. He accepted the offer, and was formally introduced to his new relations under the appropriate name of Tgohtias, which means “paroquet.” Peters said the Indians called the great William Penn “Onas”—the name of quill or pen in their language—“whereas,” he adds, “they have been more complimentary to me, for they give me the name of the bird, and all his quills into the bargain.”

As an illustration of the poverty of our resources upon the outbreak of the Revolution, and the anguish of our public functionaries, the venerable Samuel Breck, in his interesting sketch of Judge Peters, printed in the “Lives of Eminent Philadelphians,” published in 1859 by the late Henry Simpson, of Philadelphia, relates the following incident as it fell from the lips of the venerable Peters himself in 1823 :

“I was Commissioner of War, he said, in 1779. General Washington wrote to me that all his powder was wet, and that he was entirely without lead or balls, so that should the enemy approach him he must retreat. When I received this letter, I was going to a grand gala at the Spanish Ambassador’s, who lived in Mr. Crew’s fine house in South Third Street. The spacious gardens were superbly decorated with variegated lamps ; the edifice itself was a blaze of light ; the show was splendid, but my feelings were far from being in harmony with all this brilliancy. I met at this party my friend Robert Morris, who soon discovered the state of my mind. ‘You are not your-

self to-night, Peters. What's the matter?' asked Morris. Notwithstanding my unlimited confidence in that great patriot, it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to disclose the cause of my depression; but at length I ventured to give him a hint of my inability to answer the pressing calls of the Commander-in-Chief. 'The army is without lead, and I know not where to get an ounce to supply it; the General must retreat for want of ammunition.' 'Well, let him retreat,' replied the high and liberal minded Morris; 'but, cheer up; there are in the *Holkar* privateer, just arrived, ninety tons of lead, one half of which is mine, and at your service; the residue you can get by applying to Blair McClenachan & Holkar, both of whom are in the house with us.'

"I accepted the offer from Mr. Morris, said Mr. Commissioner Peters, with many thanks, and addressed myself immediately to the two gentlemen who owned the other half for their consent to sell; but they had already trusted a large amount of clothing to the Continental Congress, and were unwilling to give that body any further credit. I informed Mr. Morris of their refusal. 'Tell them,' said he, 'that I will pay them for their share.' This settled the business. The lead was delivered. I set three or four hundred men to work, who manufactured it into cartridge-bullets for Washington's army, to which it gave complete relief.

"The sequel of this anecdote shows that the supply was entirely accidental. The *Holkar* privateer was at Martinique preparing to return home, when her captain, Matthew Lawler, had this lead offered to him for ballast. Uncertain, however, whether the market would not be overstocked by arrivals from Europe, he had at first rejected, but, after some persuasion, received it on board. What thanks do we not owe to such men!"

Benedict Arnold lived at Mount Pleasant, having purchased the stately mansion (still preserved, near Belmont) from John McPherson in 1779. This he made over to his wife, reserving



to himself a life estate, which he forfeited upon the discovery of his treason during the following year.

Arnold took command of Philadelphia after its evacuation by the British, in June, 1778. Judge Peters never trusted Arnold. After the defection of the latter, Mr. Peters writes to an old friend as follows: "I left fifty thousand dollars to the order of Arnold for the payment of the clothing and stores. The traitor seized those articles and never paid for them, but converted the greater part of the money to his own use; among others, to buy the country-seat of Mr. McPherson, on the Schuylkill. Colonel Pickering and I detected him in ordering stores and provisions out of the public magazines to fit out privateers of his own, and for his extravagant family establishment. An attempt to stop this robbery produced between me and Arnold an open quarrel. I did not conceal, but wrote to headquarters, my want of confidence in Arnold. When his traitorous conduct at West Point became public, neither Colonel Pickering nor myself was the least surprised at it."

President Washington took great delight in the society of Judge Peters. When a morning of leisure permitted him to drive to Belmont, it was his constant habit so to do. "There," says Mr. Breck, "sequestered from the world, the torments and cares of business, Washington would enjoy a vivacious, recreative, and wholly unceremonious intercourse with the Judge, walking for hours, side by side, in the beautiful gardens beneath the dark shade of lofty hemlocks placed there by his ancestors a century ago. In these romantic grounds stood a chestnut-tree, reared from a Spanish nut, planted by the hand of Washington. Large, healthy, and fruitful, it was cherished at Belmont as a precious evidence of the intimacy that existed between those distinguished men."

In 1803, Peters promoted and chiefly directed the construction of the great bridge over the Schuylkill at the end of Market Street, in Philadelphia. In 1785, he visited England, where

he had a gracious reception. His experiments as a practical farmer at Belmont contributed most effectively to the success of agriculture, and his writings had a wide circulation, and produced permanent advantages. His wit was never offensive. To have shared the confidence of Washington is the best proof of the dignity of his character and the safety of his counsels. A report of his death got into circulation and produced general sorrow. He was riding, and was met by a stranger who told him the news. "Well," said the Judge to the astonished man, "I'm very glad to hear it; I have lived very long, but I never thought I would live long enough to hear that that man was dead." In his seventy-sixth year, dining with the Cincinnati Society, he saw that of the three hundred original members but forty remained. "I am the oldest survivor," he said, cheerfully; "and, as this is a military association which places the senior officer in the rear of the procession, I shall take my place there, and so see you all out, and reach the dismal goal last."

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## XLVIII.

### MORE OF THE ROMANCE OF FAIRMOUNT PARK, WITH SKETCHES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

RICHARD PETERS, Jr., the son of the Judge, is well and kindly remembered, alike in Philadelphia and Washington, as the successor of Henry Wheaton, reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States, the position now occupied by Mr. John William Wallace. His long residence in Washington, where he and his family wielded large influence, would make a sketch of his life exceedingly interesting if I had the time to give to it.

Extract of a letter from Richard Peters to Alexander Garden, in 1821 (December 20):

"Another occurrence in the catalogue of wants and unlooked-

for supplies at this moment presents itself. On our re-entering Philadelphia in June, 1778, after its evacuation by the British troops, we were hard pressed for ammunition. We caused the whole city to be ransacked in search of musket-paper. At length I thought of the garrets, etc., of old printing-offices. In that once occupied by Dr. Franklin when a printer, a vast collection was discovered. Among the mass was more than a cart-load of sermons on 'Defensive War,' preached by a famous Gilbert Tennent during the old British and French war, to rouse the colonists to indispensable exertion. These appropriate wrappers were instantly employed as cases for musket-cartridges, rapidly sent to the army, came most opportunely, and were fired away at the battle of Monmouth against our retreating foe. I never think of this important conflict without mortifying and not ill-informed convictions that, had General Charles Lee done his duty with the picked and best troops of our line, we should have gained a most decisive victory, and probably have shortened the duration of the contest."

"BELMONT, July 12, 1826.

"DEAR RICHARD [his son],—I have a diarrhœa which would forbid exposure at this hot season in any conveyance, but would be highly inconvenient in a crowded passage-boat. But, were I perfectly well, I should decline the jaunt you propose, very kindly, but against all the prejudices of my life. I never relished the assemblages of heterogeneous people at a watering-place. I think such promiscuous society a nuisance; and if I were compelled to choose one or the other, I would prefer the mosquitoes of Cape May to the company generally frequenting an insipid coast, as this certainly is.

"The deaths of Adams and Jefferson on the day of our birth as a nation, to which they so eminently contributed, is really a most extraordinary coincidence. It would take much time and trouble to set down the thousands of circumstances and sentiments immediately preceding and following that illustrious day. Some of them would prove what I do not wish to show—that Jefferson was the *feunman*, and not the *sole author*, of the celebrated Declaration attributed to him solely. I *know* the *materials* were collected by a caucus of friends to the measure, and he held the pen, contributing, at

the same time, no small proportion of the materials. I have often wondered that it has been so generally taken for granted that Mr. J. was the *author*, and everybody else the idle witnesses, of a measure which cost *us* many an anxious day and sleepless night, and many an investigation as to the grounds and reasons which we should assign for abandoning our allegiance. I was in the confidence of the leaders in the measure, and know that every one of at least a dozen patriotic and eminent men contributed to the Declaration whereof Mr. J. has the exclusive merit. I do not mean to detract from his merit, but I think it unjust in relation to sharers in the measure to attribute to him *all* the merit which such a state-paper most justly reflects with brilliant credit on all who contributed to its formation.

“Adams was the most distinguished promoter of the measure; sometimes spoke as if inspired. Jefferson had no faculty of speaking in public, but was most highly meritorious in his public as well as private character. No man ever lived or died to whom a country is more indebted for the blessings we enjoy. I know them both intimately, and I can attest their claims to disinterested patriotism, unmixed with sordid pursuits, which was much in fashion at this period.

Yours affectionately,

“RICHARD PETERS.

“R. Peters, Jr., Esq.”

At the risk of making this anecdote too long, I copy the following passage from the “Monthly Gossip” of *Lippincott's Magazine* for May, 1871, evidently the careful work of a warm friend of the family:

“It was as a punster that Peters was most widely known, great as was his reputation in more important respects. His memory has been better preserved by his amusing nonsense than by his instructive sense; and while his judicial opinions are only known to the profession, his jests are almost household words throughout the land. Men love to laugh, and he who induces them to do so is much surer of a kindly place in their recollection than any mover of their other emotions. The jokes of Sheridan have embalmed his name far more than his speeches; and even in regard to the latter he himself used to say that he depended for their success at least as much upon their flashes of merriment as upon those of inspiration. ‘When I make a happy jest, I’ve the country gentlemen with me to a



man,' was his boast. There can be no doubt that the sign which Peters hung from his office-window on beginning his professional career ('Richard Peters, Attorney-at-Law. Business done here at half-price. N. B. Half done')—a capital sign, by the way, for all half-price places—had the effect of tickling more fees out of passing pockets than could have been secured by more serious means. The subsequent position and repute of so distinguished a punster reflected lustre on the art of which he was so fond, raising it far above the pickpocket level to which it had been degraded by the lexicographical bear who never himself lost a chance of growling out a pun and chuckling hugely at the feat. Peters was colleague on the bench with Justice Washington of the Supreme Court—a quiet, severe man, of whom he used to say that Brother Washington was the strict judge, while *he* was the district judge. Justice Washington was in the habit of delivering the opinions of the court, and was, moreover, noted for a very vigorous appetite—two facts which caused his associate to call him the mouthpiece of the court. The most memorable decision of Peters was in an action brought by some sailors against a skipper for starving them. While their advocate was pathetically expatiating upon their torments, the Judge had some of the testimonial hard-tack handed to him, and began to munch it. Successfully bolting the whole biscuit, he interrupted the eloquent pleader by remarking that he need not go on, as he had quite digested his case. The jury took the hint, and, as what was good for Judge was good for Jack, found for the defendant. Another seafaring worthy, however, did not get out of his clutches with such flying colors. This was a superlative spinner of naval yarns, who, on returning from a cruise, assured a festive assemblage, of whom the Judge was one, that he had encountered a soap island, which he elaborately described. When he had finished, the Judge blandly requested to be informed if the making of that island didn't require a d——d

deal of lye. During the sojourn of Lafayette in Philadelphia, Peters was deputed to be his especial guide and friend; and it is said that he was nearly the death of the much-martyred Marquis. On one occasion he asked him if he wouldn't like to see a resuscitation of the Continental army, and on receiving an affirmative answer, collected a crowd of the raggedest rascals he could find and paraded them before the astonished hero, exclaiming, 'Here they are, General—rag, tag, and bob-tail, here they are!' When the two were riding together in the great procession, Lafayette complained of the dust, while the other laughed, and explained his mirth by saying that, being a judge, he was used to having dust thrown in his eyes; and when the arch across Chestnut Street was being carefully taken to pieces a few days later, he remarked that as the arch-destroyer was at work, there would be the devil to pay. There being a question of a national provision for Mrs. General Hamilton, General Erastus Root opposed it, to the disgust of the Judge, who said he hoped the devil would take root in New York. Seeing a lawyer in court handing another a piece of tobacco, he asked if that was a *quid pro quo*. At an agricultural dinner he entertained a countryman of more candor than courtesy by telling extraordinary stories; and when he paused, the man shouted, 'Tell us some more of your 'tarnal lies.' He did not like the low dresses of the ladies at the Lafayette ball, and said it was neck or nothing with them. Being joked about the probability of his nose and chin, which had great approximation, eventually meeting and quarrelling, he said he apprehended it himself, as a great many words had passed between them. To a person quite bald he remarked, 'George, you are the happiest man on earth; there is not a hair between you and heaven;' and to another who reminded him of the joke, he said it was a very bald observation. Being asked if the Schuylkill bridge would answer, he informed the inquirer that if he would ask at the gate he would be tolled;

adding that, at all events, it would be tried by its piers. He once projected a town called Mantua, and in fixing up an engraved plan of it to a post at the corner of the road for the information of passengers and purchasers, he contrived a glass cover to it, because, he said, the gunners would pepper it with shot if left unprotected, and everybody would see through his plan. The project, however, languished, and when one of his neighbors observed that he ought to complete the laying of it out, 'Yes, yes, indeed,' he sighed; 'it's high time to lay it out, for it has been dead these two years.' A neighbor, who kept a noisy pack of hounds, once complained of suffering from ague. 'Bless my soul!' he exclaimed, 'can't you cure it with all that bark?' At the trial of some pirates in South Carolina, the district judge acquitted them for want of a comma in the law. 'So, for want of a comma, the doings of the rascals will never be brought to a full stop.' A young lady telling a gentleman who was poking at the fire that she never saw any one stand so hot a fire so long with such good temper, 'Why, my child,' cried the Judge, 'a hot fire is the very thing that makes a good temper.' One of the members of the State Legislature, when the Judge was Speaker thereof, in crossing the hall tripped and fell, on which, of course, the legislators burst into a laugh. 'Order, order, gentlemen; don't you see that a member is on the floor?' was a rebuke which did not restore them to gravity. At the outbreak of the Revolution, the Judge was elected captain of a volunteer company of infantry. When he called on the paymaster to settle his first six months' accounts, that officer remarked they were large, and asked how many men he commanded. 'Not one,' replied the other. 'What! such heavy accounts as these, and you don't command one man?' 'No, sir, not one; but I'm commanded by ninety.'—a reply to which the usual insubordination of the militia gave almost as much truth as wit. Being accused of having called the city of Washington a hell, he denied the charge, on the

ground that he was too well aware, from the affair at Bladensburg, that its inhabitants couldn't stand fire. On the Western expedition against the Whiskey insurgents, Peters, who accompanied General Washington as district judge, happened one day to stop at a log-cabin where the interstices of the logs let in a good deal more air than was pleasant. Complaining of the cold and damp to the landlord, he was told they didn't mind such trifles there. 'That may be, sir, and you may add that you are a highly hospitable set, for you keep open house.' An ex-deputy attorney-general continued, from custom, to use the technical phrases of a public prosecutor, and apologized for the same. 'Yes, yes,' said the Judge, 'you are like the clapper of a bell, that keeps wagging after it has done sounding.' When Peters accompanied the expedition against the insurgents in 1794, as stated above, he and Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, undertook to pitch a tent, and while Hamilton was awkwardly digging the ditch, Peters attempted with a dull axe to point some pins. As he was hacking away, unconscious of observation, he heard a laugh behind him ; and, looking round, he beheld Colonel Guerney and some of his officers making merry at his efforts. The Colonel commanded a regiment of loafers, whose repute was such that they were denominated the Babes of Grace. 'Why, Judge,' said the Colonel, 'you have an axe that wants a new edge.' 'True,' said the other, 'and you have a regiment which would willingly *steal* it.' To some one whose patriotism was more a matter of interest than principle, and who laughed at him for the rustiness of a coat he was wearing, he explained the cause thereof by saying that his coat looked weather-beaten from his never turning it. Once, when the Judge was standing near Lafayette, a young military officer, in addressing the latter, exclaimed, 'Sir, although we were not born to partake of your Revolutionary hardships, yet should our country be attacked, we will not fail to tread in the shoes of our forefathers.' 'No, no," interrupted the Judge, 'that you



can't do, for they fought barefooted.' An old Colonel Forest coming up to the General, fell upon his neck and began to blubber. Peters whispered to the unfortunate victim that there were many kinds of trees in our forests, and that this was a weeping willow. 'Why don't you buy land in North Carolina?' asked a friend of the Judge. 'I'd rather buy it in the moon,' was the reply, 'for then I might sometimes see my purchase'—a reply not altogether in harmony with Macaulay's dictum, that an acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia. In the following lines his Honor makes a defence of his unprofessional quibbling, with which this little notice may appropriately conclude:

“THE CAVALIER AND THE PUNSTER.

“DIALOGUE.

“C. I admire you're so given to punning,  
Which is but an oxide of wit—  
As different as wisdom from cunning,  
Or a card for a ball from a writ.

“P. A pun is an innocent plaything,  
If it be not too low or absurd;  
It bounds like a frisky young stray thing,  
Gayly starting at once at the word.  
The sophist's a wily deceiver,  
Who, in language abstruse and uncouth,  
Confounds the unwary unbeliever,  
When he puns not on words, but on truth.  
The punster, in phrase analytic,  
Dissects, but is sportive and civil:  
While *he* is the prey of the critic,  
The sophist is marked for the devil.”

In the long ago, Philadelphia was a familiar city to the old States. It was, in fact, the American metropolis, not so distinguished for foreign habitudes, however much it may have borrowed these from its early British occupation, as because within its limits were developed the best traits of the early

pioneers in war and politics. Boston, New York, Charleston, and other cities had their Revolutionary trials ; but in Philadelphia, and around Philadelphia, the real excitements and sufferings of the Revolution were concentrated. Before the close of the eighteenth century it was the commercial centre. Its importers and shippers were almost without rivals. Some of their houses, down to 1812, did a yearly business of over two millions of dollars. The Calcutta and China trade was chiefly transacted in Philadelphia. Muslins and other East India fabrics were imported, and one establishment in a single year cleared one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and in another year one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The war of 1812 put a stop to importations, and the seat of foreign trade was transferred to New York. But Philadelphia redeemed herself by means of her coal and iron, and at the present time is, with one or two exceptions, the greatest manufacturing city in the world, the annual value of her manufacturing products reaching nearly four hundred millions of dollars.

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## XLIX.

ROBERT MORRIS, THE IMMORTAL FINANCIER OF THE AMERICAN  
REVOLUTION.—HIS SAD STORY.

THE Centennial visitor in 1876 often asked where Robert Morris, the unselfish patriot, the confidant and friend of Washington, the successful financier of the Revolution, lived during the days that tried men's souls. He was taken to what was known as Lemon Hill, and what is now one of the most beautiful situations in Fairmount Park, and near the entrance to that splendid enclosure called by its owner, Robert Morris, "The Hills." It contained, when he came into possession, about forty-five acres, handsomely laid out and adorned by him-

self. Here he resided, with some exciting intervals, from 1770 to 1798, twenty-eight years—a period which included the Revolution and the Presidency of Washington. His guests were the leaders best honored in our early history—Franklin, John Adams, Hancock, and other signers of the Declaration, members of the Continental Congress, officers of the army and navy, and representative men from all States and countries. Here he framed his great schemes for the salvation of the credit of the nation, and here he planned those private enterprises which led to his final financial ruin. Certainly, no character of those times deserves a more careful study. It is a warning and an example. It proves that illustrious services for the State are soon overlooked, and that the man who forgets himself for his country is generally more unfortunate than the man who forgets his country for himself. Robert Morris was a composition of vast conceptions. Born in Lancashire, England, in January, 1733, son of a Liverpool merchant extensively engaged in the American trade, who brought him to this country when he was thirteen years of age; taken into the counting-house of Mr. Charles Willing, the great Philadelphia importer, and afterwards a partner in the extensive importing-house of Thomas Willing, he grew into fortune and influence, especially in financial and business circles. In 1775 his public life began. Elected to Congress on the 18th of July, 1776, after the Declaration of Independence was adopted, he affixed his signature to it, because he was one of its stanchest supporters. Washington's army was almost constantly hampered for want of supplies. After the retreat across New Jersey in 1776, Morris borrowed on his own note ten thousand dollars, and sent the money to Washington.

The cost of the Revolutionary War, contrasted with the millions squandered to conquer the colonists, not only proves the immense obstacles against which they had to contend, but serves to prove, after the lapse of more than a hundred

years, the incalculable services of this bold and fertile financier. He is the example, at least in our history, of undaunted and of poorly requited patriotism. The eminent Judge Peters, referred to in my last anecdote, states that the financial means furnished by Robert Morris were the main-springs of transportation and supplies for the glorious achievements which effectually secured our independence. He issued his own notes for one million four hundred thousand dollars; they passed freely, and at the value of specie, and were in time all redeemed. The Bank of North America, which he founded with money supplied from abroad, and on the credit of his particular friends and others in this country, "assisted him most eminently." In 1781 he was appointed financial agent of the Government, and continued such until September, 1784. He was a member of the State Legislature, a delegate to the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, a United States Senator for a full term, ending in 1795, when he retired from public life. His services and sacrifices during the Revolution were incalculable. It is not doubted that when Washington selected his Cabinet he desired to make Morris his Secretary of the Treasury. Morris declined, and Washington asked him to designate the person for the place. He designated Alexander Hamilton.

If other men were distinguished for their physical valor in battle, Morris was eminent for his moral courage. An Englishman born, he risked life and fortune for his adopted country. With his large wealth earned in honorable trade, with no aspiration but that of serving the colonies, he had nothing to win for himself. If he had been a selfish man, he would have adhered to the Crown; but in the hour of trial he forgot personal interest, and stood by the colonies. It is quite natural that the universal acknowledgment that he had been the chief civic instrumentality in saving the cause should induce him to believe that he could not be defeated in other enterprises; and



so, after the Revolution and his retirement from the Senate, he began a series of bold and unprecedented enterprises, in full confidence in his lucky star. Reviewing these ventures in the light of the great schemes initiated in succeeding generations, schemes in too many cases the overthrow of their projectors, we are reminded how often a great state or a great nation is indebted to the self-sacrificing daring of its sons. It is the old, old story repeated. Robert Fulton, James Watt, and John Fitch lost worldly wealth to secure to mankind the incalculable benefits of steam locomotion. All died poor. The posterity of Oliver Evans, whose great inventions are universally recognized, are to-day struggling for a livelihood. Nicholas Biddle was perhaps the most undaunted pioneer in the development of the resources of Pennsylvania and the South, and yet he is only remembered because of his connection with the unfortunate Bank of the United States. To-day the most unpopular names in party circles are the names of Oakes Ames and his coadjutors, because of their connection with the *Crédit Mobilier*; and yet but for their supreme confidence in the Government, but for the readiness with which they invested their personal means in a long-delayed and long-doubted undertaking, we should not now be placed in direct connection with some of the richest portions of the civilized world; we should not now be adding incalculably to our resources on the Pacific shore, and to the substance and wealth of hundreds of citizens a few years ago struggling for a living. The pages that record the career of Robert Morris after the Revolution are in the last degree discreditable to his country. While he was successful, while he was toiling for the public, while he was the confidant and stay of Washington, while his country-mansion at Lemon Hill was the resort of the refined and patriotic, his name shone like a star; but when, in his after-efforts to grasp empire and to beautify the city of Philadelphia, disaster overtook him, thousands who had profited by his unflinching efforts for the

public weal turned from him, and allowed him to linger out the last years of his life in the Prune Street jail! How painful the parallel! Ought we not to reflect upon it even now, when we have no word too bitter for the daring pioneers of the present day, so many of whom, after covering a nation with benefits, have died of broken hearts and broken fortunes? His great Land Company, formed February 20, 1795 (and be it remarked that Robert Morris never looked after his own affairs, never utilized his opportunities while he was holding public office and representing the people), with a capital of over six millions of dollars, intended to bring the land of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia into market, was a failure. He was president of the Schuylkill, Susquehanna, and Delaware Canal Company, one of the greatest improvements of his age. No scheme was too broad for his broad mind. He undertook more than a single man could carry—here again setting an example fatally followed in the present times. He placed confidence in men who first used and then betrayed him. And after ten years of trouble the end came; he was committed to jail for debt. From February, 1798, to the passage of the United States bankrupt law in 1802, four years, Robert Morris suffered imprisonment. The venerable Samuel Breck, himself a most interesting character, born in Boston, 1791, and dying in Philadelphia, 1862, well remembered in Washington for his practical talents as a member of Congress from 1823 to 1825, had a high regard for Robert Morris. He visited him twice while he was in Prune Street prison, and, after he left him, he said, "I had the honor of being the guest of that great man before his fall, both at his dinner and evening parties, and entertained for him the highest respect and kindest regard." Noble words! How few ever think of the hospitalities they enjoyed at the hands of the broken princes of our day! While Morris was in prison, General Washington, on September 21, 1799—the very year in

which Washington died—wrote a kind letter to Mrs. Robert Morris, then stopping at Winchester, Virginia, inviting herself and daughter to visit him and Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon. The celebrated Dr. Physick's certificate will show how and when Robert Morris died: "Philadelphia, 8th May, 1806. Robert Morris, senior, Esq., aged seventy-three years, died last night of a fever.—P. S. Physick."

There is one passage in the life of Robert Morris familiar enough to the old citizens of Philadelphia, and doubtless not unknown to many in other States, the descendants of the men who served during the Administration of General Washington, which deserves to be revived for the benefit of the present generation, and particularly as we approach our Bicentennial. The square or block extending from Chestnut to Walnut Street, and from Seventh to Eighth Street, in the city of Philadelphia, one corner of which is now occupied by Forney's *Press* building, was purchased by Robert Morris in 1795 for ten thousand pounds sterling, or fifty thousand dollars. When he bought this property it was known as the Norris Pasture Fields, and had been used by that family to feed their cattle. Those of my readers who live in or visit Philadelphia will hardly credit this statement. In less than eighty years this block or square has become one of the commercial centres of Philadelphia, and there is hardly a house on Chestnut Street that would not sell for twice as much as Robert Morris paid for the whole space! Here the retired statesman, the conquering millionaire, the man who had rescued the Government on more than one occasion from bankruptcy, resolved to erect for himself a magnificent private residence. His architect was the celebrated Major L'Enfant, the same who had assisted in laying out the city of Washington—a man of genius, if not of discretion, whose own ideas were more magnificent than the resources of his patron. Morris determined to have the best of everything, and he engaged the Frenchman to draw the plans for the great house. The latter supposed it

might be built for sixty thousand dollars. A short time dissolved the dream. The cellars alone were to be some three stories under ground ; there was a complete labyrinth of passages ; the scheme became a sort of bottomless abyss. Still Morris persevered, found more money, and the edifice slowly progressed to its second story. Then the roof was put on, and the powers of Morris were exhausted. He had imported the most costly furniture, and begun to beautify it with classic statuary. Four of the sides were of entire marble, and much of the ornamentation worked in expensive relief. At this time the block between Seventh and Eighth streets and Chestnut and Walnut streets was elevated twelve to fifteen feet above the present level. The effect of a palace of such extent, although only two stories, fronting on Chestnut Street, can readily be imagined. Before it was finished it was sold by the sheriff, and bought by Mr. William Sansom, a wealthy Quaker. The street which now divides this valuable block is called Sansom Street, after that gentleman, and has latterly become a sort of publishers' square, in which the choicest law-books are for sale by the great house of Henry Charles Lea and that of the late John Campbell, a bookseller of wide repute, and for many years a leader of the Democratic party in Philadelphia. The building materials were bought by Mr. Thomas Billington. Thus, while poor Morris was suffering in prison, what he had intended to be not only a monument to himself, but to the city of Philadelphia, was torn down, and all its beautiful furniture and statuary scattered. The *alto-rilievo* tablets were placed in semicircles over the windows in the wings of the old Chestnut Street Theatre, now also dismantled, but once recalled as the temple in which Fanny Kemble, Ellen Tree, Mrs. Wood, Macready, Forrest, Jefferson, Warren, and all the celebrities, their contemporaries and successors, displayed their varied talents before audiences in which were many as distinguished as themselves in the various professions.

Like the great palace of Robert Morris, like the theatre it-



self, all are gone except only Independence Hall, nearly opposite, which still stands as it stood in 1776, and will, by the blessing of God, remain for years and years as a memorial of the patriotism of our fathers.

Robert Morris left seven children, five sons and two daughters. Of the latter, one married James Marshall, of Virginia, brother of the Chief-justice, and the other married Henry Nixon, President of the Bank of North America, both of whom leave descendants living respectively in Virginia and in Washington, District of Columbia.

Of the sons, three were married—namely, Robert, the oldest, whose eldest son, Dr. R. Morris, of Spruce Street, above Broad, is still living. His eldest son, Robert, died in Libby Prison during the late Rebellion, major of the 6th Cavalry. He left two daughters, now stepdaughters of Hon. George M. Dallas. Another son, Thomas, married and settled in New York, and was United States Marshal under President Jackson. All his sons are deceased, Commodore Henry W. Morris, who commanded the *Pensacola* at the capture of New Orleans, under Farragut, dying in 1863, and his youngest son, Charles J., Lieutenant 8th Infantry, United States Army, killed at the storming of Chapultepec in Mexico. His youngest son, Henry, died in Philadelphia in 1843, while sheriff, leaving three sons—Robert, now living at the national capital, being one of the mercantile appraisers; William, living in Virginia; and Henry, killed in battle under Walker, in Nicaragua.

The direct male descendants of the financier now living are three grandsons, four great-grandsons, and one great-great-grandson (born in Virginia in 1875), also bearing the name of Robert Morris.

## L.

STATES HONORABLY HONORING THEIR MEN OF CULTURE.—

HON. W. D. KELLEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

AMERICAN history proves that the State which honors its distinguished sons strengthens itself; and, on the other hand, that the State which depreciates and discards its acknowledged intellect weakens itself. Let us illustrate. Massachusetts took John Adams from private life at an early age, and the country adopted him into its service from his appointment as commissioner to the Court of Versailles in 1777 down to his retirement from the Presidency in 1801. His distinguished son, John Quincy Adams, began his career as American Minister to Holland in 1794, and remained abroad in the diplomatic service until 1801. Massachusetts made him a Senator in Congress from 1803 to 1808. Then the nation called him into its service in 1809 as Minister to Russia, and as Minister to England in 1815. Secretary of State under Monroe from 1817 to 1825, President of the United States from 1825 to 1829, when Massachusetts took him back, and sent him as her representative to Congress from 1841 until his death, in 1848.

The same great State elected Daniel Webster to the Lower House of Congress in 1812, and re-elected him. In 1822, after a distinguished interval at the bar and in other public positions, he was again returned to the House, where he remained until 1827, when he was chosen to the Senate of the United States, serving in that high body with memorable distinction until he was called into the Cabinet of President Harrison in 1841. Re-elected to the Senate in 1845, he remained there until 1850, when he was again appointed Secretary of State by President Fillmore.

Charles Sumner was elected Senator in 1851, and remained there until his death, on the 12th day of March, 1874.

Kentucky early saw and seized the opportunity to utilize the wonderful talents of Henry Clay. In 1803, when in his twenty-sixth year, he was elected to the Legislature. In 1806 he was appointed to fill out the term of General Adair in the Senate of the United States. In 1807 he was again elected to the Legislature and chosen Speaker. In 1809 he was elected to the United States Senate for the unexpired term of Mr. Thurston. In 1811 he was sent to the Lower House of Congress, chosen Speaker on the first day of his appearance in that body, and five times re-elected to that high position; Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, which post he filled four years. He returned to Kentucky in 1829, and in 1831 was chosen United States Senator, where he remained until 1842, when he resigned; but was called back to the Senate in 1849, and remained there till his death, September 6, 1852.

Thomas H. Benton was elected Senator in Congress from Missouri in 1821, and served thirty years in that body. South Carolina sent her favorite son, John C. Calhoun, to Washington, and kept him there nearly all his life. In the period dating from his election to the Legislature, in 1808, down to his death, in Washington city, March 31, 1850, he served as Secretary of War under Monroe, Vice-President with General Jackson, Senator in Congress, Secretary of State under Tyler, and again United States Senator.

I could extend the list with sketches of Lewis Cass, Martin Van Buren, William Allen, Sam Houston, John M. Clayton, Stephen A. Douglas, Silas Wright, George Poindexter, John Forsyth, John J. Crittenden, Samuel L. Southard, William L. Dayton, Daniel S. Dickinson, George Evans, James Buchanan, Robert Toombs, R. M. T. Hunter, and William R. King, all of whom were preferred for their great talents, and retained in the public service for many years. Any one of these men, utilizing in private life his great gifts, inherent and acquired, would have died richer, but comparatively unknown.

Their public career, filled with sacrifices, left them in the end, with few exceptions, poor men. General Cass was enriched by the enhanced value of the real estate he had bought about Detroit. The Adamses were men of reasonable fortune. But, in looking over the whole list, there are few or none that may be called really wealthy; while the large majority, as I have said, died poor. This was notably so of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Douglas, Clayton, Crittenden, George Evans, Tom Corwin, and Silas Wright. They had to be content with fame, and this was a heritage reflecting honor upon their posterity and upon their country. They served their constituents like faithful servants. There could be no money compensation for such services. Without exception, not one of these was ever connected with a doubtful transaction. Obtaining their positions alone through their great talents, they held them to the end without reproach.

In discussing this subject, I am reminded of a statesman now in the House of Representatives at Washington, who may be taken as a fair illustration of the policy of electing capable men to Congress, and keeping them there. I mean the Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania. Judge Kelley has outlived opposition and envy, in the sense that now, when he is approaching his sixty-seventh year, nobody questions his rare and varied capacities. He was first elected to Congress in 1860, and has served continuously through seven consecutive Congresses; his district has profited more by his persevering and unusual service than if its people had paid him a fortune every year to stand by their interests and their honor. This may be called high praise, but I believe it to be deserved.

Judge Kelley was born in Philadelphia in 1814. Commencing life as a reader in a printing-office, he was seven years an apprentice in a jewelry establishment; removed to Boston, and followed his trade there for four years; returned to Philadelphia; studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1841, and for



some years held the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of that city. Up to 1848, or thereabouts, he was a Democrat and a free-trader; but doubtless his Boston experience and his association with the liberal thinkers of Massachusetts led him to a careful study of the slavery question, while his intimacy with the old-fashioned statesmen of Pennsylvania, and his knowledge of the peculiar resources and needs of his native State, induced him to accept the protection of American industry as the best policy for a new and growing country. He is singularly equipped for responsible leadership. It is not often that you find a combination of high oratorical powers and innate capacity for investigation and study. The declaimer is too frequently a mere rhetorician; but in the case of Judge Kelley you realize unusual speaking capacity, admirable manners, a rich melodious voice, an imposing presence, and an aptitude for statistics and for details, with an insatiate desire to trace every proposition to its sources. One of his friends—the venerable Henry C. Carey—says of Judge Kelley, “Put him in a balloon, sail away with him for a thousand miles, and then drop him down on a strange country, he will at once proceed to ascertain the name of the region, and to master the habits of the people and the productions of the soil.” I remember well, after the war, at an informal meeting in my rooms on Capitol Hill, Washington, composed of Northern and Southern men, assembled to aid in the commercial reconstruction of the South, how Judge Kelley amazed the whole company—having accidentally dropped in while we were conversing—by his accurate and intimate knowledge of the resources of the old and new States, many of which he had never visited. Such a man is a treasure to any constituency. Like Benton in Missouri; like Stevens in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; like Webster and Sumner in Massachusetts; like Tom Corwin in Ohio; like Douglas in Illinois—Judge Kelley sometimes gives offence to the politicians; but the people are true to him because they

are proud of him, because he serves them honestly, and because the best years of his life have been given to their cause. His efforts in favor of American industry alone entitle him to their lasting gratitude. The great district he represents—the centre of so many enterprises ; the trophy, so to speak, of American manufactures ; the seat of a superb and increasing civilization around the Centennial grounds (which are but a short distance from his residence in West Philadelphia), four years ago the seat of the finest exhibition of human inventions and skill in the world's history—this great district ought never to be indifferent to the man who has done so much by his individual example, by his assiduity, tenacity, and energy, to prove that that country is most prosperous where labor secures the highest reward. It is to the credit of Judge Kelley that, extreme and exacting Abolitionist and Radical as he has been and is, no man has gone further to promote the practical reconciliation of the sections. His efforts in this behalf have not been displayed in party speeches and appeals, but in the collection and publication of a mass of convincing statistics to show that the proper way to develop a patriotic spirit in the South is to develop the material resources of the South. No character that I have attempted to describe in these sketches of public men deserves, on the whole, a more careful study at the hands of my youthful readers than William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania. Feeble in health, he is still an active and powerful leader, and I could wish no better fortune to his constituents than that he may live many years to honor and to serve them in the Congress of his country.

## LI.

FAMOUS SCENES, CHARACTERS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF EAST FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—BEN FRANKLIN, BENEDICT ARNOLD, BARON STEUBEN, TOM MOORE, ETC.

WHAT is known as East Fairmount Park is among the most romantic divisions of that unequalled combination of nature and history. The visitor to the Centennial grounds approaches the East Park by the Green Street entrance, passing by Rogers's statue of Mr. Lincoln, the boat-houses of the Schuylkill Navy (a series of handsome buildings, constructed of every model, and covered with creeping vines); and, if it is a pleasant afternoon, the river before you is covered with various kinds of craft, from the capacious pleasure-boats filled with jolly parties to the delicate shells in which amateur oarsmen are preparing for some approaching regatta. Following this road along the eastern bank of the beautiful Schuylkill, which, though hidden from view by deep, dense forests and a wonderful abundance of flowers and foliage, flashes upon you at intervals, you pass a series of ancient estates, all of them more or less identified with the Revolutionary days. One of them, the Woodford Mansion, was built by William Coleman, the friend of Franklin, and was afterwards the residence of Daniel Franks, a gentleman of large business connections in Philadelphia and New York during and after the Revolution. His son, Major Franks, was an aide-de-camp to Arnold before the latter's defection, but was himself a true patriot. His daughter, Miss Franks, was celebrated for her wit and beauty in the days of the Republican Court.

The other residence is far more interesting. This is known as Mount Pleasant, and is an object of considerable curiosity because it was purchased from the owner by Benedict Arnold in March, 1779, and afterwards settled upon his wife, reserving

to himself a life-estate, which was forfeited after his treason. The mansion then became the residence of Baron Steuben, the great Prussian soldier, who, after serving the colonies with distinguished disinterestedness, retired at the close of the war, and died near Trenton Falls, New Jersey. The buildings are in a wonderful state of preservation, and are objects of the especial care of the Park Commission. They are admirable specimens of the architecture of the Revolutionary period. They were erected, somewhere about 1761, by John McPherson, who owned them from that time till 1779. Beautiful beyond description, and rarely interesting from the circumstances I have related, they prove that, at that early day, the banks of the Schuylkill, though distant from the city, and difficult of approach, were preferred by the men of the Revolution.

Among other efforts preparatory to the Centennial was a committee on the restoration of Independence Hall, which included a national museum, under the auspices of a number of ladies, most of them descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A large variety of portraits, manuscripts, and other relics of the sacred past were successfully collected; and some time in September of 1875 Major Ben Perley Poore, the Massachusetts antiquary, offered to add certain valuable mementoes of 1776 to this interesting collection. Of course, his offer was accepted; but Colonel Frank M. Etting, Chairman of the Committee on the Restoration of Independence Hall, resolved to make a special depository of these precious souvenirs. These were his words:

"It appears unwise to postpone the collection of such material as can be procured from Major Poore and from other sources; besides which a mansion of the olden time, fully equipped from garret to kitchen, would be an appropriate concomitant of the Centennial Exposition, vying in public interest with almost any other memorial of the days we intend to celebrate.

"In the magnificent grounds of Fairmount, in almost perfect



condition, untenanted, stands a fine specimen of a gentleman's residence in 1776—Mount Pleasant. Nor is it devoid of historical associations, General Baron Steuben having resided therein. Possibly there, too, was prepared by him the first army manual, so instrumental in disciplining the patriots of the Revolution. It would be perfectly feasible, with the assistance of the Board of Lady Managers of the Museum, to furnish this house completely in the style which prevailed at the time of its erection, if, in concurrence with this committee, you deem the project advisable and will afford your joint aid."

Benedict Arnold was very well known in Philadelphia. His wife, originally Miss Shippen, as I have said in a former paper, was a Philadelphian, a belle much admired by the officers on both sides. Major André was intimate in the family of her father before her marriage with General Arnold. After his defection there was, of course, immense excitement in Philadelphia; and in September, 1780, the populace were called together to witness the burning of Arnold in effigy. This took place on High Street Hill. His figure had two faces, and a mask in his left hand. Near him was the devil in black robes, holding out to him a purse of money. The procession began from the rear of the present Methodist (St. George's) Church in Fourth Street, "headed," says Watson in his "Annals," "by several gentlemen on horseback, by a line of Continental officers, and by a guard of city infantry. The 'Rogue's March' was played all the way."

In that admirable little work on Fairmount Park by Charles S. Keyser, decidedly the best that has yet been published, we find the lovely drive along the Schuylkill River graphically described. Few of my distant readers have ever heard that Tom Moore, the celebrated Irish poet, had a small cottage on the Schuylkill. The two old trees which, in the lyric poet's time threw their grateful shadows over its roof and humble door, are well stricken in years. The cottage is still standing. It is

only about twenty-five feet long by fourteen or sixteen feet wide. Before Moore was famous, when not much over age, he made a tour, in 1804, through the United States, and did not hesitate to say that he preferred Philadelphia to any other city. In a letter to his mother, June 26, 1804, referring to his Philadelphia friends, he wrote, "I felt quite a regret in leaving them; the only place which I had seen, and which I had one wish to pause in, was Philadelphia." Mr. Keyser says that that which is perhaps the sweetest of his ballads, beginning with the following familiar lines, was composed in the old cottage on the Schuylkill:

"I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in this world,  
A heart that was humble might hope for it here.'"

A curious little dinner-party, composed of seven Irishmen, took place in this cottage on May 28, 1858—the anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Moore. They had toasts and songs and plenty of "Mountain Dew," and formed a Moore Club to meet once in each month, and at the cottage on each anniversary of Moore's birthday. It is not unlikely that this organization is still in existence.

All along this river there are clubs of every description—fishing-clubs, skating-clubs, boat-clubs; clubs literary, political, and benevolent—many with their own establishments, and others organized in the city and coming out here to breakfast or dine. What is called "The State in Schuylkill" is the most unique of these organizations. Nearly a century and a half ago, in 1732, certain gentlemen leased an acre of the tract which begins at "Solitude" and extends to the Sweet Briar Mansion along the Schuylkill, which they enclosed with a worm fence. The owner of the tract or farm was William Warner, a Quaker, and to him the company, as a yearly rental, delivered every spring, on a

large pewter plate, "three sun perch fish," and they elevated him to the dignity of a baron, so that he might be the more worthy to receive this tribute. Here every year they smoked the calumet of peace with the Indians, and here they have maintained their festivities and their organization. They have a governor to order their general affairs, a sheriff to serve writs of execution, and a coroner. The ceremonies of the past are still preserved. They have since moved lower down the Schuylkill, near Gray's Ferry. They have had many illustrious guests. I copy from the record the most memorable days of the company:

*October 10, 1767.*—The great repast, when a turtle was served which cost, when beef was three cents a pound and madeira thirty cents a bottle, four pounds and ten shillings, one third the cost of their house.

*June 14, 1787.*—The entertainment of his Excellency General Washington, with the officers of the army and navy, in their old court-house; its most memorable day.

*July 4, 1788.*—When the great National Jubilee was celebrated there with great pomp and circumstance.

*March, 1789.*—When one of the members caught with a lay-out line a fifteen-inch trout—a marvellous feat for all time. Judge Peters on this occasion had a seat near General (President) Wharton. "We want some wine," said the General to one of the younger members; "please *call* John." "I would suggest," said the Judge, "that it would be safer to *bring* the demi-John."

*September 15, 1791.*—When a sturgeon leaped from the river into one of their bateaux, and was captured by these steady-nerved fishermen, confirming, if it needed confirmation, what old John Holmes had written about this fish (1689):

"The sturgeon briskly through the waters bounce,  
And now and then they into boats do flounce."

1793.—During the terrible fever, when there were fed from

the fish-house table a multitude of persons, rich and poor, with fresh fish every morning.

1825.—When Lafayette completed the tour of all the states of the Union, as he said, by a visit to this State, and feelingly alluded to the time when he crossed this river in the dark days of the Revolution.

On the occasion of the reception of Lafayette, Judge Peters was present, and sang with the happiest effect, to the great delight of his old Revolutionary companions. Among the toasts that day were those which are always annually given : “The Memory of their Governor, Morris ;” “The Army ;” “The Navy ;” “Our Sister States ;” “The State in Schuylkill ;” “Our Country ;” and these :

“National Gratitude. The brightest jewel in the nation’s diadem.

“Our Distinguished Guest, and the Nation’s. The name of Lafayette is engraven on every heart—a worthy associate of his great military father.

“The Heroes of the Revolution. Living or dead, their glory is imperishable.

“The Memory of our Father—Washington.”

*May 1, 1832.*—The day of their centenary, a great festive occasion, made beautiful with tributes of flowers gathered on the banks of this river, and song, and honor to the dead of the Republic, and their own ; and of good Izaak Walton, of blessed memory. Among their toasts that day he was not forgotten, as never are forgotten the fathers of the Revolution.

1860.—When the Governor of Pennsylvania (A. G. Curtin) was received by the Governor of this ancient State in Schuylkill, at the court-house, with such mutual formalities as befitted the representatives of these sovereignties ; for no other of our States is more ancient, nor has been always so honest, wise, and temperate in its counsels, as the State in Schuylkill.

The name of the Schuylkill, given by the Dutch, is said to



express *Hidden Creek*, while from the Indians it bore the name of Manajung, or Manayunk. The river scenery was greatly enjoyed by Franklin, whose custom it was to go out there with his companions to take a walk on Sundays in the woods bordering it. Of this river and its Revolutionary memories I shall have more to say.

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## LII.

SEEKING AND FINDING THE GRAVES OF WILLIAM PENN AND HIS TWO WIVES AND FIVE CHILDREN AT JORDANS, NEAR WINDSOR CASTLE.

ON Monday, September 7, 1874, in company with Colonel Douglas D. Muter, editor of the *Anglo-American Times*, and his excellent lady, I fulfilled my promise to visit the grave of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Apart from this specific object, the jaunt itself was most agreeable. A ride of eighteen miles from London, over the Great Western Railway, brought us to Slough Station, and a short walk from that to one of the most famous of the old English inns, known as Botham's Hotel, Salt Hill. Imagine a long three-story brick house almost covered by the brilliant evergreen the Wistaria, planted in 1817 by the father of the present proprietor, and trained to the roof over most of the outer walls, while the gable of the house was sheathed in the joint growth of the Virginia creeper and the ivy. Mr. Botham himself was coming down the road as we reached his door, and gave us a hearty welcome. The view from this porch was full of history and of natural beauty.

Windsor Castle, with its royal towers, about two miles distant, appeared through an opening in the ancient trees of the garden opposite the hotel—a magnificent picture in a frame of

foliage. In the same perspective were the buildings of Eton College, founded by Henry VI. in 1446, the place of preliminary instruction for the sons of the nobility and gentry, of whom there are now about seven hundred and fifty pupils, a tithe being "foundation scholars." I had seen Windsor Castle twice before; the last time a few days previous. I had passed through its tapestried and pictured halls; had witnessed the stately Episcopal service in the splendid St. George's Chapel, hung with the banners of the Knights of the Garter, including the coats-of-arms of all the reigning monarchs, who are all members of this ancient order; had visited the stables of Victoria and seen her fine horses and carriages; but here we saw it two miles off, in the splendor of an English autumn, and a glorious panorama it was! Our host, Mr. Botham—a fine specimen of the old-school Boniface, who has grown rich by the increase of his property, looking more like a Sir Roger de Coverley than an innkeeper—took us up-stairs to the "King's Room," and there related his recollections of the days of post-coaches and turn-pikes, long before the railroad pierced the valley and the steam-engine drove away the horses and stages, out of which his father and himself coined such large profits from the travelling nobility. He distinctly recollected when seventy-three coaches a day had stopped at his father's hotel or passed on the great road; now there is hardly one! On the walls of the "King's Room" were the portraits of the allied sovereigns who had breakfasted there in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo. Early in the century the roads were in a fearful condition, in many cases utterly impassable, and he told the story of a young nobleman who came to the inn one night, torn and bleeding, having been knocked down and robbed on Hounslow Heath hard by, on his way home. "If my boy had not run away and lost me," said the young lord, "I should have brought the highwayman with me." In a few minutes a one-horse chaise was at the door, and we started after the chief object of

my visit. The ride to Stoke-Pogis, about two miles, and the lonely old church and the church-yard where Gray, the author of the "Elegy," is buried, near the sacred elms and yew-trees he immortalized, and the view of the monument to his memory in the grounds of Stoke Park, were all charming. This was not the estate of William Penn, but of his relatives. Some of them were buried in the church. I sat in the great "Penn pew," like a small drawing-room, beautifully furnished, and now used by the present owner of the estate, Mr. Coleman, and noted the evidences of a near approach to ritualism in the decoration of the main interior. I read the inscription on the old tombstone which covered the remains of Thomas Gray and his wife, walked through the old house in which he wrote one of his best poems, and took a long look at the monument on which were carved three of the verses of his "Elegy." The great house of the place—an estate of eight hundred acres—showed finely in the background; and the herds of deer, the artificial lake, and the spacious green stretches of the finished lawn and fields, relieved by aged yet vigorous trees, made the fitting decorations around the sepulchre of one of the sweetest of English poets.

And yet there was not a trace in all this splendor of William Penn! His name had been confounded with his Church-of-England kindred; but I saw that he was regarded as the founder of the chief mansion, and even as the man who had erected the monument to Gray! At length I ventured to ask, "Can you tell me of a place called Jordans?" Nobody knew. Finally Mr. Simpson, the intelligent manager of the estate, thought we could find it by driving over to Beaconsfield, about eight miles off, and, so directed, we drove through the odorous lanes of beeches to the village famous as the country residence of Mr. Disraeli, the ex-Prime-minister of England, originally his late wife's property, and now his own. It seems quite extensive, and the house is evidently one of the oldest and

best. But what a sleepy village ! Broad, clean streets, yet no signs of thrift or work ; all dull and cheerless. Here we stopped to have our horse shod ; but nobody could tell us about "Jordans ;" nobody had heard of William Penn ; even the driver, after going a mile farther, confessed that he had no clew to it. Could we have passed it ? "What is that ?" I said to Colonel Muter, pointing to a small field or lot with a few tombstones shining white through the beeches. "That is evidently a family graveyard," said my friend, leaping out to prove it, and, running down a narrow lane to the gate, he exclaimed, "Here it is !" We followed to find "Jordans," and a more secluded and desolate spot you could not conceive. The brick Quaker meeting-house was shut, and as we looked in through the dirty windows we found a dreary silence, hardly relieved by vacant benches. The old woman who lived in the front rooms was out, and there was nobody to talk to us but the few white headstones in the adjacent lot ; and this is what they said :

First row : five stones over five graves. On the first was "William Penn, 1718, and Hannah Penn, 1726 ;" on the second, "Gulielma Maria Penn, 1689 ;" on the third, "Mary Pennington, 1682 ;" on the fourth, "Isaac Pennington, 1679 ;" on the fifth, "Isaac Rule, 1765," and directly across the path, opposite to "William Penn and Hannah Penn," was a stone marked "Five Children of William Penn," placed at the head of the first of five small graves. On the row behind William Penn and his first and second wives, Hannah and Guli, were five other headstones, marked successively "Letitia Penn" (no date) ; "Springett Penn, 1690 ;" "Mary Freame" (no date) ; "John Pennington, 1710 ;" "Mary Ellwood, 1708 ;" "Thomas, 1713 ;" "William Masterman, 1848 ; Lydia Masterman." It was evident that these stones had been put there recently, and that the graves had all been raised. From the local history I extract the following note, which partially sustains this view.



The place is far from being as picturesque as the writer paints it; indeed, it would be altogether depressing but for its grove of beautiful beeches:

“The hamlet of Jordans, noted as the burial-place of William Penn and several of the earlier members of the Society of Friends, forms a triangle with the two villages of Chalfont St. Giles and Chalfont St. Peter, and is distant about two miles from each. Here, in a spot remarkable for the beauty of its situation, is a little meeting-house belonging to the Society of Friends, surrounded by a verdant graveyard. In 1671 the land was purchased and appropriated for a burial-ground, and the meeting-house appears to have been built in 1687–88; for, according to a deed belonging to the estate, the land and meeting-house were conveyed to certain trustees in 1688, when it was described as the new-built house and tenements called ‘New Jordans.’ From another deed we learn that in 1748 there was a little more land added to the upper end of the grave land, given by Samuel Vandervaal for a burial-place for himself and family. This remains to the present day separated from the rest of the ground. The monthly meetings of the Society were held at Hunger Hill from 1670 to 1727, that house during the greater portion of the time being in the occupation of Thomas Ellwood.

“Jordans Friends’ meeting-house is a plain brick building, with a tiled roof and latticed windows. In the interior it is panelled with oak. There is a good-sized cottage adjoining it, the principal chamber of which was evidently used in former times as a gallery on occasions of overcrowded meetings, as it communicates with the meeting-house by means of shutters. Attached to the back is a stable for twenty horses. The situation is peculiarly picturesque, and sequestered in a dell surrounded by beech woods. The burial-ground is nearly full, but only a few of the graves can be identified. These are tenanted by William Penn, and five of his children, who died young; Isaac,

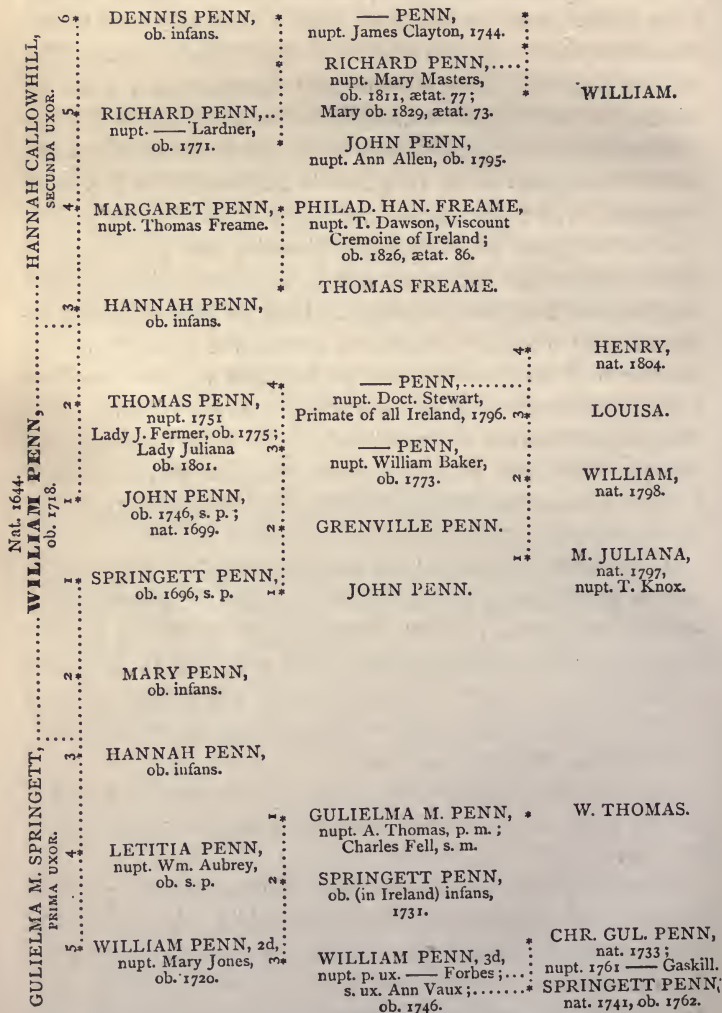
Mary, and John Pennington; Thomas and Mary Ellwood; Mary Freame, and Joseph Rule. In the piece of ground above alluded to there is a vault wherein Samuel Vandervaal and his wife are interred. There is no notice to be found as to when the meetings for worship were discontinued at Jordans, but the last time the place was mentioned as sending representatives to the monthly meetings is in 1787; so in all probability it was at that date. The author of the 'Shrines of Bucks,' writing of his visit to the grave of Penn, says, 'Entering the graveyard, we found a spot where a number of little mounds marked the resting-places of Penn and his family. Here no monumental marble, or even a simple headstone, marks the spot where the founder of Pennsylvania found at last that rest and freedom from the persecution he had experienced in his lifetime. The fifth mound from the doorway of the little chapel was the one beneath which, and between his two wives, he was lowly laid. Jordans has not been inaptly styled the "Westminster Abbey of the Friends."'"

As we walked among these solitary mounds, I noticed two men in an adjoining orchard picking apples. "Do you know anything about this place?" "No, except that it is a Quaker graveyard, and that the Quakers hold meetings in the brick building twice a year." A very old man, who seemed to come out of the cellar, told us that "Jordans" was in the parish of "Seer Green, Buckinghamshire."

The data on the next page, taken from Watson's "Annals," will be found explanatory of the names on the headstones in the grave yard.

In 1832 Joseph F. Fisher visited William Penn's grave at Jordans, near Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire. He says, "The little meeting-house and grave of Jordans lie about three miles from the London road, on a corner of a simple yet pretty country-seat of Lady Young. It would appear to have been anciently the property of some Friend, who gave the ground and

## PENN GENEALOGY, by J. P. NORRIS, Esq.



NOTE.—Ann Penn survived her husband, and married Alexander Durdin, 1767. In William, 3d, the male branch by his first wife became extinct.

the meeting-place as a secluded place in times of persecution. Here repose also the bodies of Isaac Pennington and others famous for their writings and piety. No stone marks the spot, but the shape of the cemetery is an oblong, at the head of which, and in the middle of its breadth, is seen a little mound, square, but hardly exceeding in height the elevation of a common grave. This is the only distinction it possesses. Some lime-trees have been lately planted on the premises, and one which has been placed at his grave is already marked with several initials of visitors. A book is kept in the meeting-room wherein strangers who visit the place write their names. The same book contains a slip of paper inscribed thus, viz.: 'The graves on the right, immediately on entering the burial-ground, contain the bodies of William Penn and both his wives; Isaac and Mary Pennington; Thomas Ellwood and his wife; also George Bowles and his wife.' These facts are confirmed by a letter to me from James T. Hopper, who visited it in 1831.

"His funeral was attended by a large concourse of Friends and other persons of other denominations. Thomas Storey speaks of it in his journal as a season of great solemnity. 'We arrived,' he says, 'at Ruscombe late in the evening, where we found the widow and most of the family together. Our coming occasioned a fresh remembrance of the deceased, and also a renewed flood of many tears from all eyes. A solid time (of worship) we had together, but few words among us for some time, for it was a deep baptizing season, and the Lord was near at that time. On the fifth I accompanied the corpse to the grave, where we had a large meeting; and as the Lord had made choice of him in the days of his youth for great and good services, had been with him in many dangers and difficulties of various sorts, and did not leave him in his last moments, so he was pleased to honor this occasion with his blessed presence, and gave us a happy season of his goodness, to the general satisfaction of all.'"



In a letter of Hannah Penn to James Logan, written the year after her husband's death, she thus acknowledges the receipt of a letter of condolence from Friends in America :

"Pray let the Friends of the women's general meeting know I received their affectionate and serious letter, on occasion of the death of my dear husband (as I did likewise the testimony from the men's meeting), and that I take most kindly the tender expression of their love and respect to me, and heartily return mine to them."

The Indians in Pennsylvania, hearing of the death of their great and good friend Onas, in order to testify their regard for his memory and their sympathy with his widow, sent her an address of condolence, accompanied by a present. In the following letter to James Logan she alludes to their gifts, which, it seems, consisted of "materials to form a garment of skins, suitable for travelling through a thorny wilderness," intending to express by this symbol the difficulties that lay in her path, and their desire that she might pass through them in safety :

"RUSCOMBE, 12th 1st Mo., 1719.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Thine of the 7th 9br. I had, and take very kindly thy regards and the sympathy of all those that truly lament mine and that country's loss, as deservedly due, the consideration of which loss has brought with it a vast load of care, toil of mind, and sorrow upon me.

"For my own part, I expect a wilderness of care, of briers and thorns here, as transplanted from thence, which, whether I shall be able to explore my way through, even with the help of my friends, I have great reason to question, notwithstanding the Indians' present, which I now want to put on, having the woods and wilderness to travel through indeed. However, I hitherto go on with comfort, and hoping that all will end at last to our joint satisfaction."

Ruscombe, where William Penn died, is a small village, six miles from Reading, which is thirty miles from London. No mention is made in the gazetteers that the founder of our great State ever lived there. The fact of his death seems also to have been forgotten.

As I close this somewhat lengthy sketch, I revert to my visit

to Fairmount Park and to the Zoological Garden, on the Schuylkill, a few years ago, with my esteemed friend John J. Ridgway, Esq., whose great activity in raising the money for that fine collection ought never to be forgotten. As we stood on the steps of the house known as "The Solitude," John Penn's residence, I resolved to seize the earliest opportunity to gather the materials for precisely such a paper as this ; but I never supposed that my experience would be so full of interest ; nor, indeed, that the grave of William Penn would be found in a spot so obscure, or that his name would be forgotten in the very neighborhood where he lived and died. I am not without hope that the Friends of Philadelphia will take steps to remove the remains of their greatest leader to the State that bears his name, and to the city that he founded in 1682. There is no place in the world so fitting as Fairmount Park, and no time more appropriate for the ceremony than the Centennial year. In any case, what I have written may quicken discussion and inquiry. The whole story of William Penn is the romance of truth, and there is not a region in the globe in which it is so well illustrated as in the forty miles around Philadelphia, including part of New Jersey and Delaware.

Americans who visit London habitually seek Windsor Castle and habitually ignore Slough at the old-fashioned hotel, "Botham's," which I have described. They can see both at little additional cost, as they are only two miles apart. My old friend the host of this ancient inn will greet them cordially, and will give them a better dinner than they can get at Windsor, and, what is perhaps the best part of the feast, will now show them how to realize the great difference between the Penns that are remembered for the little that they did for their fellow-creatures and the William Penn who seems to be forgotten after all his sacrifices and services in the cause of humanity. But, in justice to the English people, it deserves to be said that London fervently cherishes the memory of his virtues.

The British and South Kensington museums contain much information, well catalogued and preserved ; and in this search after the facts of his last hours and his final resting-place I have been assisted by several excellent English gentlemen. And now that Hepworth Dixon is in America as a public lecturer, I ask for him high honors for having successfully vindicated the character of the Founder of Pennsylvania against the unjust, and, I believe, the afterwards regretted, aspersions of the late Lord Macaulay.

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### LIII.

THE MOST CELEBRATED MUSEUM OF WAX FIGURES IN THE WORLD.—MADAME TUSSAUD'S, IN BAKER STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

ON the evening of October 6, 1874, I dropped in at Madame Tussaud's famous collection of wax figures, Baker Street, Portman Square ; entrance-fee a shilling, and twopence to a man in the vestibule for taking care of your umbrella and overcoat. It is a memorable place. Its founder was Madame Tussaud, born at Berne, Switzerland, in 1760 ; she died in London in 1850, aged ninety. Her mother lived to the same age, her grandmother to one hundred and four, and her great-grandmother to one hundred and eleven. She was taught to model in wax by her uncle in Paris, at whose house she often dined with Doctor Franklin, Mirabeau, Lafayette, Voltaire, and Rousseau, and made casts of their heads. She also modelled many royal persons and the French revolutionists Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and frequently took casts of heads that had been severed on the scaffold. She continued her work in Paris for many years, and in 1802 moved her museum to London, where it has since been increased and exhibited with much success.

It is now in the hands of her daughter and grandson. There are three hundred figures, and many valuable paintings and statues, most admirably arranged in several noble saloons.

I found the place crowded, but the people in wax were not more interesting to me than the living spectators. The two assemblies more than once seemed to change places, and some of the faces of the dead looked far more natural than many of their breathing observers. The visitors were evidently of the middle class, and there was little comeliness in either sex. There was an old man on a sofa, spectacles in hand, who seemed much more animated than the heavy countryman at his side; and Madame Sainte Amaranthe, in bed asleep, one of the victims of Robespierre, was ten times lovelier than the living women who daily devoured her exquisite features; Hogua, the Chinese tea-merchant, seated at the door, and the Chinese commissioner and his consort near him, were almost speaking figures, the two latter with moving eyes and bodies.

But there are some heart-rending caricatures. Mr. Lincoln resembles United States Senator Lewis, of Virginia, and has painted cheeks and light hair; General Grant looks to be a boy about eighteen; Andrew Johnson would pass for a blond German, and Jefferson Davis for a slim actor who had just rouged his lips. William Penn might have stood for Daniel Lambert. Shakespeare is striking an attitude, and, with his thin hair combed into a sort of flowing mane, is for all the world like an escaped lunatic. Henry the Eighth, with his platoon of wives, would do for the President of the New England Fat Men's Club, surrounded by seven lady friends in an interesting condition. There is an overflow of royalty in store clothes and stage jewels. Bismarck has evidently just had a set-to with the Emperor William, and Von Moltke has the withered air of a boy of seventeen suddenly turned into a man of seventy. Napoleon I. would do very well for Theodore Cuyler, of Philadelphia; Daniel O'Connell would answer for Lyman Tremain,



of New York ; Charles the First proves that he was too ugly to live ; Charles the Second is evidently out of humor with his clothes ; and Oliver Cromwell has been put where he is as if to prove that he was just the man for the bold work he began and finished. The best-looking wax man was a great criminal, and the worst a great philanthropist. Poor Henry Ward Beecher was surrounded with spectators, and as they chaffed and hinted I preferred to recall his great speeches in London for the Union cause in 1863-64, and his later manly expressions for reconciliation with the South.

As you enter this strange assembly, you have George Washington on your right and Benjamin Franklin on your left, both exceedingly well done. Standing before these two illustrious characters, the fact came back to me that their ancestors lived for several generations in Central England, in the same county—Northamptonshire. The social difference between these ancestors was marked. Washington, according to Washington Irving, was of gentle lineage. "Knights, abbots, lords of the manor, valiant defenders of cities, and partakers of the spoils of conquest bore the name of Washington, whose deeds and honors are recorded in ancient parchment, upon memorial brass and monumental stone." Franklin, on the contrary, says James Parton, "came of a long line of village blacksmiths. A Franklin may have tightened a rivet in the armor or replaced a shoe upon the horse of a Washington, or doffed his cap to a Washington riding by the ancestral forge, but until Postmaster Franklin met Colonel Washington in the camp of General Braddock in 1755, the two races had run their several ways without communion." And here, not quite one hundred and twenty years after, the two greatest names of these two old English families are honored by the best place in one of the favorite museums in London ; returning, so to speak, to the country of their ancestors, revered by all classes for their achievements in the New World. It is difficult to say which

of these great names most completely dominates the American continent, or which is more honored in England. Their influence largely shapes the destinies of more than forty millions of human beings. Washington is the ideal of unchallenged patriotism and disinterestedness; Franklin the type of a practical and irresistible philosophy. They cease to be local because the whole world concurs in the American judgment upon them. Thackeray, in his last essay upon the "Four Georges," contrasts the grand feast in London, at the opening of the reign of George the Fourth, with the splendid lesson taught in the resignation by George Washington of his position as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, at Annapolis, Maryland, and asks, "Which is the nobler character for after-ages to admire? Yon fribble, dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unrepurchased, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victor? Which of these is the true gentleman?"

All Europe worships and studies the image and the maxims of Franklin. Washington never saw the land of his ancestors; but Benjamin Franklin was three times in England. The first, when he was eighteen and a journeyman printer, in 1724, and had lodgings in the street still known as Little Britain, at three shillings and sixpence a week; the second, in 1756, when he was fifty and the commissioner of Pennsylvania, appointed by the Assembly to go to England to urge redress for the grievances of the State, and established himself in lodgings at No. 7 Craven Street, Strand, a fashionable quarter in those days. The landlady was Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, one of the most amiable of women, with whom and her daughter he contracted a friendship which never ceased. He remained until 1762, six years, returning home to begin a new career of usefulness. His third visit was in 1764, as representative of the thirteen colonies, when he was fifty-nine, again establishing himself in his old lodgings at Craven Street.

I have passed the place several times; the present house is evidently modern-built, but the London Society of Arts has had fixed into the front of the first story a porcelain tablet, inscribed as follows:

Lived Here,  
**Benjamin Franklin,**  
 Printer,  
 Philosopher, and Statesman.  
 Born 1706.  
 Died 1790.

To-day, when London is almost as accessible to Philadelphia as Philadelphia was to Pittsburgh seventy years ago, it is interesting to note that when Franklin first sailed from Philadelphia to England, in the ship *London Hope*, his passage was long and rough. They got to sea on the 10th of November, and it was late in December before the ship was fairly in the Channel. When he returned on the *Berkshire*, in his twentieth year, he was eighty-two days in getting from London to Philadelphia. His next voyage, though shorter, was made perilous by the many privateers that chased the vessel, and by its escape from destruction off Falmouth harbor, when trying to avoid, under cover of darkness, the enemy's cruisers.

Such were the contrasts that passed through my mind as I stood before these two figures. And what was Benjamin Franklin, printer, doing in London in September and October, 1774? He was an object of universal execration in this great city. He had just endured the terrible ordeal before the British Privy Council, when he had stood unmoved under ten hours of abuse poured out upon him by Wedderburn, the King's Solicitor-general. At his rooms in Craven Street he received notice of his dismissal from the office of Deputy Postmaster-general in America, and it was then he said to the illustrious

Doctor Priestley, who breakfasted with him one October Sunday morning, "that he had never before been so sensible of the power of a good conscience ; for that if he had not considered the thing for which he had been so much insulted as one of the best actions of his life he could not have supported it." Doctor Johnson was breathing the bitterest denunciations against Franklin and America, and some of the best men in Boston suspected the calm philosopher. He could go nowhere with safety ; attended no levees, and dared not visit Court. He even expected to be thrown into prison for his devotion to the colonies. But he did not cease to work for his country and for Philadelphia. He was sixty-eight years old, and he had not seen his family for ten years ; and his faithful wife, aged threescore and ten, was dying in a new house he had never seen, though built according to his directions. She passed away and was buried in Christ Church graveyard. And so it was that when the husband and wife separated in Philadelphia in 1765, it was forever. Gradually, however, the tempest of slander passed away. He began to see the friends of America in London. He met the great Earl of Chatham and Lord Stanhope, and was admitted to the floor of the House and heard the famous debate on the Stamp Act. But all efforts at reconciliation failed, and after more weeks and months of effort he returned to Philadelphia on the 5th of May, 1775, more than ever the idol of his people. From James Parton's magnificent biography I extract the following interesting narrative, so appropriate now, in view of the splendid results of Franklin's work :

"The packet dropped anchor in the Delaware, opposite Philadelphia, on the 5th of May, in the evening. What news greeted his return? He heard it, probably, before leaving the ship. Farewell philosophy ; its peaceful implements, its careful, exact records ! The sea had been tranquil, but the land was heaving ; tempests had forsaken their proper domain and raged on shore. He heard—and heard, doubtless, with bated



breath and dilated eyes—that General Gage, after having summoned the Legislature of Massachusetts to meet for the purpose of considering Lord North's peace-inviting resolution, had precipitated war by sending a body of troops to destroy the colonial stores. The affairs of Lexington and Concord had been the result. Forty-nine Americans killed and thirty-four wounded; avenged by a British loss in killed, wounded, and missing of two hundred and seventy-three. These great events, decisive of the course of colonial history, had occurred sixteen days before, and the news, fresh in Pennsylvania, was speeding its electric way southward, calling each colony to arms as it passed. Franklin heard it undismayed. He had hoped for other tidings, but no man was better prepared than he for the last resort.

“Going on shore in the evening, he went quietly to his house in Market Street, which he had never before seen, though it was then nine years old. He found his daughter and her family well. In all suitable ways America welcomed home her faithful champion, then incomparably her foremost man, the heroes of the coming war being still in obscurity, and the great men of Congress not yet of eminent renown. His return at such a moment was felt to be most opportune, the time having come when the colonists needed all that they could command of knowledge, experience, talent, and courage. The Assembly of Pennsylvania, with which Franklin had then been connected in various ways for a quarter of a century, was in session. The morning after his arrival they unanimously resolved ‘that Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Walling, and James Wilson, Esquires, be, and they are hereby, added to the deputies appointed by this House on the part of Pennsylvania to attend the Continental Congress expected to meet on the 10th instant in this city.’”

The press of the city noticed his arrival in the flowery manner of the time. In the *Pennsylvania Packet* of May 5 we find it thus announced:

"*May 5.*—This evening, at Philadelphia, Captain Osborne, from London, with whom came passenger the worthy Doctor Benjamin Franklin, agent for Massachusetts Government and the province of Pennsylvania."

In another column of the same paper the following appears :

"TO THE FRIEND OF HIS COUNTRY AND MANKIND, DOCTOR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ON HIS RETURN FROM ENGLAND, MAY 5, 1775.

"Welcome once more

To these fair western plains, thy native shore !  
Here live beloved, and leave the tools at home  
To run their length and finish out their doom.  
Here lend thine aid to quench their brutal fires,  
Or fan the flame which liberty inspires,  
Or fix the grand conductor that shall guide  
The tempest back, and 'lectrify their pride :  
Rewarding Heaven will bless thy cares at last,  
And future glories glorify the past.

"Why stayed the apostate Wedderburn behind,  
The scum, the scorn, the scoundrel of mankind ;  
Whose heart at large to every vice is known,  
And every devil claims him for his own ?  
Why came he not to take the large amount  
Of all we owe him, due on thine account ?"

To one of such strong local attachments it must have been a pleasure to walk again the streets of Philadelphia, and observe with what rapidity the city had advanced during his absence. It had become the recognized metropolis of the country, and exhibited within and without the signs of an ancient prosperity—plain but spacious mansions, agreeable country-seats, abundant shipping, busy wharves, and extensive stores. Among the trifling changes which Franklin may have noted in his first walks, perhaps, he observed with a smile the new "Franklin Inn," at the corner of Fifth Street and Walnut, the first of the many hundreds of taverns which have since taken the name.

And where, one hundred years ago, was George Washington,

the other figure before me? How better can I answer this question than in the glowing words of my gifted friend Henry Armitt Brown, at Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1874?—"But whose is yonder tall and manly form? It is that of a man of forty years of age, in the prime of vigorous manhood. He has not spoken, for he is no orator; but there is a look of command in his broad face and firm-set mouth that marks him among men, and seems to justify the deference with which his colleagues turn to speak with him. He has taken a back seat, as becomes one of his great modesty—for he is great even in that—but he is still the foremost man in all this company. This is he who has just made, in the Virginia Convention, that speech which Lynch, of Carolina, says is the most eloquent speech that ever was made: 'I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march with them at their head for the relief of Boston.' These were his words—and his name is Washington."

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#### LIV.

##### ONE OF MY LONDON LETTERS IN 1874-75.

I HOPE I need not say that long absence from home has not moderated my attachment to old friends or my fervent love to my country. It is an infallible proof of the growth and the greatness of the United States that every American abroad, with here and there an exception, is proud to avow his obligations to his country. However discontented he may be when he leaves his native shores, he soon recovers the old-time feeling when he finds that the moment his nationality is discovered by strangers he becomes an object of interest and inquiry. Nothing is more agreeable than to be able to answer the questions of intelligent men and women who have heard about the

great Republic and are anxious to hear and know more. Place any sensible American in an English or French or German circle and he immediately becomes an object of curiosity. And it is not an unpleasant experience to refute false reports, to remove unjust prejudices, and to describe our cities and our states, our public men and public measures. You are rarely annoyed by this frequent and familiar ordeal, because the compensation makes it well worth the trouble; and you are often instructed yourself, as you receive in exchange much that is valuable from your new friends, and are often inexpressibly amused. "How long have you been in England?" was the question put by a young Englishman to a young American at a public dinner the other evening. "About two weeks," was the reply. "Really," was the rejoinder of young John Bull, "and I notice you talk our language as well as we do!" "Yes," was the reply of Brother Jonathan, "I have not been here quite long enough to forget how to speak it." A colored American paid a visit several months ago to a great English Abolitionist, and was invited to stay over night. He was black as ebony; and although his manners were perfect and his conversation refined, he was not the less a curiosity to the whole household, and especially to the servants, who had never before seen a black man. The next morning, after he had left his bedroom, the chambermaid, the cook, the butler, and the coachman all rushed up-stairs to ascertain whether he had not blackened the sheets of the bed. I met a very agreeable Italian last winter at Geneva who had travelled much in the United States, and while stopping in Philadelphia he received a letter from a friend who asked him to collect a sum of money that was owing to him in America. The debtor lived at Monte Video, and the creditor thought it could not be far from New York or Philadelphia, and that it would give his friend no trouble to drop in and procure the money. Many of them believe that California is not a part of the United States, and only



three evenings ago I received a note from the man who sells me cigars, addressed to Mr. California, telling me he had just procured a choice new brand. An English lady, who knows our country from Maine to Mexico, and is one of the most effective writers on Colonel Muter's *Anglo-American Times*, does not hesitate to say that many of her friends sincerely believe that an American is an Indian, wearing moccasins, blankets, and rejoicing in a head full of feathers. But there is another side to this picture, and that is, not only the right knowledge of many foreigners in regard to America, but the warm welcome they are always ready to extend to their American cousins.

Such a welcome is daily the good-fortune of our distinguished fellow-citizen Reverdy Johnson, then sojourning at the Westminster Palace Hotel, with his son-in-law, Mr. Kerr. It was something more than satisfaction to me to meet my old friend once again. It is more than thirty years since I first met Reverdy Johnson, and, with the exception that he is almost hopelessly blind, his vigor of body and mind is equal to that of many younger men. Born at Annapolis, Maryland, May 21, 1796, and therefore in his eightieth year, his faculties are as clear as when I heard him make his great speech in favor of James Buchanan at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, in 1856. His strong, melodious voice, his retentive memory, his fund of wit and humor, give to his eloquence a peculiar charm; and it is difficult to believe, as you mark his erect and graceful figure, and listen to his strong and manly rhetoric, that he has passed so far beyond the Psalmist's age. Enjoying life to the uttermost, fond of society, a capital conversationalist, a courteous listener, his heart responsive to the best feelings of our nature, he is the centre and the charm of every circle. And when I hear his pleasant voice and his contagious laughter, I recall the remark of the old English philosopher, who, upon being reminded by a friend that the years of his long life were rapidly drawing to a close, quickly responded, "Yes, that is true, but

jolly good years they were." I know no living public character who can look back over a career at once so varied and so honorable. Admitted to the bar when he was just nineteen, he rose rapidly to a lucrative practice ; and in the eleven years that followed he reported the decisions of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and prepared the greater part of the well-known series of seven volumes of Harris and Johnson's Reports. He was Deputy Attorney-general of Maryland when he was twenty-one. From 1821 to 1825 he was a State Senator, and in 1845 he was the leader of the Maryland bar, taking at the same time a high position as a practitioner before the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1844 he was elected a Senator to Congress for six years, and in 1849 was brought into the Cabinet as Attorney-general of the United States by President Taylor, a post from which he retired on the death of the President, in 1850. In 1861 he was a member of the Peace Congress which sat in Washington, and in 1862 was again elected to the United States Senate. He was employed by the Government as an umpire in the adjustment of questions which had arisen in New Orleans during the war. In June of 1868 he was appointed minister to England to succeed the Honorable Charles Francis Adams, and in that capacity negotiated the first treaty for the settlement of the Alabama claims, which, however, did not meet the views of the United States Senate. By speech and by vote Mr. Johnson supported zealously the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery, for which he was censured by his Maryland friends, who have since become satisfied that he was right. Indeed, there are few or any who would now, if they could do it with perfect safety, re-establish slavery. In the year 1869 he retired from the English mission, and has since resided in Baltimore. It was while in the Senate during the war, at the time I was Secretary of that body, that I had an opportunity of fully understanding the real character of Reverdy Johnson. I had often

enjoyed his hospitalities. I knew well his unrivalled abilities as a lawyer and as an advocate, and had many occasions to prove the sincerity of his friendship, the dignity of his bearing, his genuine toleration, and his large and unexampled benevolence. But it was in his public relation to great questions that I fully appreciated his intense and devoted patriotism. A Southern man with Southern sympathies, he loved his country with unchanging affection. He was never an extremist, and his natural and innate moderation always made him an invaluable medium between the ultras of both sides. Never shall I forget how often, in the dark hour, he pleaded for reconciliation. More than once he helped to decide questions in aid of the Government, and, although often brought into conflict with the radical leaders, I think I can say that he never once lost his temper. Others differed to the verge of personal hostility. Many old friends in public life were separated forever and died enemies, but Reverdy Johnson was so consistently a gentleman, belonged so entirely to the statesmen of the better days of the Republic, that when he finally retired from the Senate he did so with the respect and the confidence of both parties. Few men have lived a life of such comparatively unbroken integrity and happiness. Frequently tossed about by the storms of State, for more than four years an active participant in the legislation of the war, finding his motive frequently questioned, he still preserved his equanimity and never lost the confidence of his country. Fortunate in the possession of a large family and in the devotion of his children, in the graces and virtues of his wife, who had been his companion for more than half a century and died a few years ago, he was that rare type of statesman honored by the world at large ; unspeakably blessed in the talents of his sons, the exquisite culture of his daughters, the prosperity and the ability of his sons-in-law, and the beautiful examples of his daughters-in-law. If it ever was said with truth that a good

man has lived in the midst of a grateful posterity, that might be said of Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. And in his eightieth year he visited London, no longer a minister at the English Court, but everywhere sought as the quiet philosopher of his time, as welcome at the residence of his successor in office, General Schenck, as by the British Ministry, and especially the leaders of the English bar. His rooms were crowded with visitors, and he kept himself *au courant* with all the events of the times. The daily papers were read to him by his faithful son-in-law, and he was alive to all that was new in literature and in science. I am proud in the opportunity of enrolling him in the list of my "Anecdotes of Public Men." And my humble tribute will be published simultaneously in London, in Philadelphia, and in Washington, if only to show that no distance from home can ever induce me to forget my country and my friends.

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## LV.

THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN GEORGE BANCROFT.

WE grow from black or brown, after a certain age, into a wonderful plenty of snowy hair; and the darker the seed, the whiter the crop. It is a curious and comic thing, this difference between our reverence for the old when we are young, and our envy of the young when we are old. Perhaps pity is nearer to reverence than envy is to love. But I never see a white head in man or woman, nowadays, without feeling that I am looking at myself, and without a reflected companionship and compassion; and I never notice a lovely woman trying to blacken her single fading lock without an honest sense of sympathy. We are getting out of the age of hypocritical color. At last the young are beginning to see that they have no more right to



powder their curls than the old have to 'dye theirs. And I think it is better so. How much more enchanting to see a sweet girl all herself—blushes, tresses, contour, and all! And how much better to see a lovely woman of forty facing her autumn with white locks, black eyes, and glistening teeth! Of the men, I must say that the youngsters never cheat anybody on the question of hair; but the old fellows always do, or, at least, did, until it was proved that the man who blackened his whiskers might as well make an early contract for his coffin. I have known a good many black-haired, brown-haired, red-haired, yellow-haired men and women, who have grown white or gray or light with years; but I was never more impressed by the changing frosts of time than as I sat at the side of George Bancroft, the American historian, on Friday, September 30, 1876, in the St. George's House in the Exhibition Grounds. He was nearly seventy-six, and was eighty Tuesday, October 3, 1880. [I like dates, because they save trouble in after-time.] Mr. George W. Childs, our international host, who gave the pleasant party, placed me next the historian, and my good old friend knew me at once. A wonderful, wiry, weather-beaten warrior—if my readers will excuse the alliteration—followed by many fortunes and few misfortunes. My keenest recollection of George Bancroft was very many years ago, March 4, 1845, when he was forty-five and I was twenty-nine. His hair then was as black as Governor Hartranft's—a tall, straight, olive-faced, white-teethed, gold-spectacled scholar. I had learned to honor him before. At that time I was a Democrat of Democrats, and he was one of my leaders and idols; and when I met him first I was deep in the early volumes of his incomparable "History of the United States," which began in 1834, and had run into its third volume in 1840. The splendor of its diction, and especially its high republican tone, gave it an extraordinary hold upon the people; and there was hardly an American or European review that did not greet its first volumes with the same

enthusiasm that welcomes the last. He came to Washington after the election of President Polk to accept the appointment of Secretary of the Navy, and I remember right well a dinner at the National Hotel in that city one day before the inauguration. I was living with Mr. Buchanan at his residence on F Street. The dinner was given by Commodore Robert F. Stockton, of New Jersey. All the gentlemen at that party are dead but myself. Mr. Bancroft was not of the number. Mr. Buchanan, Robert J. Walker, John R. Thompson, of New Jersey, Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, and a few more, gathered around the board; and when the impulsive New Jersey sailor, Stockton, offered a wager of a basket of champagne that he could name the Cabinet of the incoming President, the bet was immediately taken by Mr. Buchanan. The names were written by the Commodore and put in an envelope, which was placed in my hands. The Commodore lost the wager, because he did not include George Bancroft as Secretary of the Navy. The new Administration started with a new Cabinet in the full tide of success. June 8, 1845, Andrew Jackson, the ex-President of the United States, died at the Hermitage in Tennessee. It was necessary to pay immediate honors to that intrepid historical character, and it was also necessary that an orator should be secured. George Bancroft was selected, and he discharged his duty with such zeal and accuracy, and pronounced his speech with a rhetoric so magnetic, as to capture the listening thousands. I made my old friend laugh, very recently, when I recalled to his recollection the remark of Father Ritchie, who had been summoned from Richmond to Washington, at his advanced age, to take possession of the Democratic organ, *The Union*, to which, even at that early day, I was a regular contributor. Carried away by the eloquence of Mr. Bancroft, and by the knowledge that his oration had been rapidly prepared, he exclaimed to the young historian and statesman as he finished his address, "Bancroft, you are a humbug!" After Mr. Bancroft's retire-

ment from the Cabinet, he was appointed Minister to England, and remained in London until 1849, in which year the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Returning to New York, he continued his herculean labors on his great history, the fourth volume of which appeared in 1852, the fifth in 1853, the sixth in 1854, the seventh in 1858, the eighth in 1860, the ninth in 1868, the tenth in 1869, and the eleventh and last in 1874. In 1867 he was appointed Minister to Berlin, and during his mission performed many distinguished services. In 1871 he resigned and returned to Newport, which is his residence in summer, while at the same time he fixed his other home in Washington, which is his residence in winter. His eightieth birthday was October 3, 1880, and it found him in fine health, with a comfortable competency, and the supreme satisfaction that crowns a life's work well done. And to round the logic of his great life, he is to-day an earnest and again a national Democrat. I can conceive nothing more enviable than a public man closing his career in the capital of his country, especially since that capital has been made worthy of its founder, and has been solidly sealed to its chosen position, surrounded by the best society, and near a national library destined to be one of the finest in the world. Such a man as George Bancroft may, in the afternoon of his life, look out upon the glowing horizon of his evening, in the firm assurance that the stars that will shine over his night will forever sing sweetly in honor of his imperishable fame.

## LVI.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS ON HORSEBACK.—WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, J. Q. ADAMS, JACKSON, VAN BUREN, HARRISON, JOHN TYLER, POLK, TAYLOR, FILLMORE, PIERCE, BUCHANAN, LINCOLN, JOHNSON, AND GRANT.

ALTHOUGH I know little about the horse—in fact, nothing beyond the general idea that he is a very useful, valuable, sometimes handsome animal, too often badly abused by his owner—yet there is no more interesting sight to me than a beautiful woman or a fine-looking man mounted on a well-bred horse, riding along Rotten Row, London; the Central Park, New York; or the vast Fairmount grounds, near Philadelphia. The modern English novel has always its equestrian side; and as we, in our country, are copyists of foreign follies and utilities, it is getting to be as much the fashion here to indulge in expensive horses as it is abroad. Society has taken largely to this luxury within the last few years, and your Four-in-hand Club is a clever imitation of that which you and I have seen starting from Hatchett's, Piccadilly, for a joyous drive through the surrounding English scenery. One remarkable day we treated ourselves to this favorite British pastime. Riding with the hounds calls into requisition not only the “blue blood” of the aristocracy, but the best blood of the stables; while the periodical contests at Ascot and at Epsom create a regular demand for the most expensive racers. In that country these sports are inherited, coming down from the long-gone past, when England and Ireland were comparative wildernesses, and when the chase was a necessity as well as a pleasure. Modern wealth, with its growth of cities, has only increased the appetite in Great Britain. The very dangers of riding across cultivated fields and through thickly built villages, and flying over hedges and stone-fences, add to the enthusiasm of the men



and women who chase the fox, and rarely come out without bodily injury, and sometimes with loss of life. In our country the horse was the companion of the early settler. The savage Indian loves his steed. The hunter of the West, the Southern gentleman, the farmers of the Middle States, for various reasons of trade or pleasure, cultivate the noble animal. The first importation of thoroughbred horses into America was about 1725-30. This class of horses are bred and used primarily for racing purposes, but the cross includes horses for all purposes, and it is shown by the superior average horse of Virginia and New Jersey, into which states the taste for racing introduced the thoroughbred horse at an early period. Owing to three and four mile and heat races having been kept up in America, while short races and single dashes have been in vogue in England for some years, the average American thoroughbred is probably a stouter and stronger horse than his English cousin. It can hardly be said that there are any distinct families of horses in America, although those of different localities present some peculiarities. The average horse of the New England States and of Canada is small, hardy, good-tempered, a good traveller, and very enduring. The Morgan horse of Vermont is one of the best types. Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, possesses a breed of horses, now somewhat scarce, called Conestogas—large, well-made, slow draught-horses. In Virginia, Kentucky, and the South generally, the thoroughbred and his connections predominate; and in Texas, California, and Mexico we find the mustang—a small horse, evidently descended from the Spanish horses introduced by the early conquerors of that region.

In the wild condition of our early colonies and the difficulties of travel, the horse became indispensable either for riding or for vehicles or other conveyances. The delegates to the First Congress, at Philadelphia, from distant states were all good horsemen. Washington, first a surveyor in Virginia, then

a soldier in the British army under Braddock, afterwards commander-in-chief of the American forces, and finally President of the United States, was essentially a splendid horseman; and as we read the sketches of his receptions in New York and Philadelphia, the effect must have been most impressive. On the 18th of November, 1783, the British army retired from New York, and the American troops, still in service, entered from the opposite direction, General Washington riding at the head of the procession. That scene must have been very like the pageant described by Shakespeare in "Richard the Second" when Bolingbroke passed through London; and if you will pardon me, I will paraphrase it:

Then, as I said, our leader, Washington,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which its aspiring rider seemed to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Washington!  
You would have thought the very windows spoke,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once,  
Jesus preserve thee! Welcome, Washington!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;  
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

A succession of brilliant celebrations followed this entry of the Father of his Country into New York city. Governor Clinton gave several jubilee dinners; a splendid display of fireworks, the first ever seen in America, came off at Bowling Green; and on the 4th of December, 1783, Washington bade the officers a final farewell at Francis's Tavern, in Broad Street. It was a most touching scene. After this ceremony he walked to White Hall, entered the barge which conveyed him to Paulus's Hook; then, turning to his friends, who stood uncovered

upon the shore, he waved his hat and bade them a silent adieu. While in Philadelphia he rode out frequently to Belmont Mansion, the residence of Chief-justice Peters, still standing in Fairmount Park. After the war he set off on horseback to see his lands in the Western country, and travelled in this manner seven hundred miles, along the routes of his early military experience, to the scene of Braddock's defeat at Fort Duquesne.

In 1775 the French sculptor Houdon came to Mount Vernon from France to model his celebrated statue, now at Richmond, the State capital of Virginia, near the later bronze equestrian figure of Washington executed by Crawford. Washington's state-carriages were highly ornamental. The one built in Philadelphia was drawn by six horses. In this, in 1791, he made his long journey to the South, accompanied as far as Delaware by Mr. Jefferson and General Knox. The state-coach he used in New York was built in that city; and in this, also drawn by six horses, he made his journey through New England. Near the end of his life, on the 29th of May, 1799, he wrote, "I begin my diurnal course with the sun;" and, having described his day's business, he proceeds, "By the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast (a little after seven o'clock) is ready. This being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employ me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect to me. Pray, would not the word 'curiosity' answer as well?" Between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday, December 14, 1799, he expired.

John Adams, President after Washington, was an entirely different character. Although, of course, compelled by the primitive condition of the country to use the horse occasionally, he was so much of a student, scholar, and statesman that his career may have been called a rather secluded one. But his wife, Mrs. Adams, had many fashionable tastes, and was

forty-five when summoned from Europe by the selection of her husband as Vice-President. At that time they lived at Bush Hill, near Philadelphia; and nothing can be more amusing than her letter describing her journey from Philadelphia to Washington, through York and Maryland, when her husband became Chief Magistrate, and when our national capital was something like the capital of a new Western Territory to-day. Thomas Jefferson, who came immediately after Adams, and was eight years President of the United States—from 1801 to 1809—was as much a contrast to Adams as Adams was to Washington. Not a military man, he was essentially a horseman. When he was a lad, he not only played the fiddle, but doubtless took a part in more than one of the rustic races in his neighborhood. Twenty horses were to run a three-mile course for a prize of five pounds, “no one to put up a horse unless he had subscribed for the entertainment and put up half a pistole.” Then a violin was to be played for by twenty fiddlers, “no person to have the liberty of playing unless he bring a fiddle with him.” “He was a keen hunter—as eager after a fox as Washington himself,” says the biographer. “Swift of foot and sound of wind, coming in fresh and alert after a long day’s clambering hunt.” He generally travelled on horseback, with his fiddle; and it was at a merry house in Hanover County where he met for the first time a jovial blade named Patrick Henry. Everybody in those primitive days owned or rode a horse, and Jefferson, like George Wythe, John Marshall, Henry Clay, John Randolph, and all his contemporaries and successors, was compelled to use this sort of manly exercise. You remember the story of his inauguration. He went to the capital without parade or ostentation. His son-in-law was completing the purchase of four coach-horses, price sixteen hundred dollars, with which the President-elect hoped to contend with the yellow mud of Washington; but as neither horses nor coach had arrived, he rode on horseback to the capital without a servant



in his train, dismounted without assistance, hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades, walked in, and was sworn. You may also remember how the ladies tried to trap him into a levee at the Presidential Mansion. Jefferson was a practical Democrat, strongly averse to these hollow receptions. In order to compel him to resume them, the fashionable dames resorted in full force to the White House, to find that the President was out taking his habitual ride on horseback. They waited for his return, and as he entered the White House he was told of their errand, and immediately divined the motive. Without being disconcerted, all booted and spurred, covered with the dust of his ride, he went in to greet his fair guests. Charmed with his ease and grace, they forgot their indignation with him, and went away convinced that they had made a mistake in visiting the President without observing the rules of his household.

James Madison succeeded Jefferson in the Presidency, serving for eight years, from March 4, 1809. He almost broke down his health by his severe studies, and, although undoubtedly a horseman, as proved by his military services when the British attacked Washington during his Administration in 1814, he was so devoted to books that during his novitiate at Princeton College, in New Jersey, he allowed himself but three hours' sleep and devoted the day to study. James Monroe, his successor, also serving for eight years in the Presidency, was a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War, a pupil of Thomas Jefferson, and, although one of the ablest of the Virginia statesmen, accustomed to the perils of the field. Yet with all this, he agreed with John Quincy Adams in the dignified simplicity of his domestic administration. And John Quincy Adams, who came after him as President, in 1825, austere and cold as he was, was a regular horseman and swimmer and fisherman and pedestrian. If you will read through his own memoirs, edited by his son, Charles Francis Adams, and his matchless biogra-

phy by William H. Seward, you will find that he relieved his prodigious labors and his omnivorous reading by daily exercise of all kinds.

After Adams came the Iron President—Old Hickory—a sinewy wrestler in his youth, the frontier pioneer, the fierce Indian warrior, a man who would fight at the drop of a hat, the general who whipped a trained British army with untrained troops behind cotton bags ; who, so to speak, literally rode into the Presidency, and to his last hour preserved his indomitable nature. The turf was a source of profit as well as pleasure to Andrew Jackson. The early Nashville race-course at Clover Bottom, close to Jackson's store on Stone River, was the scene of many of his exploits. It was just large enough for a mile course, with space for spectators and their vehicles. Here he tried the paces of his renowned horse Truxtun, when he first brought him from Virginia ; here he tried his racing colts ; here, every spring and autumn, he attended the races, the most eager of the motley throng. The ownership of Truxtun, says Parton, from whose splendid biography I gather these facts, rendered Jackson the leader of the turf for years. Truxtun was conceded to be superior to any horse in that part of the West, and was called after Commodore Truxtun, then in the zenith of his popularity. In 1805 a great race was arranged between General Jackson's Truxtun and Captain Joseph Ervin's Ploughboy. The stakes were two thousand dollars ; forfeit, eight hundred dollars. Six persons were interested in the race : Jackson, with his friends, on the side of 'Truxtun' ; Captain Ervin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson, on the side of Ploughboy. Before the day appointed, the latter withdrew their horse, and paid the forfeit. All was supposed to be at peace until a report reached Jackson's ears that Charles Dickinson had uttered disparaging words of Mrs. Jackson. A long correspondence ensued, full of bitterness, involving many persons, ending finally in a duel, which took place on Friday, May 30,

1806, between Jackson and Dickinson, on the banks of the Red River, a long day's ride from Nashville. That duel has been frequently described. It was a tragedy ; two men came to die. Dickinson won the choice of position, and at the word fired. A puff of dust flew from the breast of Jackson's coat ; he raised his left arm and placed it tightly across his breast ; he then took deliberate aim, first looked at the trigger, took aim a second time, fired, and killed his man ; and he did this work after he knew himself that he was seriously hurt by his antagonist. But why recall the long life of this extraordinary man ? His figure looms up in history nearly always on horseback. In battle and in private life he loved the noble animal. There is hardly a city in the Union that has not seen him riding along its streets, followed by tumultuous crowds. After him came Martin Van Buren, whose horsemanship was rather that of the quiet gentleman, and who was President four years.

Then came William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, in his time familiar with horses, who died in the first month of his administration, and was succeeded by John Tyler, a Virginian, who, although much of a politician, was also a good rider. After him James K. Polk, another four-year President, reared to equestrian sports in Tennessee, though, like Tyler, rather a student, and more accustomed to ride his circuit and to go to political meetings on horseback than to follow the turf. He was succeeded by General Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, brave as his own sword, familiar with cavalry and artillery and all the dread mysteries of war, who lived only eighteen months after his election, and who, like General Jackson, we find on horseback in canvas and in marble all over the continent. The quiet Millard Fillmore filled out his term. Then came Frank Pierce—gallant, handsome, true-hearted, genial Frank Pierce—soldier and gentleman, one of the most striking men that ever sat in a saddle, and one of the truest of my friends. I lay upon his grave the heartiest tribute of my

unfading gratitude. James Buchanan served out the next four years, from 1857 to 1861. In early life he was something of a horseman, and used to tell how, before he was of age, he rode through the blue grass of Kentucky.

Then came the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, reared among the rough manners and customs of Kentucky, afterwards transferred to the equally rugged experiences of Illinois. A flatboatman on the Ohio, a volunteer in the Indian war, a hard practitioner of the law, four times a member of the Legislature, two years in Congress, his later education made him more a man of books than of sport; but I have often heard him, as he revealed the wealth of his endless humor, relate how he rode through the unsettled prairies of the great State in whose bosom he now sleeps the sleep that knows no human wakening. Of Andrew Johnson's Presidential interval little need be said. He was certainly not addicted to equestrian feats in Washington, though sometimes he rode the high horse of party. Last scene of all comes Ulysses S. Grant. Like Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, and Pierce, his military experience made him a superb horseman; and he who shall write the checkered story of his life will find no anecdotes of his career more instructive than his love of that noble animal, whether on the long march, in the protracted battle, the keen pursuit, or the healthy exercises of private life.

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## LVII.

### MAKING A CABINET FOR AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

I NEVER had anything to do with making a Cabinet, at least with my own full consent; but three times I have been compelled to take a hand in it—once in 1852, after the election of Franklin Pierce; once in 1856, after the election of James Buchanan; and once in 1860, after the election of Abraham



Lincoln. Of course, I knew these three gentlemen very well, certainly after two of them were made President. I am concluding this series of letters in the midst of a new struggle for Cabinet positions, and perhaps these little incidents may be interesting to the competitors. Franklin Pierce was elected President in November of 1852 by an overwhelming majority, and the name of Hon. James Campbell, of Philadelphia, was urged for Postmaster-general. I was despatched to Concord, New Hampshire, where the President-elect resided, to protest against this appointment by some of the Democratic politicians, and went there in company with a dear old friend, now dead and gone—George H. Martin, of the firm of Martin & Smith, hardware men on Market Street, near Third. When we got to Boston, I had a despatch from the President-elect telling me that he would meet me at the railroad-station at Concord, New Hampshire; and at the station we found him on our arrival, handsome, bright, cordial, and most receptive. His first greeting was: "Well, I have appointed James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster-general of the United States, so that part of your mission is disposed of. But, in the next place, you are to be retained as one of the editors of the *Washington Union*, which, with your salary as Clerk of the House, ought to be sufficient." And that was all. Nothing was said afterwards; and when General Pierce's administration was organized, I had no sincerer or more unselfish friend during his career of four years in the Postal Department than James Campbell, of Pennsylvania; and I am glad to say this of him nearly twenty-five years after he took possession of that important office. The next experience was that under my old friend James Buchanan in 1856. I never thought, after his election, about taking part in the choice of his constitutional advisers. But one day I met a shrewd politician, since dead, who was anxious to know what I was doing about Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet. My reply was, "Nothing. He knows

the country, he knows its public men, and he ought to be able to select his own immediate political family." "But don't you want Howell Cobb, of Georgia, who stood by you on the Kansas question, and pledged Old Buck that he would not interfere between the friends of freedom and slavery in that Territory—don't you want Howëll Cobb, of Georgia, to be in Buchanan's Cabinet?" "Certainly I do," was my quick and eager answer. "Well, then, take my advice and write to him, and tell him that he must not hesitate about taking the post of Secretary of the Treasury if it is offered to him. He wants to be Secretary of State, but I assure you that is going to Lewis Cass, of Michigan." Upon this hint, like unsuspecting Othello, I spoke to Governor Cobb, and myself and Governor Cobb interchanged three or four letters. One day, at the close of this correspondence, the politician to whom I refer asked permission to take it with him and read it, knowing that I had kept copies of my letters to the kindly Georgian. I handed them over without the slightest hesitation, and some time after, when I met the President-elect in a large company, he upbraided me, with a good deal of emphasis, about as follows: "So, sir, I find you are trying to make a Cabinet for me. Mr. —— has done me the honor to hand me your extraordinary correspondence with Governor Cobb, of Georgia." I was completely overwhelmed, and answered with a surprised defiance that startled the bachelor President-elect. There was nothing in the letters that could not have been written by any one gentleman to another; but their betrayal, and the manner in which they were received by Mr. Buchanan, really opened a chasm between us that never was closed. It was, in fact, the beginning of the great treachery which led to the attempt to make Kansas a slave State. The next and last experience was some time in November of 1860, after the election of Abraham Lincoln. I had done my utmost to elect him President of the United States by the only way in my power, and that was by support-

ing the straight Douglas electoral ticket in Pennsylvania. He wrote me a kind letter, thanking me for what he was pleased to call my independent action, and asking me what he could do for me. I replied by recommending Horace Greeley for Postmaster-general, because dear old Horace, four years before, without knowing that I had fallen from grace under Mr. Buchanan, recommended me for that office. But as Lincoln had selected William H. Seward for Secretary of State from New York, he could not, of course, appoint Horace Greeley Postmaster-general from the same State, and so he replied, and that proposition fell. I did not conceal this correspondence, but I confess that it pleased me. It pleased me to find the most conspicuous man in the Republican party, even the President-elect, had remembered what I claimed to have been the most unselfish service of my life—that of unfearing hostility to the Southern Democratic aristocracy. But the same politician who had called upon me to write to Governor Cobb in November of 1856 now called upon me to write in favor of General Cameron in 1860. I did so in that spirit which, unless great principles are involved, will never leave me as long as I live—that of oblivion to every personal animosity, and an utter abnegation of self. Mr. Lincoln received my letter while General Cameron's claims for his Cabinet were being hotly contested by his enemies from this State, at Springfield, Illinois, and I am quite sure it did no injury to the subsequent Secretary of War, Minister to Russia, and for several years senior Senator in Congress from Pennsylvania. Such is one page of my unconscious part in Cabinet-making, and I give it for the benefit of those who are now engaged in the same business. It is not a very encouraging experience, but it may be useful. Coming Presidents ought to be glad to have the advantage of the experience of others, and will, no doubt, come to the conclusion that while it is always right to consult the people who make them, the best judge of the

situation is the captain of the ship he has to sail, and that is himself.

There is one rule I have never broken—that of forgiveness of my own enemies, or those who have asked me to help them to get pardon for their own sins, confessed or proved ; and I am not only not sorry to refer to it, but I assert here and now that I never knew a man that acted upon the reverse philosophy to be a happy man. He may have been what the world calls useful, or many, influential ; but he has never been content either in the enforced or purchased support of others, or in the fear that comes from ill-gotten power. When I say forgiveness, I do not mean to offer a premium for crime. The really impenitent rarely ask or receive pardon, but thousands and hundreds of thousands are often punished by their own conscience long before they are acquitted by men. The most pitiable object is to see a weak and often a wicked man trying to propitiate public opinion by punishing his fellow-creatures, who, at the worst, have only been addicted to his own vices.

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## LVIII.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S NUMEROUS PORTRAITS.—A PECULIAR LETTER FROM HIM.—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE.

No character of history, not even George Washington, has figured so largely in art as Abraham Lincoln, and yet no man of any time cared less for art than the martyred President. The tragedy of his death was the cause that inspired the painter, the sculptor, and the engraver. At present there is hardly a Northern household, certainly not a loyal Northern household, that does not contain some memorial of Abraham Lincoln. I have now in my editorial-room an engraving of the death-bed scene of the great President, after the assassin had done his



fatal work, on Friday night, the 14th of April, 1865, at the theatre on Tenth Street, in the city of Washington. The body was removed from the box, after Booth's bullet had accomplished its mission, to a private house across the street. It is from a photograph by Gardner. The body lies on the bed, and life is slowly passing away. Mrs. Lincoln is kneeling at her husband's side; John Hay, his private secretary, is seated at the head on the right, while around the bed are clustered Postmaster-general W. A. Dennison of Ohio, Attorney-general Speed of Kentucky, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, Senator Sumner, Surgeon-general Barnes, Hamilton Fish, Acting President Andrew Johnson, Dr. Stone, Secretary of the Treasury Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, and several more. It is a sad picture. The best likeness of Lincoln is that which represents him and his little son Tad, or Thaddeus, reading the Scriptures. Everybody recollects Carpenter's painting in the White House, the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," and the historic picture celebrating that great event belonging to the Union League of Philadelphia, and afterwards in the art memorial of the Centennial, not in themselves great works, but possessing an historical value. To attempt to enumerate all the Lincoln pictures, portraits, medallions, and emblems would require a volume, and I do not write with any such object. There is now in New York an artist, Matthew Wilson, a portrait-painter with a singularly fine touch, well known all over this continent, a travelled man, who did some excellent work in Philadelphia some years ago, for some of our best citizens, and whose acquaintance I made in Washington just at the close of Mr. Lincoln's Administration and a short time before he was assassinated. Wilson's studio was on Twelfth Street, and I was attracted to it by the report that he had painted an unusually fine portrait of President Lincoln. The Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Gideon Welles, presented me to Mr. Wilson, and thus enabled me to secure a

copy of the great Lincoln portrait, now in the parlor of my private residence on Washington Square. The original of this great portrait was painted in the White House, and my friend Wilson tells, in his quiet way, many interesting incidents of the martyred President while he was perfecting it. One of these is particularly touching, as it relates to the many threats of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. While Wilson was painting his fine picture, Mr. Seward standing behind his chair, Mr. Lincoln opened a note and said, "Here is another of these letters," which he read to both his auditors, after doing which he pointed to a pigeon-hole and said, "In that place I have filed eighty just such things as these. I know I am in danger; but I am not going to worry over threats like these;" and then he resumed his usual animation, and the quiet, interested artist went on with his work. In two weeks from that date Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Of this fine portrait of Lincoln, the last ever taken of him, there are several copies. Good judges of art—for I am not one myself—pronounce it a work of rare fidelity, and I am quite sure that no money could get mine from me.

I now think it quite appropriate to reprint the following letter of Abraham Lincoln, taken from the history of the early settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois, which I have never yet seen in any newspaper. The book was published in 1875, and was the work of John Carrol Power, assisted by his wife, Mrs. S. A. Power, and is published under the auspices of the "Old Settlers' Society." During the war to suppress the Rebellion, as is well known, Mr. Lincoln was frequently waited upon by delegations from religious bodies. Among others, a large number of women belonging to the Society of Friends gave him a call. One of their number, the widow of Joseph John Gurney, a distinguished Quaker preacher of England, wrote him a letter. The following is Mr. Lincoln's reply. It will be highly prized, because it contains such emphatic and unequivocal

cal expressions of his belief in the overruling providence of God:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION,

“WASHINGTON, *September 4, 1864.*

“ELIZA P. GURNEY:

“*My esteemed Friend*,—I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me, on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago; nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of this country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this dreadful war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile, we must work earnestly in the best light he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay. Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn, and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and, believing it, I shall still receive, for our country and myself, your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

“Your sincere friend,

“A. LINCOLN.”

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